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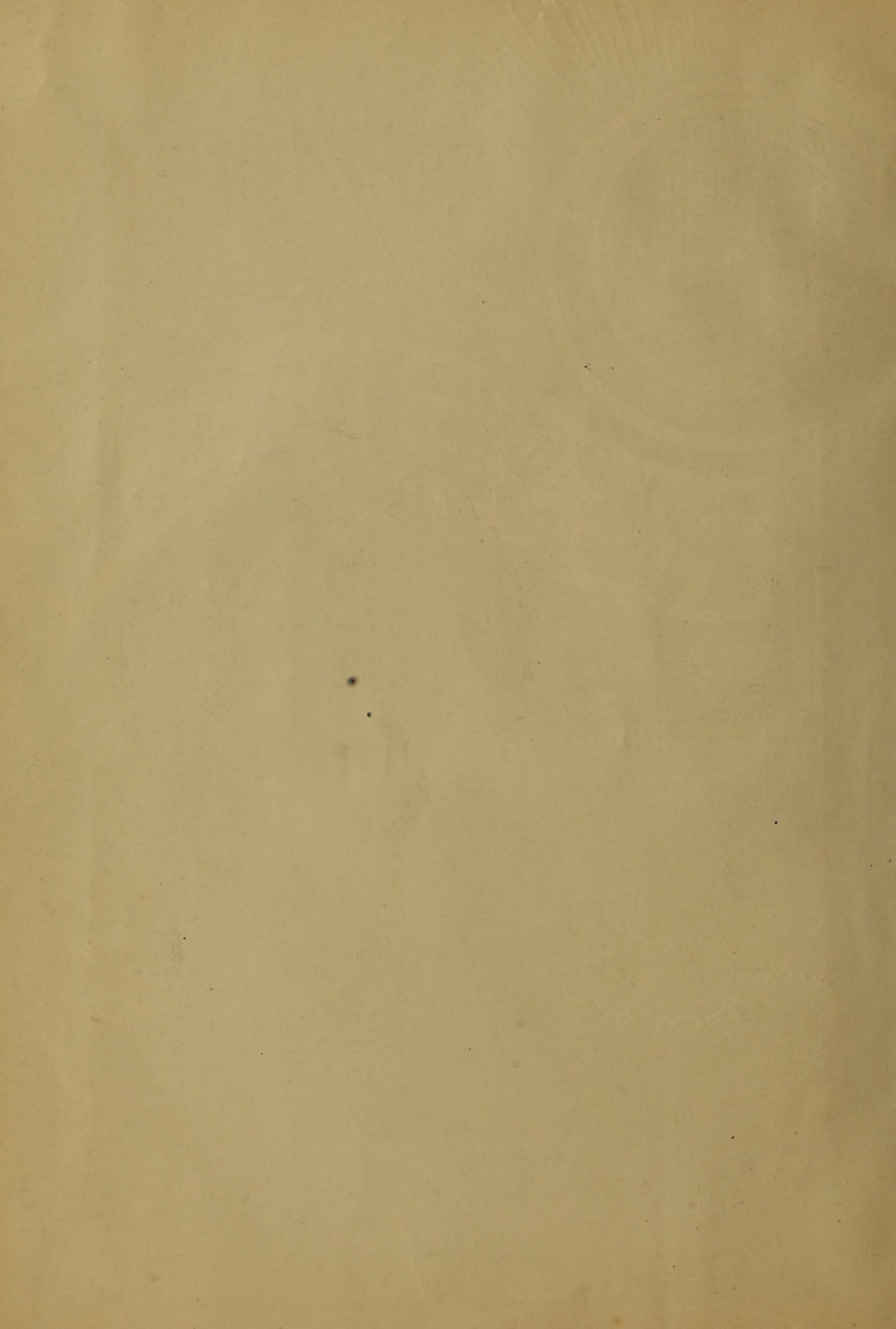


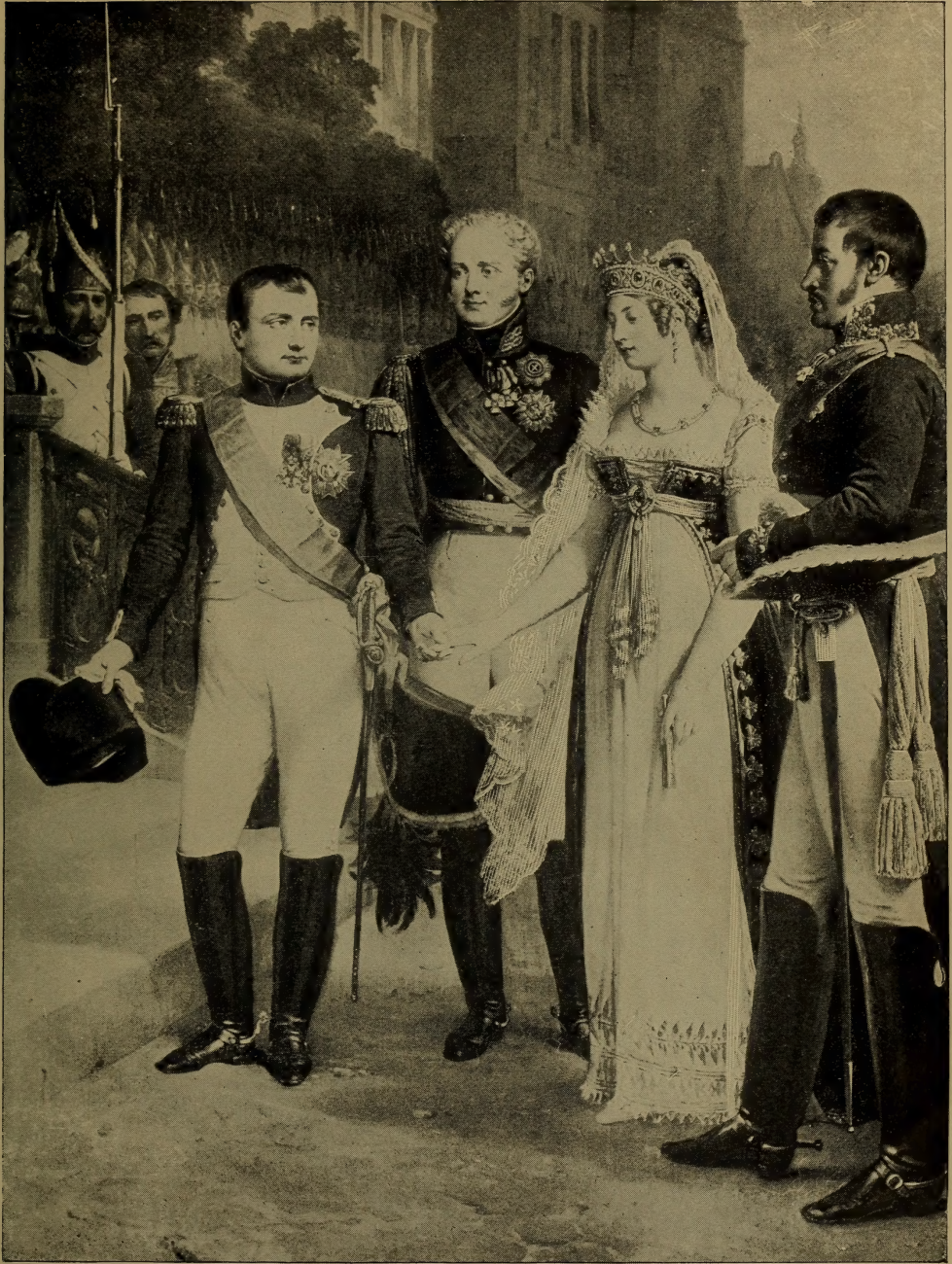
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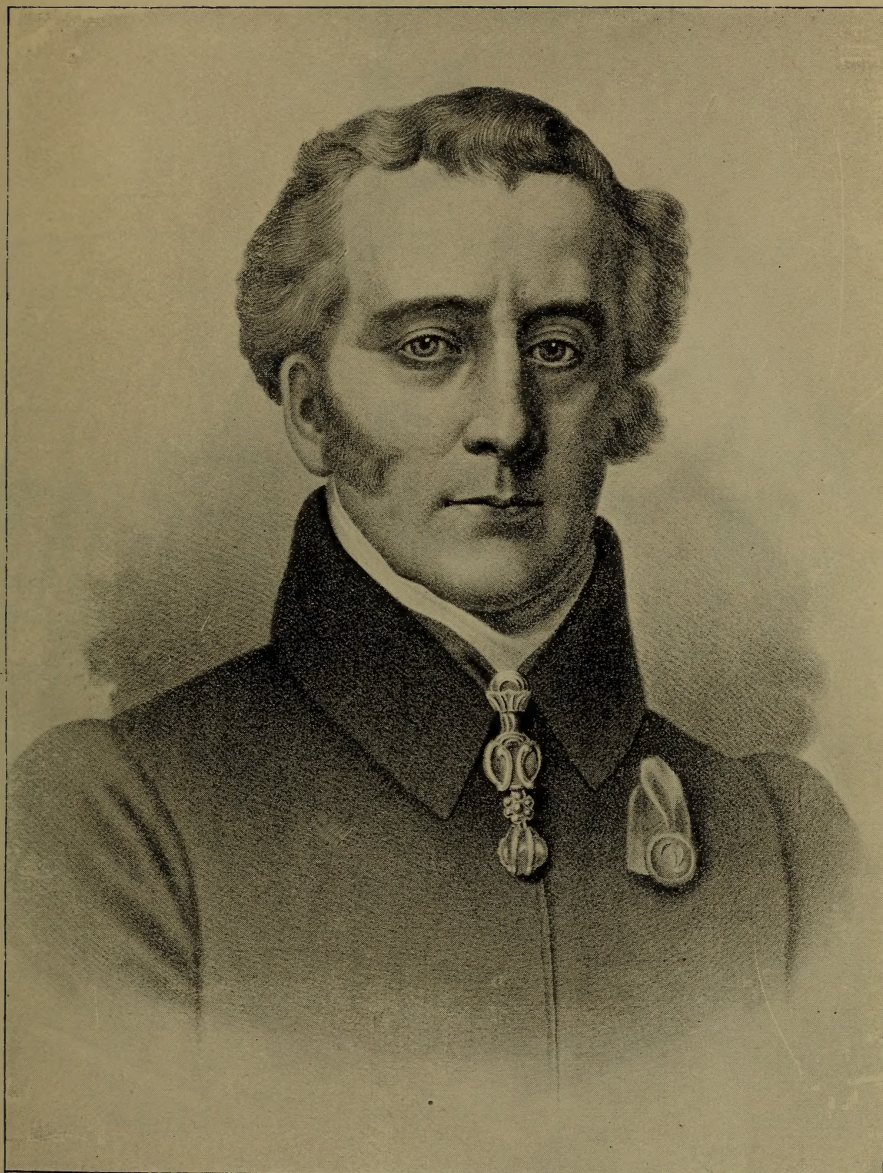


NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AT TILSIT

AT THIS PLACE, IN EASTERN PRUSSIA, THE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA, AND
ALSO BETWEEN FRANCE AND PRUSSIA WAS SIGNED, JULY 7TH 1807



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS



DUKE OF WELLINGTON



HEROISM OF COLONEL GAZE AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN

HEROES OF HISTORY

AND THEIR

GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS

CONTAINING

GRAPHIC ACCOUNTS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE DARING
DEEDS HAVE GIVEN THEM WORLD-WIDE FAME

COMPRISING

HEROES OF LAND AND SEA

INCLUDING

PIONEERS AND THEIR THRILLING ADVENTURES; NAVAL AND
MILITARY COMMANDERS; EXPLORATIONS IN THE TROPICS AND
POLAR REGIONS; HEROINES OF THE BATTLEFIELD AND
HOSPITAL; LIFE SAVERS ON OUR TEMPESTUOUS
COASTS; JUVENILE HEROES, ETC., ETC.

BY HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Grandest Century in the World's History;" "Excelsior Writer and Speaker;"
"World-Renowned Authors and their Masterpieces of Poetry and Prose," Etc.

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PREFACE.

MEN and women who perform noble and heroic deeds merit the admiration of all intelligent people. This work contains the brilliant records of the world's heroes and heroines, and pays them the honor of being the makers of history. It tells the absorbing story of their struggles and sacrifices, their devotion to duty and splendid triumphs.

The work begins with Pioneer Heroes. Daniel Boone, with only his rifle for a companion, has thrilling adventures with the Indians; Kit Carson shows himself to be a heroic leader and guide. John C. Fremont plants the Stars and Stripes on the highest peak of the Rockies, and earns the proud title of "The Pathfinder." These are the heroes of the wilderness, our nation's advance guard, preparing the way for civilization.

In the part on Naval Heroes the great "Masters of the Sea" are grouped together, and graphic accounts are furnished of their heroic achievements, including Paul Jones, Lord Nelson, Commodore Perry, Farragut, Cushing, Dewey, Schley, Wainwright, Sampson and many others. Their personal heroism is the wonder of all readers, and the theme of song and story. Among Military Heroes the first is our own "Immortal Washington," followed by Putnam, Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale, Molly Pitcher, Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, Grant, Meade, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Sherman, Sheridan, Roosevelt, and other heroic patriots whose majestic figures are seen through the hot hail of battle, "contending for an idea."

Let it be understood that the object of this superb work is to afford examples of men and women who stood at the post of duty in spite of sacrifices and dangers, and command the world's admiration.

Brave souls they were who have lifted the veil from unknown countries and shown the world the marvels of the "Dark Continent," and the realms of eternal snow and ice. Livingstone, DuChaillu, Stanley in the Tropics, and Franklin, Kane, Peary, and others, in the Arctic regions, are magnificent heroes of Exploration. Their exploits are fully recorded. Obstacles confronted them, but they did not halt; dangers beset them, but they faced them with dauntless courage; often their lives were in peril, but they pressed on, and to these brave explorers we are indebted for all we know of the dark lands of the tropics and the frozen mysteries of the polar world.

Noble women have followed recent wars, and by their gentle ministries have saved the life of many a poor soldier, and have comforted the dying moments of others. Florence Nightingale on the blood-stained fields of the Crimea; Clara Barton, Annie E. Wheeler, daughter of General "Joe" Wheeler, and others in our civil war and war with Spain, and the grand host of women who have performed deeds worthy of ministering angels, illumine the glowing pages of this sumptuous work.

Their smile cheered the weary sufferers of the hospital and the field of carnage; they whispered words of comfort to the dying; men who had fought and bled kissed the shadows of the grand heroines as they passed. The reader follows their experiences with wonderful interest.

In addition to these, the reader is charmed with the record of toils and sacrifices on the part of such moral heroines as Frances E. Willard and Ellen M. Stone, captured by Turkish brigands.

All honor and praise to the dauntless men and women who save the lives of those imperilled by storm and shipwreck, such life savers as Grace Darling, Captain James, and many others. Crowns are not good enough for their reward. Through storm, angry waves and darkness, this work tells how they hurry to the rescue.

This magnificent work is a splendid record of the world's heroes and heroines. It ought to be the companion of every person in our country. It is worthy of a place in every American home.

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Surrender of Lord Cornwallis.



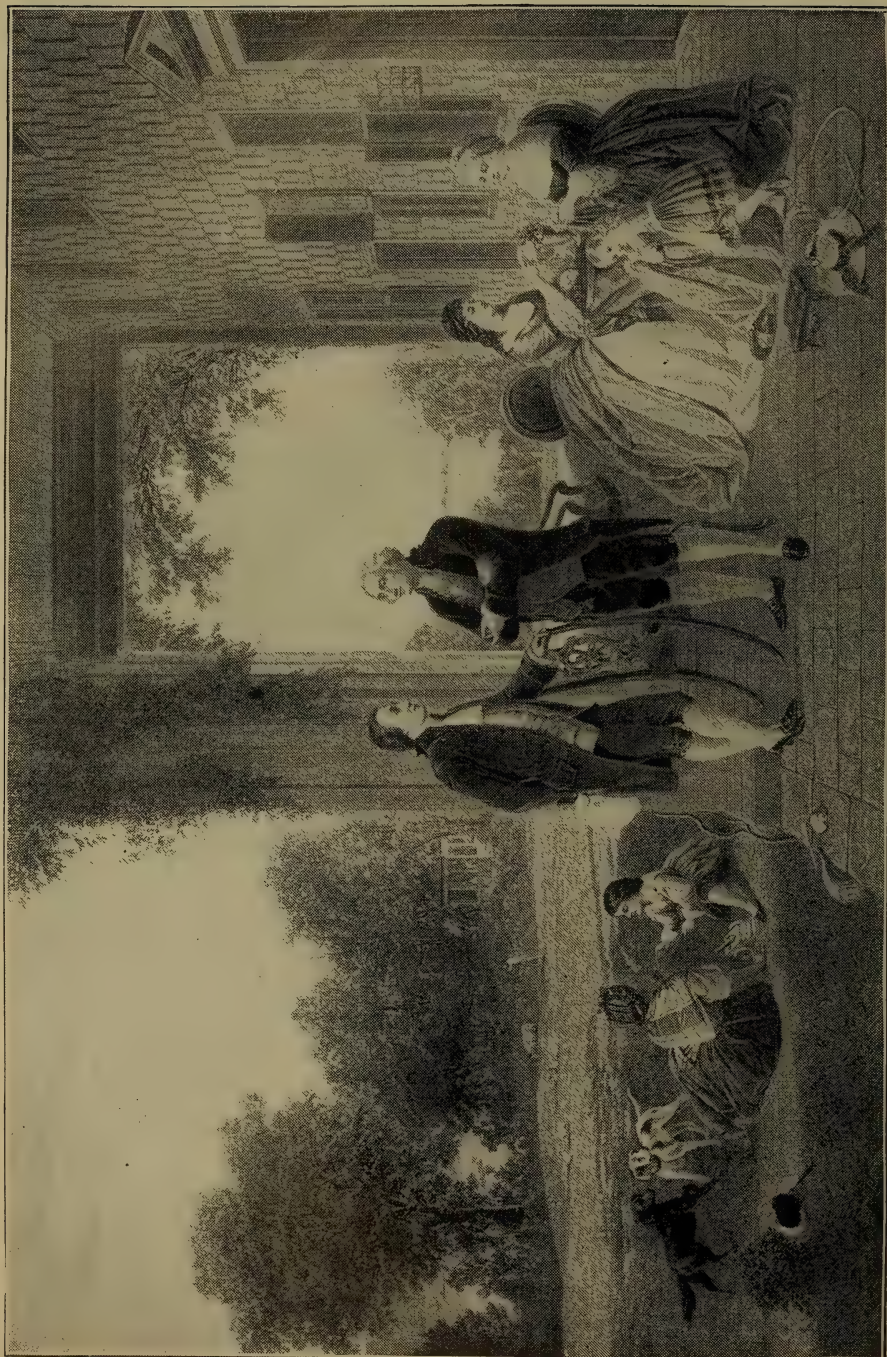
Fires first Gun
at Yorktown.



Entering New York, Nov. 1763



Headquarters at Newburgh.

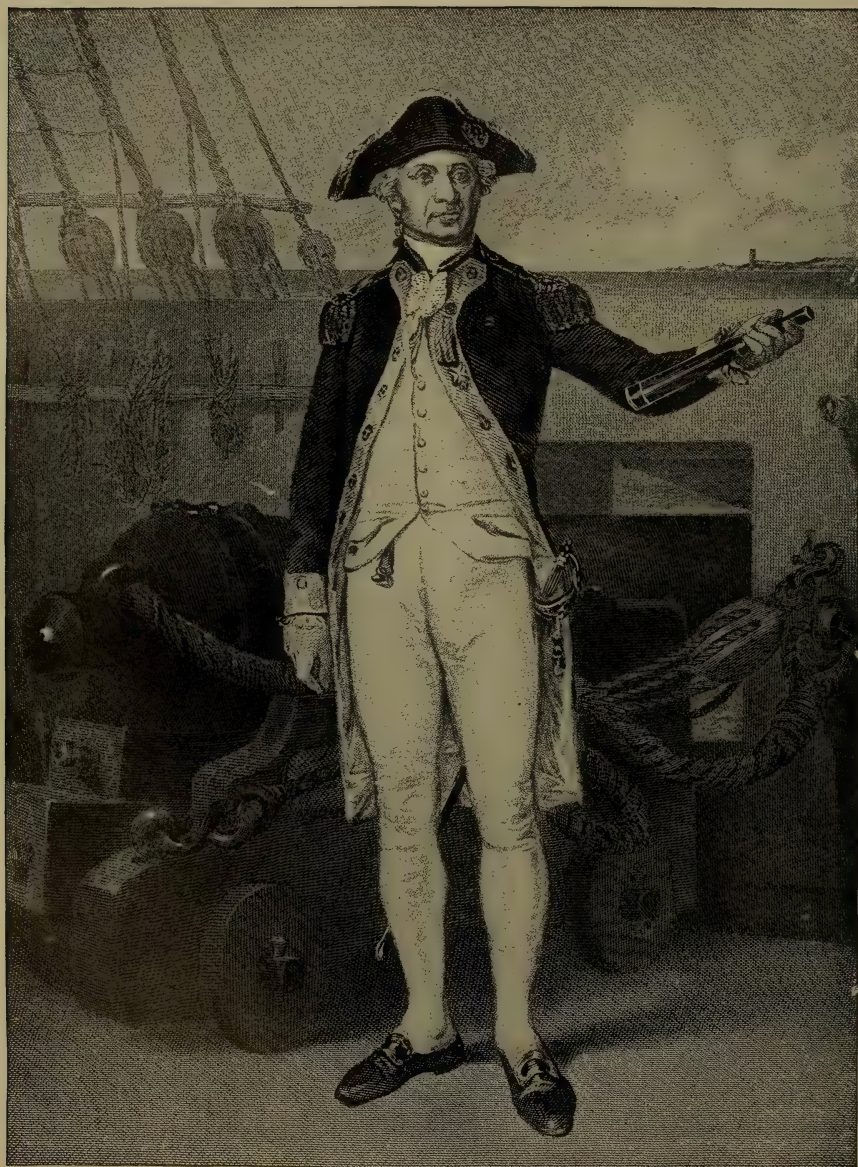


HOME OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

FIRST HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, JUNE 17TH, 1775, IN WHICH THE AMERICANS REPULSED TWO ATTACKS BY GENERAL GAGE'S FORCES AND WERE DISLODGED ONLY AFTER THEIR AMMUNITION WAS SPENT. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND OF THE ENGRAVING IS PICTURED THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE GENERAL WARREN



ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES

PIONEER HEROES

AND THEIR

THRILLING ADVENTURES

CHAPTER I.

DANIEL BOONE.

HIS EARLY LIFE—HOME IN THE WILDERNESS—DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS.
BATTLES WITH THE INDIANS—WONDERFUL ESCAPES FROM HIS FOES.
HEROIC LEADER OF CIVILIZATION—HIS ROMANTIC HISTORY.

THE name of Daniel Boone, as one of the pioneers, has gone around the world. Long ago it was celebrated wherever men admired courage, or loved to read stories of individual sacrifice and daring. Captain Cook had sailed around the globe, bringing home with him accounts of men that were scarcely known in the popular imagination ; but Boone set out with calmness, as if he were obeying a religious inspiration, and buried himself in the wilderness. It required great resolution to do what he did ; and yet it seemed to come to him as easily as play to a child.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1735, on the 11th of February, and was nearly three years younger than Washington, at the time of the Revolution. He was a boy of remarkably good constitution, which was about the best inheritance his parents could leave him. At three years of age he removed, with the family, to what is now the city of Reading, Berks County—then, however, but a meagre and exposed post on the outskirts of the wilderness. The Indians threatened the peace of the settlement at all times. It was not safe to go out of the reach of the dwelling, unless precautions were taken against sudden attacks from the red men. Ambushes were likely to be sprung upon the settlers on every side.

It was in a school of danger like this that Boone, then scarcely more than a child, received his first lessons in life ; and it may be

believed they were rugged and lasting ones. There he learned all about the tricks and traits of the Indians. The talk was chiefly upon them and their wily habits. He learned the dangers of the life his parents led, and was, at the same time, taught to love perfect simplicity.

FAMOUS AS A SHARPSHOOTER.

Of course he learned to use the gun as soon as he had the strength to carry it about with him. He became an expert marksman very early. Sharp shooting, in fact, was necessary almost to his existence ; and if not so at the time, it became so in a great many startling adventures afterwards. As he grew up, his love of hunting and solitude became more and more noticeable.

He would go off alone in the woods, with nothing but his gun for company, all day. Many a story is told of his wonderful feats, such as the number of animals he brought down with his unerring bullets, or the fierce and successful encounters he was wont to have with the denizens of the forest. The whole settlement looked upon him with pride, if not with hope ; for they saw in him those shining qualities that give lasting fame to the frontiersman and pioneer.

Having acquired the fame of a hunter, it was natural enough that he should think of no other occupation in life. So he soon began to grow restless under the restraints of home, and finally went out from beneath his father's roof and built a little hut in the forest, where he played the hermit and woodsman to his heart's content. The wild beasts roamed all around him by day, and their howlings made a dismal concert for him at night. He was alone ; yet the solitude never became oppressive to him. He had yearned for just such a life since he began to know what life was worth. The walls of his hut were hung around with skins of animals, trophies of his skill and daring.

Thinking to better their condition, the Boone family, in 1753, moved to North Carolina. Here young Daniel Boone lived until he arrived at manhood. About this time great events were transpiring in the world, and grander ones were preparing. The French and English

were at war with each other, and the contest was transferred to this continent, where it was waged with terrific fury. It was along through these years that Israel Putnam was getting his valuable experience as a soldier in the neighborhood of Lake George, fighting bravely against the French and Indians. Washington, too, was schooling under Braddock in the Western wilderness, having already acquired the quick eye and firm foot, in his perilous enterprises as a surveyor in the depths of the forest.

Daniel married Rebecca Bryan, the daughter of a worthy neighbor, and with his young bride set out to make a home for himself in the wilderness, some distance from the place where the Boone family resided. Here they lived a life of solitude, surrounded by Indians and wild beasts, their cabin being the only one for a long time in that part of the Yadkin Valley. Boone's love of the wilderness not being sufficiently gratified here, he planned an expedition into Kentucky, then almost unknown. In June, 1769, he halted with five companions on the Red River, a branch of the Kentucky.

PARTED IN THE WILDERNESS NEVER TO MEET AGAIN.

For a long time, matters went on swimmingly. They were becoming more and more accustomed to their new life, and even began to calculate upon the propriety of returning to North Carolina for their families. Fearing nothing from the approach of the red man, they presently forgot to take those precautions which were, in fact, essential to their daily safety, and so invited dangers when they might just as well have repelled them. It was a fatal mistake for this little party of pioneers to separate; yet they were thoughtless enough to do so, and the most disastrous consequences followed. They divided up—one party being composed of Stewart and Boone; the other four men went exploring in another direction. Henceforth their ways diverged forever. Neither party saw the other again.

As Boone has himself narrated, the Indians surprised him and his companion when they ought to have been on the watch, and carried them

off prisoners. This was an entirely new phase of life for our forest hero. A man who, all his life, has had the free range of forest and field, would not be likely to keep quiet in a state of sudden imprisonment. His spirit would chafe sorely, and he would find himself impatient once more to be free. But Daniel Boone was a philosopher, and could see at a glance what was most prudent and safe. As soon as he comprehended his novel and dangerous situation, he made up his mind to keep calm and resign himself to his fate. By this means he would disarm the suspicions of the savages, and have more abundant opportunities to make his escape. Patience is a rare virtue, all the books and moralists tell us; and few men would have had the sagacity, as Boone had, to see that his fate hung entirely on his practice of that one quality.

A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS.

He was a captive for seven days. At the end of that time, they lay down at night in the midst of their tawny guard, and disposed themselves for sleep. At the still midnight hour, when the silence of the wilderness is indeed awful, Boone raised his head and looked around him. By the deep and steady breathing of his savage captors, he knew they were fast locked in slumber. Then, he felt, his opportunity had come. Cautiously awakening his companion, they both regained their feet, took their rifles from the keeping of the Indians, and crept out of the little camp. They both felt that discovery would have been certain death; and therefore they pushed forward in the midnight gloom with redoubled courage and energy. But they succeeded in eluding their captors, and commenced their wanderings together again.

They went to their old camp; but their former companions were gone. Everything betokened disappointment and desolation. The camp had been broken up, and appearances indicated violence and plunder. From this point they never again found traces of those four men. Their fate remains to this day a sealed mystery. Whether they fell victims to the bloody rage of the Indians, who had surprised them in their fancied security, or they had wandered away in different directions, and, weary

and despairing, had laid their bones in the undiscovered solitudes of the wilderness, no man lives that can tell. And thus sadly ended the career of the discoverer and early eulogist of Kentucky, John Finley ; that man whose vivid reports of this new western paradise kindled enthusiasm in so many bosoms on the banks of the peaceful Yadkin.

LIVED BY HUNTING GAME.

Boone and Stewart were therefore left alone Their sole reliance, both for subsistence and defence, was on their unerring rifles. They built a hut to protect themselves against the influence of the wintry weather, and hunted and watched, waiting patiently for the spring to open. In the month of January, they espied a couple of men coming towards them. Looking closer they saw they were white men. What must have been the feelings of our hero to find that one of them was Squire Boone, his youngest brother ! Squire brought news from Daniel's wife and children ; and Stewart was rejoiced to get intelligence from the settlement. The circumstances that led to the discovery of Boone's little camp by the new comers, were never described ; but it seems, at least, like the most marvelous piece of good fortune on record.

A second time this little party separated. Daniel Boone and Stewart pursued one course, and Squire Boone and his friend—whose name even is not known—followed another. One would think they had already learned a better lesson. The consequence was, Stewart was surprised and slaughtered by the Indians, while Daniel Boone made his escape ; and his brother Squire's companion becoming alarmed, probably thought, in a fit of desperation, to find his way back alone to Carolina, and was never heard of again alive. It is said that a skeleton was long afterwards found in the region, which was believed to have told the tale of his dark and mysterious fate. Thus were the brothers Boone left the only white occupants of that vast territory, the real pioneers in the march of civilization that has been going forward to the West, from that trying and doubtful day to these jubilant and prosperous days of our own.

In order to effect a real settlement in that region, it was necessary



THE PIONEER HERO, DANIEL BOONE.

to bring forward recruits, animals and provisions. The question was how was this best to be done? During their winter discussions at the fire, the Boone brothers had canvassed it very freely, and concluded at last what was best to be attempted. The powder was low, and bullets were scarce for the rifles; if these two items failed, all was lost. Hence it was important that something should be done as soon as possible. Daniel Boone was all ready for the sacrifice, and his brother Squire was quite as willing to perform his part.

The plan was ma-

tured. Daniel would remain where he was, and Squire would travel

back alone to North Carolina, to obtain recruits and supplies. It was a distance of many hundred miles. A bolder project was never undertaken than that which makes the names of these two devoted Boone brothers immortal.

Young Squire Boone came back. He had traversed that long distance, to and fro, without a companion, and at last he stood by his brother's side again. He had faithfully kept his promise to return. He brought along with him a pair of horses, with provisions. He brought welcome news from the brave hunter's wife and family. He brought tidings of the murmur of the people at the foreign rule that oppressed them, and possibly of the recent Boston Massacre, which sent a thrill of horror through the country. The horses were invaluable, and yet a source of the greatest anxiety; for they were just what would be most likely to betray them into the hands of the Indians. They could not be hidden, as the brothers could hide themselves. They would not fail to testify their presence at any and at all times to the Indian. For eight months these two men roamed over the tract of territory upon which they had entered, and were not once molested.

BOONE RECEIVED HOME WITH WONDER AND DELIGHT.

The brothers then made a slow and tiresome journey back to North Carolina, with the intention of inducing as many families as possible to emigrate and found a settlement in Kentucky. After his long absence, Daniel Boone was received with delight and wonder by his family and old acquaintances. At length a little party was made up to migrate to the wilds of Kentucky. It consisted of only the two Boone families—those of Daniel and Squire; those who had thought they would go, not feeling quite ready when the time really came. The Boones, however, determined to set the example, and to leave that, and their description of the new country westward, to do their own work upon the minds of the people in the Yadkin settlements. They set forth on the 25th day of September, 1773, taking along with them some cattle and horses.

Courage generally makes its own conquests; and by the time this



INDIANS TRACKING FUGITIVES AT NIGHT THROUGH THE FOREST.

little party reached Powell's Valley, they found, to their astonishment and delight, that the stories of the new country had persuaded five more families to join the projected expedition, together with a band of some forty strong and determined men, all well armed for the enterprise and its dangers. It was truly a great accession. At the head of this band of pioneers Daniel Boone was placed, by virtue of his character and experience, and at once led them out into the western wilderness, across the long dreaded mountains.

A BRUTAL MASSACRE BY THE SAVAGES.

But a cloud rested upon them ere long, whose shadow served to obscure all their plans. They had proceeded safely on their journey till the 10th day of October, seeing nothing of the Indians, so much dreaded by all, when a most sad fatality overtook them, rending the heart of the leader with grief. It seems that a part of the company, seven in number, had gone back a little way to collect together some of the cattle that had wandered a little from the main body; and, fearing no danger because they had hitherto met with none, they became in a degree thoughtless about keeping the usual watch. In an unguarded moment they were set upon by a party of savages, who had stealthily tracked them along, and, without the slightest warning, six out of the seven were cruelly butchered! Of these six, a young son of Daniel Boone, only seventeen years of age, was one. The main body of the pioneers heard the sounds proceeding from the fight while it was going on, and at once rushed to the scene; but they reached the spot only to find that all had been slain but one, and the young and brave son of Boone among them. The seventh had managed to make his escape.

Here was a sorrowful beginning indeed. Slaughter on the very threshold of the undertaking. They did not dare to think of going on for the forest might be swarming with bloodthirsty savages.

It was resolved to fall back to the settlements on the Clinch River. Here Boone remained six months, patiently waiting for the time when he could carry out his cherished project. At length he was engaged as

the agent of a Carolina company in purchasing the land on the south side of the Kentucky River. A company of surveyors and settlers went forward with him, his own family remaining behind, and in 1775 he built a stockade fort on the site now occupied by Boonesborough.

BUILDING A STRONG FORT.

Having planned the fort, the party sprang to the work with earnest vigor, feeling how important its completion was to their own safety. The structure was built close by the river, one end resting on the bank, and the whole extending back for a distance of two hundred and sixty feet. It was a hundred and fifty feet wide. The style of it is as follows ; large pieces of timber were sharpened and one end driven into the ground, very much like common pickets, and within the enclosure thus formed were the several cabins and huts of the party. It may not seem as if such a defence could amount to a great deal, but it did, for all that ; the Indians knew nothing of the hiding places that might be stowed away in this rude fort, while, at the same time, it afforded the settler a better advantage over his artful enemy ; the forest and the cane-brake were well understood by the savage, who there had everything on his side ; but the fort was a puzzle whose key he did not know how to get hold of. Still, there was one strong objection to this fort : it was close by the woods at one end, thus affording the savage every chance to approach the settlers, and still be concealed from them.

At each corner of this great enclosure was built a strong log hut, with its hewn ends projecting outwardly, thus making the whole a more enduring defence than before. The cabins, or huts, were likewise constructed side by side, with rough and heavy logs, making it next to impossible to overcome their united strength. Then the few gates needed were stout and heavy, difficult to be moved at all, and capable of successfully resisting any assault, even from overwhelming numbers.

To build this fort required from the 1st of April till the 14th of June. In other words, it was begun just before the battle of Lexington, and completed just before the battle of Bunker Hill. Important events were

transpiring, at that time, as well on the seaboard as far back in the wilderness. One man lost his life at the hands of the Indians, while the work was going on, and that was all. The natives of the forest could not but regard the building of this fort among them, in the very heart of their noble hunting-grounds, with greater jealousy even than the laying out of the road; hence they were aroused to making concerted movements to destroy it and its white inmates together. To have lost but one man by them, during the progress of the work, therefore, was a great deal less misfortune than might reasonably have been expected.

HIS JOURNEY BACK TO VIRGINIA.

Boone, by this time, felt as if he would like to go back and see his wife and children again. To this end, he determined to leave the garrison where they were, duly cautioning them against surprises at the hands of the savages, and impressing on them the necessity of having a certain amount of cleared land close by.

We have not the particulars of this journey of Boone back to Virginia; it is enough to know that it was made in safety, and that his heart was gladdened once more to find himself in the arms of his beloved wife and children. He resolved, this time, to be separated from them no more. He meant, when he returned, to take them along with him. Now that the new fort at Boonesborough was completed, and defended by an armed and watchful garrison, he felt secure in the thought of taking his little brood out into the forest wilds, and knew, too, what a blessed influence the presence of wife and children would have over him. The path westward was now open; men and women could go forward in it and people the country.

Boone's wife and daughters were all ready to start. How that journey was made, we have, unfortunately, no particular record. Boone himself says of it, in his narrative, only this,—that it was “safe, and without any other difficulties than such as are common to the passage.” They stood, at length, on the banks of the Kentucky River. No white females had put their feet there before them. Of the women of this

country, they were the pioneers; a young wife, and daughters in the very blush of girlhood and innocence. How rough and hard their woodland life was, it is not easy at this day to imagine. It was an unusual thing for anyone then to be taken sick and die in his own bed; when death overtook men in the forest, it was always a death of violence. In illustration of the feelings begotten of such a state of things, the following impressive incident is related:

"An old lady, who had been in the forts, was, many years later, describing the scenes she had witnessed in those times of peril and adventure; and, among other things, remarked that, during the first two years of her residence in Kentucky, the most comely sight she beheld was seeing a young man dying in his bed a natural death. She had been familiar with blood, and carnage, and death, but in all these cases the sufferers were the victims of the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife; and that on an occasion when a young man was taken sick and died after the usual manner of nature, she and the rest of the women sat up all night, gazing upon him as an object of beauty!"

DISASTER TO A COMPANY OF PIONEERS.

That must indeed have been a rugged way of life which subjected women to trials like these; which made it desirable even to see a person die in a bed, because death by the tomahawk and the scalping-knife had become so common.

Boone brought out with him, on this return journey to the fort, several of the families that turned back before, when the little party was assailed by the Indians. These families knew him well, had seen him tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, and were content to repose their safety in his keeping. But they had not all gone very far together, before they separated. The precise reason for this step is not known, and probably never will be. Boone pushed on, while the remainder, or the greater part of them, lagged behind. They lost their way. Their cattle and stock strayed away from them. They were like sheep without a shepherd. And after many reverses, sufferings, and irritating

disappointments, they managed at last to reach the fort at Boonesborough by the pathway that was marked out for them. They had at least learned one lesson by this idle dissatisfaction ; they knew the worth of the man they had deserted.

One fort naturally suggested another. Each was the nucleus, or center, for a wide settlement. This position of Boone being so strong, it lent encouragement to the rest to believe they might establish others equally strong. So they began to radiate. Pretty soon, there was a fort here, and another fort there ; yet the increase was steady and slow, for each new post was, at best, but a rash experiment. It was not so plain, even yet, that the settlements did not exist as much by the leniency of the Indians, as by the aid of anything else. Were they disposed, there was little doubt that they might at any time have overwhelmed the little band of white men with their numbers.

CAPTURE OF THREE YOUNG GIRLS BY THE INDIANS

A circumstance transpired on the 14th of July, 1776, that caused a great excitement throughout the settlement. The narrative has already been well given by Mr. Peck, in his sketch of Boone's life, drawn from the statement of John Floyd, and from sources additional ; and we prefer to give it in the words of Mr. Peck himself:—

“On the 14th of July, 1776, Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, a daughter of Captain Daniel Boone, the two last about fourteen years of age, carelessly crossed the river opposite to Boonesborough in a canoe, at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs on the opposite bank were thick, and came down to the water's edge. The girls, unconscious of danger, were playing and splashing the water with the paddles, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted near the shore. Five stout Indians lay there concealed ; one of whom, noiseless and stealthy as the serpent, crawling down the bank until he reached the rope that hung from the bow, turned its course up the stream, and in a direction to be hidden from the fort. The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard, but too late for their rescue. The canoe, their

only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore, and none dared to risk the chance of swimming the river, under the impression that a large body of savages was concealed in the woods.

“Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return and arrangements could be made for pursuit. Next morning, by daylight, we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our



CAPTURE OF THE BOONE AND CALLAWAY GIRLS.

following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course, and on which side we had left their trail, and traveled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook and get ready for a substantial meal.

“Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill them. We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shot-gun, without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun ; mine had none. The place was very thick with canes, and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent them off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk.”

PREPARING TO MAKE AN ATTACK ON THE SETTLERS.

It so happened—or else it was so arranged beforehand—that on this very same 14th of July on which the three young girls were stolen from the vicinity of the fort, the Indians all around had divided their forces into distinct parties, and determined to make a series of attacks on the different settlements, whenever, and as often, as circumstances would allow. They beheld the increase of the white numbers with great jealousy. They dreaded, too, the protection the forts gave them. If they could be allowed to fight on their own ground, and in their own way, it would all be to their advantage ; but this placing the whites under cover was something they could not understand. These attacks were kept up from that time forward with great regularity. No day was free from suspicion that the Indians were close at hand ; no night was so calm and quiet that all slept in their beds without dreams of a stealthy foe in their midst, with tomahawk and scalping-knife brandished above their heads.

Of all the places at which the Indian aimed his hatred, the Boonesborough Fort was the chief. Here he thought the whole white power was centered. Here, too, his British companions-in-arms taught him to look for the greatest danger to his rule and his land. Hence he watched every movement in its vicinity with a wily temper indeed. Whenever he

could find the occupants of the fort in the least degree exposed, he did not fail to make his cruelty felt and remembered.

There were but three forts in Kentucky at the time of which we are speaking ; that at Boonesborough, which was the most important one—that at Harrodsburgh—and what was known as Logan's Fort. At Boonesborough there was a garrison of but twenty-two men ; at Logan's



SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

Fort of only fifteen ; and Harrodsburgh held sixty-five—more than both the others together. That is, there were only one hundred and two men to hold the entire frontier against the assaults of Indians and British combined ; and by the treaties that had been formed between the latter and the former, it was easy for a mixed army to be precipitated upon this little handful of settlers from the line of posts along to the north, that would crush them out of existence. It is said that about three hundred of the settlers had gone back to Virginia again, either

disheartened at the prospects, or grown too timid to remain and hold their position. This of course entailed more severe service on the few who remained at their post ; they were on the watch continually ; all had to take their turns, and take them pretty often, too, as they were in constant danger from their foes.

Finally there was a concerted movement among the savages to make a descent on the fort at Boonesborough ; they had waited and watched to see what the great strength of the pioneers consisted in, and now, having

perfectly satisfied themselves, they resolved to surround the whites in a body and endeavor to destroy them. The garrison at Boonesborough was exceedingly small; the Indians came down upon them in numbers exceeding one hundred. Of course, there was dangerous odds against the whites. They made their attack on the 15th of April. It was a sudden and terrible one. Their savage natures had been aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. They dashed, like waves upon rocks, against the feeble enclosure of the settlers in the wilderness. The forest rang again with their shrill shouts and cries. Their lithe and dusky forms peopled the solitudes as the white men had never seen them peopled before. They came on with the yells of infuriated beasts, striking terror into the hearts of all who heard them.

GENERAL MASSACRE THREATENED.

It appeared, for a time, as if the little fort was much too frail to withstand the wild onset. They behaved as if nothing could keep them from pouring in a living stream into the fort, and visiting the little garrison with a general massacre. The white settlers made sorry work among them with their unerring rifles. How many of the savages were thus picked off was never known; for they were careful to conceal their losses by carrying off their dead and wounded. Yet it was believed, with good reason, that they were sore sufferers. Their unexpected losses served to make them still more ferocious. They raved and stormed against the entrenched garrison with the fury of desperation. But it was to no purpose. The skill and coolness of the white man were more than a match for the Indian.

They sullenly turned their backs, therefore, and plunged into the shadows of the wilderness. Now they knew what it was to meet the fire of the brave white settlers. It must have tasked them still more to bear their dead away with them, especially when so sorely fatigued with the results of a vain and bloody assault against a determined foe. That, however, was their usual practice, which they would have followed in the present case, if it had cost every one of them his life. The evidences of

the desperate combat were all around the locality. The garrison, to be sure, did not lose but a single man, which was a very slight misfortune for them, under such threatening circumstances.

They must have thought themselves fortunate to remain masters of their position.

The savages were not satisfied with this; it only whetted their appetite for more. Like the wolf, having once tasted blood, they would



INDIAN AMUSEMENTS—CANOE-RACE BETWEEN SQUAWS.

follow up their ferocious instincts wherever they led them. The men within the fort looked for a speedy renewal of the attack, and were they disappointed in their expectations. The Indians came out of the forest in dense and dark legions, on the 4th of July. They numbered a larger mass than ever. They came and sat down before the rude fortress as for a regular siege, resolved either to fight or starve their determined enemy out. The numbers stood about two hundred Indians to one white man; overwhelming odds, truly, and apparently discouraging.

For forty-eight hours the savages kept up the siege. Every white

man's head that was exposed in the least, was during that period in imminent danger. They howled and shrieked, they whooped and yelled in their barbarous frenzy, expecting that the deadly terror they would thus strike into the hearts of the white men within the fort would somehow lead to their easier overthrow. The wild beasts themselves, coming from their forest lairs, could not have made night more hideous than did these Indians, with their unearthly yells and cries. Those within the fortress, however, were not inspired with terror, but rather with desperation.

HEROISM OF THE LITTLE GARRISON.

Too well they knew that this was their last chance to hold or lose all—and they might the latter. The fighting between the opposing parties, during the time the place was thus besieged by the Indians, was as close as any that had yet occurred. The little garrison came off, however, with the loss of but a single man, as in the previous contest; fewer were wounded, too, than before. The courage of Daniel Boone in this encounter was especially conspicuous; he dared all that any brave man could dare, and exercised a wariness that made him an equal match even for the Indian.

Soon after this, other settlers began to come into the forts, and were received with manifestations of the greatest joy. When a garrison was reduced to the dimensions of this, the slightest accession to its numbers could not but be hailed with delight. Forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, in the last week of July, and a hundred more came from Virginia in the latter part of August; making an accession of valuable men to the settlement really worth speaking of. All along through the summer and into the autumn, they continued to have skirmishes with the Indians, but they always came out best from each encounter. There was no end, apparently, to the ingenuity practised by the savages in selecting the time and mode of their attacks. At any hour of the day, they were liable to beset the party of white men hunting in the forest; and through the still night hours there was no cessation from fears of their presence.

Boone was wary and watchful. The red man himself was not more

than a match for him in that respect. And in addition to this trait of caution and judgment, he possessed all the attributes of the highest courage. No mere military man could inspire followers with deeper confidence than he. He never hesitated to lead wherever any dared to follow.

A man now appeared upon the field, who was destined to play a brilliant and important part in the early history of the western country. His name was George R. Clarke. No greater military man has ever associated his name with the annals of our early western settlements. As a brave man, he had long been familiarly known in the old Virginia colony, and he enjoyed the confidence of Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, in a marked degree. The latter had even offered him a military commission under British authority, but that he had nobly declined.

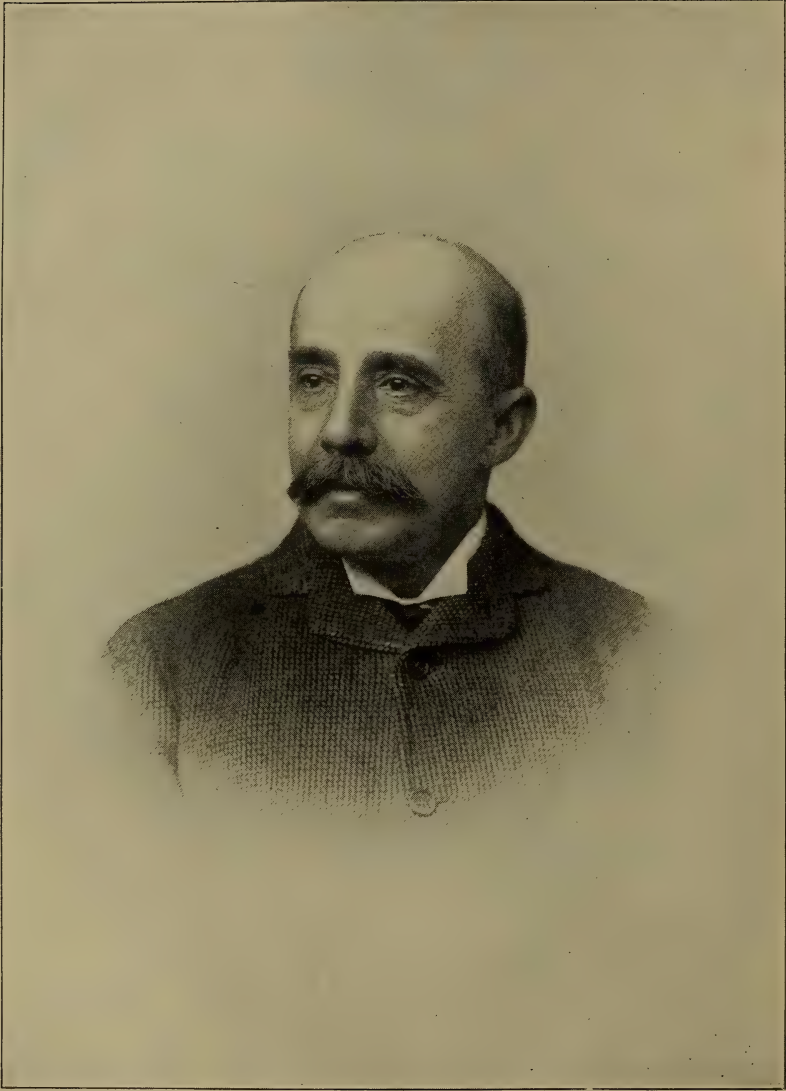
THREE GARRISONS ENTRENCHED ON THE FRONTIER.

There were three important garrisons on the northwestern frontier that were occupied by the British and Indians—at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskias. The young reader who is not familiar with their location, will do well to make himself acquainted with the same by referring to the map. Clarke saw that there was but one way by which to intimidate the savage, and that was by striking a vigorous and decisive blow at once. He therefore resolved to make a concerted attack on each of these three fortresses, surprising the garrison perhaps into a surrender. He wanted bold men to work with him. He looked around to find those who, while as cautious and wary as the Indian himself, were still as fearless as lions to go out into an encounter.

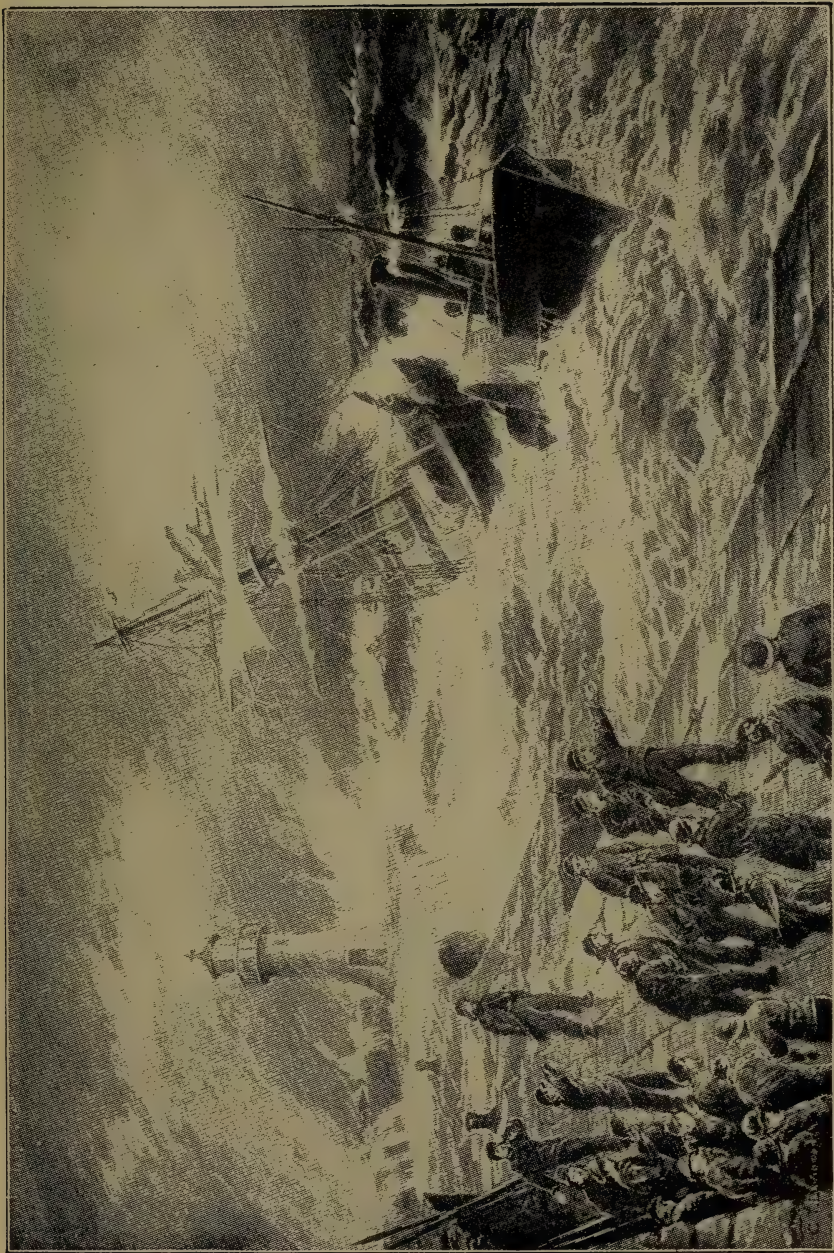
The first thing done by General Clarke was to select and organize a board of forest rangers, or spies, who could track their solitary way in the deep wilderness, hover on the outskirts of the enemy, and fetch and carry reports with the utmost promptness and reliability. The payment for their services, it was pledged by Clarke, should be made by Virginia. All along the Ohio banks they traveled, taking their lives in their hands. The men of our time can have no conception of the perils with which they were environed. Clad in their hunting toggery—moccasins,



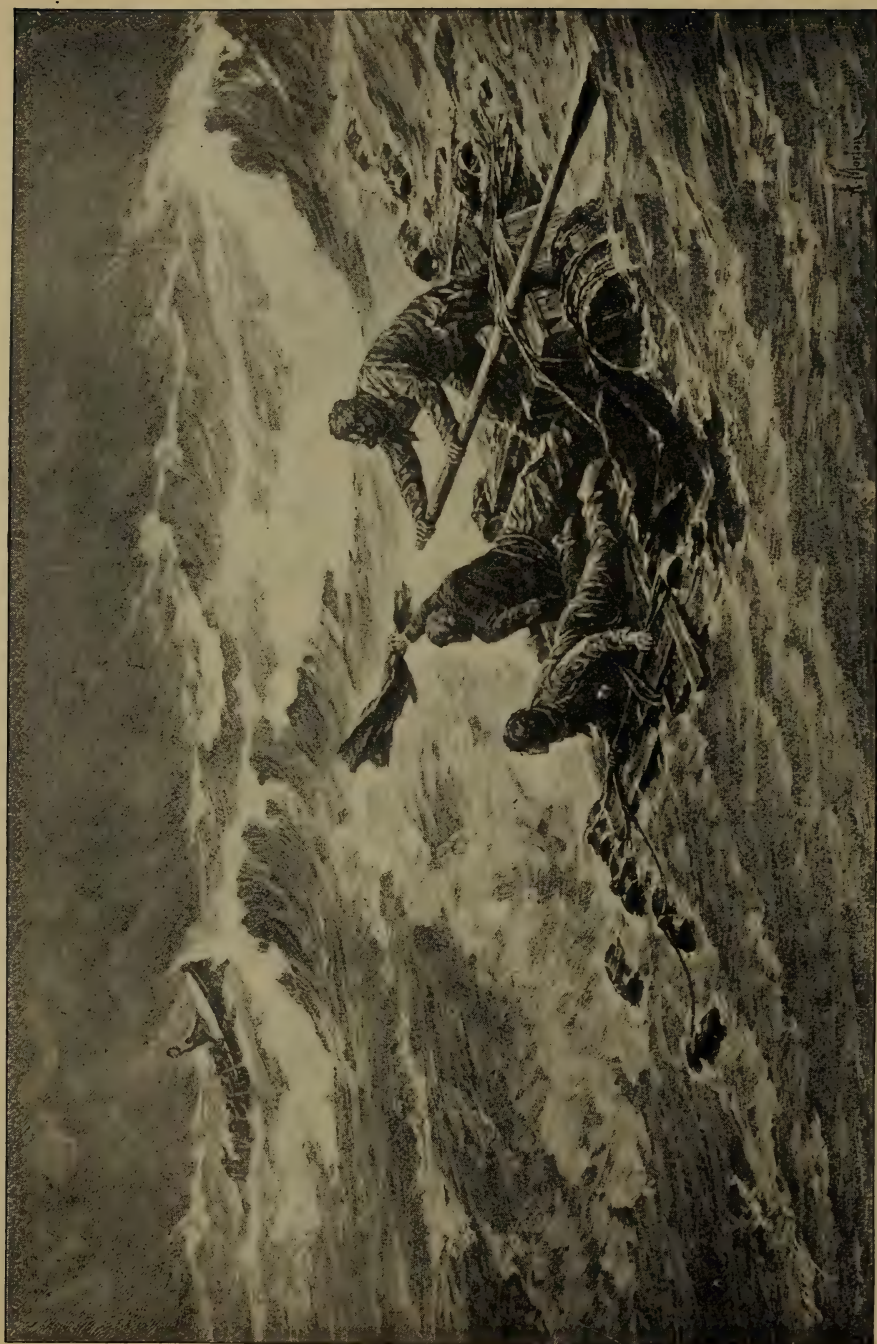
OUR CELEBRATED AMERICAN NAVAL HEROES



PAUL DU CHAILLU
FAMOUS TROPICAL EXPLORER



RESCUED FROM THE WRECK BY THE LIFE SAVING BRIGADE



SAVING THE SHIPWRECKED

buckskin breeches, and a hunter's shirt of leather, and armed with the keen knife and inseparable rifle, they plunged into dense growths of forest, and tracked paths through the close-serried ranks of the cane, with the same sense of security with which the savage trod those wilds himself. The work to be done by the spy, therefore, courageous as it was in the largest sense, was attended with a great deal more danger on the western frontier, than within range of the enemy's sentinels on the Atlantic border in peaceful settlements.

ROMANTIC STORY OF A WESTERN SCOUT.

Prominent among all brave and memorable western scouts, or spies, is the name of Simon Kenton. He performed a vast deal of invaluable work at this particular juncture. There was a secret cause for his thus taking to the perils and excitements of a spy among the Indian forts, which deserves narration. Boone made choice of him immediately, confiding to him some of his deepest projects for the reduction of the enemy's fortresses and the defence of his own. Of a more sincere and beautiful friendship than that which existed between Boone and Kenton, the history of no early state, east or west, furnishes any example. The name of Simon Kenton—or Simon Butler, as it came to be—is indissolubly associated with that of Boone all over the west. Boone's choice of the man for the service required, showed the deepest insight on the part of the great pioneer.

Kenton, early in life, was deeply in love with a young woman, who failed to return his passion. She preferred another beau to him. This was more than the hot blood of the young man could endure. When his lady-love called her friends together to witness the ceremony of her marriage, Simon Kenton was present, uninvited; he did not care to be invited; he could witness that ceremony without going through a needless form of that kind. Of course his presence created much excitement in the bridal party, and, in the custom of those rude times, there was a tussle between the successful and unsuccessful young man, which resulted rather in the latter's discomfiture. He vowed vengeance, however, and

watched his opportunity. It was not long in coming round. The two young fellows met. Kenton got the better of his adversary, and used him savagely. Supposing he had taken his life, he fled for the shelter of the forest. Changing his name to that of Simon Butler, he entered on a life of wild excitement and reckless daring, which could be desired by no living mortal except, perhaps, to keep down internal excitements immeasurably stronger and deeper. There are a great many stories told throughout the west, of his extreme sufferings in certain cases, when he fell into the hands of the Indians. It is said that he was eight times compelled to run the gauntlet, which was no slight undertaking, nor holding out many chances of escape finally ; he was three times fastened to the stake ; and once he came very near being sacrificed by a blow from an axe, or tomahawk ; thus he was in constant danger.

BOONE'S LIFE SAVED BY A NOTED SPY.

More than once, Simon Kenton was instrumental in saving Boone's life. Kenton was on the watch, one day, standing at the gate of the fort. He was about going forth on the service of a spy. His rifle was loaded, and he was otherwise equipped for his work. It was quite early in the morning. A couple of men belonging to the fort were out in the fields not far off, engaged in hoeing. Suddenly Kenton observed that the men were fired upon. He knew instantly that Indians were at hand. Finding themselves unhurt, the two men started and ran with all speed for the fort. The savages followed as rapidly. One of the poor fellows was overtaken within a few rods of the fort, and tomahawked in sight of Kenton himself. The latter put his rifle to his shoulder, drew the trigger, and the savage who had done the deed fell dead in his tracks. Revenge was in swift pursuit.

The Indians were very bold in approaching so near ; but they had learned not to fear the white man, from familiarity with his presence. Furthermore, they were there in such strength that the risk they run was slight indeed. Boone was within the fort at the time Kenton fired his rifle with such effect at the Indian. The sound was an alarm for his

practised ear, and, with ten trusty men, he started off after the savages. The latter did not run, but seemed inclined to stand their ground. Boone and his little party were speedily fighting in the midst of them. Kenton's quick eye saw one savage in the act of taking deadly aim at Boone himself, and he shot him dead on the spot, before his bullet could perform its fatal errand, and saved the great pioneer.

BOONE WOUNDED IN A DESPERATE FIGHT.

So sudden was the alarm—it being at an early hour of the morning—that Boone had thought only of making an instantaneous sally and driving the invaders off with a dash ; he had not stopped to calculate in how large force they might be, nor what were the chances of his coming off victorious. He was struck aback with surprise, therefore, to find himself and his ten followers completely surrounded ! The hostile Indians had managed to place themselves in considerable numbers between him and the fort ! There was but one way by which he might save himself, and that was by rushing furiously against the foe. He made a rush—such as only men like him ever dare to attempt—calling out to his followers to fire upon the red-skins, and plunge into their ranks. They did as they were ordered ; and, but for the deadly fire of the Indians themselves, who were prepared to resist such an onset, they would have cut their way through safely and successfully. The Indians fired simultaneously with the rush the party made at them.

Boone himself was wounded, and fell to the ground. Six others, also, received bullets from the savages' guns. An Indian at once dashed forward as the white men fell, and raised his tomahawk to knock out the brains of the prostrate Pioneer ; but the keen eye of Kenton was upon him, and an unerring ball followed the course of the eye in a twinkling. Down came the Indian to the ground, biting the dust in the agony of death. Kenton was proving himself invaluable. Boone was carried into the fort with his leg broken ; the rest were also got in with great haste, and then the gates were shut fast against the foe. The Pioneer never forgot the obligations he owed to his generous preserver. It is true, he

could not give them expression, except in words, yet they lived none the less deeply in his large and noble heart.

This is but one of the many similar scenes that were enacted at that



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN COSTUME.

time on the frontiers of Kentucky. There was hardly any life but that which comprised alarms and surprises. All labor outside the fort was

performed only under the protection of well armed guards, and at particular hours of the day. The land was held at the greatest possible cost, both of labor and endurance. Men slept on their rifles. They did not stir out without them. A watchful guard had to be kept all the time, lest a wily red fellow might by some chance stealthily creep up and surprise them. There were skirmishes, too, continually. Scarcely a week passed over, without one or more of them.

Having been shut in for so many months in the fort without the means of making their usual sallies out for provisions of this and that sort, it naturally fell out that the garrison began pretty soon to suffer from the lack of salt. They could not live much longer, at least in a state of comparative health, unless they could procure salt. They well knew of certain places along the course of the streams, where salt was to be had in plenty, the wild beasts of the forest having revealed to them the important secret in the first place. Accordingly an expedition was planned to procure at these places the much needed commodity.

WENT WITH TRUSTY RIFLES AND BRAVE HEARTS.

When a measure of this sort was to be taken, Boone was the man all ready to enlist in it. A party of men, all abundantly armed, was made up for the expedition. Thirty men set forth. They knew full well what they were about to undertake, and went prepared with trusty rifles and stout hearts. Their destination was to what was known as the Blue Licks, one of the most famous and valuable places for the free production of salt known in Kentucky. There was many a fierce and bloody conflict fought at and near this place, and the entire neighborhood forms one of the most important of all the localities that helped make up, for Kentucky, the title of the "dark and bloody ground."

Splendid hotels, with numerous out-buildings, occupy the spot now, attracting to it the most gay and fashionable of all the pleasure-seekers of the land. It would hardly be recognized as the same spot which originated so many bloody encounters between the white settler and the ferocious red man of the forest.

After a cautious and quite slow march—necessarily so, because of the unseen dangers that lurked everywhere around them—Boone and his brave little band of thirty men arrived in safety, and without the loss of a single one of their number, at the place, and began immediate operations. They set their salt kettles in which to evaporate the water from the spring, and went about the task of manufacturing the salt required for the use of the garrison. It was important that the work should be done with great dispatch, for the moment the Indians found out what they were at, there would come an end to their operations.

SCENE COMMEMORATED IN OUR CAPITOL.

Sundry exciting incidents occurred while this little party were at the springs, and among the rest one which our government has thought worthy of preservation in stone, in a sculptured group ornamenting the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Evidently the story has been made to fit the well known character of Boone, but we tell it in the very words it has been told in before :

“Boone, instead of taking part in the diurnal and uninterrupted labor of evaporating the water, performed the more congenial duty of hunting to keep the company in provisions while they labored. In this pursuit, he had one day wandered some distance from the bank of the river. Two Indians, armed with muskets—for they had now generally added these efficient weapons to their tomahawks—came upon him. His first thought was to retreat. But he discovered, from their nimbleness, that this was impossible. His second thought was resistance, and he slipped behind a tree to await their coming within rifle-shot. He then exposed himself, so as to attract their aim. The foremost leveled his musket. Boone, who could dodge the flash at the pulling of the trigger, dropped behind his tree unhurt. The next object was to cause the fire of the second musket to be thrown away in the same manner. He again exposed part of his person, a daring thing to do according to our present ideas, but we must remember that the muskets of those days were the old-fashioned flint-lock.

"The eager Indian instantly fired, and Boone evaded the shot as before. Both the Indians, having thrown away their fire, were eagerly striving, but with trembling hands, to reload. Trepidation and too much haste retarded their object. Boone drew his rifle, and one of them fell dead. The two antagonists, now on equal ground, the one unsheathing his knife, and the other poisoning his tomahawk, rushed toward the dead body of the fallen Indian. Boone, placing his foot on the dead body,



DANIEL BOONE'S FIGHT WITH THE SAVAGES.

dexterously received the well-aimed tomahawk of his powerful enemy on the barrel of his rifle, thus preventing his skull from being cloven by it. In the very attitude of striking, the Indian had exposed his body to the knife of Boone, who plunged it in his body to the hilt, and was again the hero in a personal encounter."

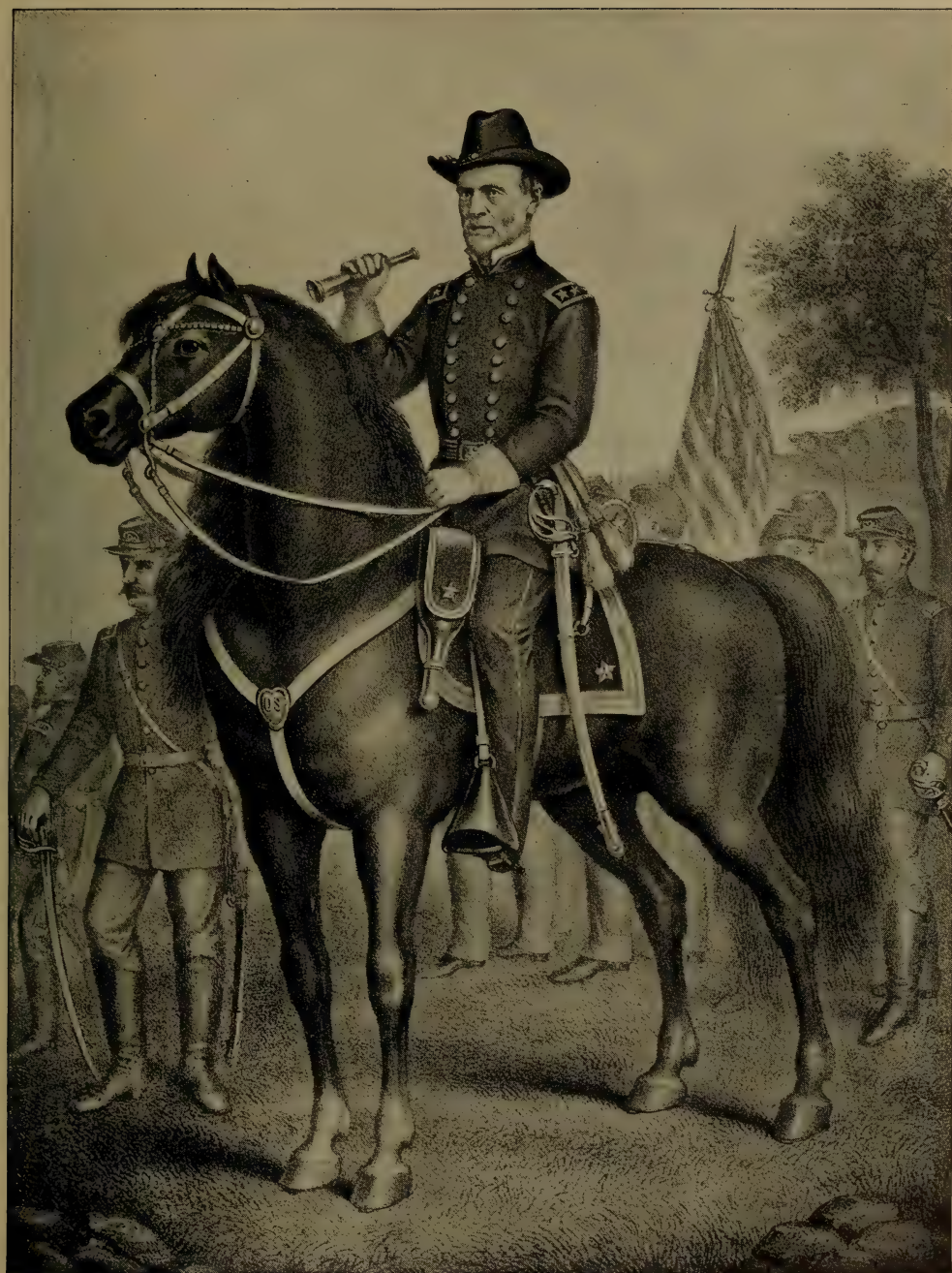
A party of Indians who were on their way to capture the fort at Boonesborough came suddenly upon Boone while hunting in the woods near the salt springs. Seeing that resistance was useless, he was com-

pelled to surrender himself and his little band, who were fortunate enough to escape being killed, as they probably would have been if they had engaged in a fight with the red men. Instead of going forward to capture the fort, as they could easily have done, since there were few to defend it, the Indians marched their prisoners to Chillicothe, which was their leading settlement in that section.

BOONE AND HIS COMPANIONS SENT TO DETROIT.

Desirous of acquainting their white allies, the British, with the results of their prowess, the Indians sent off Boone and ten chosen men of the captured party through the wilderness, and across rivers and creeks, to the British fort at Detroit. General Hamilton was in command at that noted place, and it is charged that, in obedience to the spirit of the alliance then existing between the British and Indians, he had offered large sums of money for all the scalps of the white men that the Indians might bring in. He has the credit, however, of humanely telling the savages that he preferred living prisoners to scalps, which was so much in his favor when sentiments so civilized were not in the fashion.

They were about three weeks in making the journey, which they did with some difficulty. Boone all the while pretended to be contented with his lot, and thus deceived his captors the more. Little is recorded of the journey itself; he is mute respecting it. Arrived at Detroit, he became at once the observed of all. Hamilton, the British commander, knew much about him, because he could not well help knowing in what esteem he had been held by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia. The officers and soldiers showed him many personal attentions, which he greatly prized, and repeatedly placed their funds at his disposal. He was escorted around wherever he chose to go in the neighborhood, by his Indian guides, all the while professing himself satisfied with his new fortunes. Hamilton offered the Indians as large a sum as one hundred pounds sterling, or five hundred dollars, for his ransom, but the Indians refused the offer unconditionally. They knew how valuable a prize they had in the person of the Pioneer of Kentucky.



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN



GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN



HEROES OF THE MERRIMAC



COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

He stayed at Detroit for a month, at no time betraying the least discontent or desire to escape. The Indians were anxious to adopt him, knowing what valuable service he could render them, and he appeared to be quite agreeable to their wishes. He knew his only safety depended upon his falling in apparently with all their plans. They finally returned with him to their old village of Chillicothe, arriving there after a long and tedious journey. Boone says, in his biography, he was well treated by the Indians, made himself friendly with them, was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where he became a son, and had a great share in the affection of his new parents, brothers, sisters and friends, yet all the time feeling extreme anxiety concerning the fate of the fort at Boonesborough and watching an opportunity to escape.

CEREMONY OF ADOPTION INTO AN INDIAN FAMILY.

In order to become a member of the tribe, and particularly to be admitted into the family of the chieftain, he was obliged to go through certain ceremonies that must have cost his feelings a large sacrifice; but he considered the object to be gained more than anything else. They took him and plucked out, spear by spear, all the hair from his head, with the exception of a single lock on the top of the skull, called the tuft-lock, which was about three inches in diameter; then they put him through the process of having the white blood washed out of him; next he was carried to the council house, where he listened to a set speech, setting forth the dignity of his new character, and the services expected of him as the son of a chief, and the member of the tribe. Finally he submitted himself to be painted all about the face, in most fantastic devices, and then he sat down with the rest of them to a feast, and to the pipe, which is symbolic of peace and fraternity. Boone's best friend would not have been likely to recognize him, had he seen him thus metamorphosed.

Every day he studied how he might make his preparations most skillfully for escape. The Indians kept a close watch on him, though he believed they had confidence in his integrity. When they gave him

bullets with which to go out on his hunting excursions, they were careful to count them, and observe on his return if he had secreted any for his own use in the future. But even here Boone was too shrewd for them; for he would use but slight charges of powder, and the bullets he would cut in two. Besides sending him out to hunt and bring in wild game for them, the savages set him at work making salt; this they knew he could do, for when he was surprised and captured by them, he was



INDIANS PAINTING WHITE MEN.

with a party that were engaged in this very occupation. There were salt springs on the Scioto River, and thither he was forced to go and manufacture this indispensable commodity for his dusky captors. The Indian was too proud to do menial work, and therefore left it for his squaws and his captives. Boone did not in any one point disappoint their expectations. He worked industriously and cheerfully; he produced liberal supplies of the article they wanted, and they bestowed on him their praise for his valuable services.

All this time, they were without their old leader at the fort at Boonesborough. More than four months had elapsed already, and nothing had been heard of him. Presently, however, news arrived in a round-about way at Boonesborough that their leader had been carried off to Detroit. That was all they could learn of his fate. They supposed now that he was altogether in the hands of the British, and that the Indians would have no more to do with him. And not having heard further respecting his disposal, the general conclusion was that he had been carried still further away into the wilds of Canada. Little thought they that, at that very hour, he was so near them, the adopted son of a powerful Shawanese Chief, and secretly plotting how he could best get back to them again ! But, without Boone, they seemed to give up all ; he had so long been their guiding spirit, animating them to exertion, that when he was lost, all seemed to be lost with him. Hence they fell off in their watchfulness against the enemy, and even suffered the fort itself—the last hope and stay of their existence—to be neglected.



SHAWANESE CHIEF.

Satisfied in her own mind that she should not hear from her husband again, the wife of Daniel Boone started off with her little family—excepting one daughter—for the home of her parents in North Carolina. She made the journey on horseback, carrying her few effects along with her the best way she could. It was a sorrowful journey indeed for her. Since coming out into the western country, she had sacrificed her eldest boy and lost her husband. Were there anything now left to stay for, she would willingly have remained on the frontier ; but she despaired of ever seeing her husband again, and the condition of the settlers at Boones-

borough was fast becoming so precarious that she could not but see the folly of staying only to throw her life away. Safely, though slowly, that brave woman, with her little brood about her, found her way back through the frowning wilderness, hundreds of miles, to Carolina. Few of her sex could be found willing to undertake such a journey even in these times ; what is to be thought of the courage of her who freely set out on it, in times of peril like that, when the forest was alive with dangers from savage and beast, and not even a regular trail was to be followed from one point to another ? Surely, that she was entirely worthy of her noble husband. She arrived home in safety, as every reader is glad to know.

SAVAGES PREPARE TO CAPTURE THE FORT.

To return to Boone himself. When he had finished making salt and gone back to the Indian settlement at Chillicothe, he was not a little surprised to find that his captors had been making preparations, in his absence, to proceed in full force against the fort at Boonesborough. There were four hundred and fifty of their bravest warriors, all ready to set out on the expedition. This fact caused him to hasten his plans. He began to hurry now, where he had acted leisurely before. But it would not answer for him to betray the least anxiety, or even suspicion ; therefore he pretended not to notice that anything appeared different to him from what was usual.

In this way he could overhear the whole of their talk, and get at the meaning of their plans. They had no idea, either, that he had so good a knowledge of their language ; but Daniel Boone was a man who put everything that came in his way to good use, at one time or another. He heard them talk of the weakness of the fort at that particular time ; of the carelessness with which it was garrisoned ; of the neglect into which it had fallen ; and of their expectations to surprise and capture it beyond the possibility of a doubt. No one can imagine with what pangs his heart was visited, for he believed that at the fort were still his wife and children ; still he was forced to appear perfectly calm, or all would be lost. It was a trial such as very few men could go through. Nay,

more and harder than this ; he had even to flatter and cajole the rascals whenever they did something which they deemed worthy of praise. Even upon the preparations that were making all around him for this very enterprise, he was forced to look with complacency and apparent satisfaction.

He knew he must escape, and that speedily. Yet with the utmost caution. A single hasty movement, a single false step, however slight, would betray all. The 16th of June came. Up to that very day, the Indians had felt no suspicion of his intention. On that morning he was going out again, with their consent to engage in hunting. He rose early, took his gun, secreted a small piece of venison to allay hunger, and started off. His heart swelled, courageous as it always was, to think of the great risk he was running. They would easily overtake him, if they should suspect for what he had gone forth ; and once overtaken, his doom was sealed. They would never have permitted him to live to deceive them again. He was intensely excited, and yet he kept cool. To get a fair start was his great object. He knew quite as much of the wilderness as they, and would not be afraid to trust his own skill in woodcraft against theirs. He was in the prime of life, too, fresh and active ; and he felt no fear, great as were the odds against him, unless it should come from some unforeseen mischances.

FAST JOURNEY TOWARD THE FORT.

For four days and nights he kept traveling, always in the direction of the fort, and, in the course of that time, he said that he ate but a single meal ! The distance to Boonesborough was one hundred and sixty miles. This was at the rate of about forty miles a day. The single meal eaten by him on the road consisted of a wild turkey that he shot himself, after he had got safely across the Ohio River. When once he had passed this dividing line, he began to feel more at his ease, though still anxious, and all the time steadily pushing forward for the fort. It was his great care, too, to mislead his pursuers, or throw them off the trail ; this cost him much trouble. He swam rivers, forded creeks, waded through

swamps and marshes, and found his way through forests and almost impenetrable canebrakes. He listened to every sound, lest it might be a dusky pursuer. He was no swimmer, or at least a very indifferent one, and he doubted if he should be able to cross the Ohio safely, especially

as its current was much swollen at that season of the year.

But when he came to that great stream, flowing on so majestically, he had the luck to find a canoe that had drifted into the bushes on the bank near by, into which he jumped with no sort of ceremony; and he paddled himself to the opposite shore as fast as ever boat was propelled by oars before. It is said there was a hole in one end of the canoe, but that he managed to stop effectually, and in a very reasonable time. It was certainly providential



INDIAN CHIEF AND HIS WIGWAM.

that it happened to be hidden there in the bushes, and so he recognized the incident. When he reached the fort at last, and duly made himself known to his former comrades, they looked upon him as upon one risen from the dead. He was some time engaged in satisfying them of his identity, and afterwards in narrating his story from beginning to end.

It grieved him to learn that his wife and children had gone, but it

was too late to help that. He set about directing the needed repairs for the fort, knowing far better than the garrison what were the preparations making, and what now were the many times heightened motives for investing and destroying it. All his energy was brought to bear upon this single thing. Where it was weak—at the gates, the flankers, the post-erns, or the bastions—he made it strong again. He infused into the settlers an activity and enthusiasm they had not displayed since the days when he used to arouse them to exertion before.

PREPARED FOR A HEROIC DEFENSE.

In the short space of ten days they were all right again, ready to receive any sort of a visit—outside, of course—which their old enemies might think best to make. This time he felt sure that the fort would be compelled to stand a siege it had never passed through before. He had seen with his own eyes the large preparations made by the Indians to invest and capture it. He had heard their talk about the matter with his own ears, and could not be deceived. Hence he well knew that when the next wave rolled in upon them, it would be the most terrible of any that had hitherto given them a shock. Against this he was bound to make all possible preparation. Besides suspecting what he did, he had, it seems, heard directly from the Indians at Chillicothe. One of his comrades had made his escape also, and came in with fresh reports of what the Indians were doing. They were all up in arms about his having left them in the style in which he did, and vowed vengeance on his devoted head for having so thoroughly deceived them. They held a great council forthwith. The matter was fully debated. It would not do to let a prisoner like that escape. They would teach him that the pride of the red man could not thus be offended with impunity.

They, in their turn, too, were informed how the improvements in the fort went on. It was evident to them that the old hand of the master was there again. The intelligence of the strengthening of the white man's fortress excited them inexpressibly. They were impatient to be off, and make the assault they were resolved upon. They knew that

every day's delay now only added to the white man's strength. The talk was long and earnest. It was obvious to them that they had no common enemy to deal with now, and they remembered that he was familiar with all their habits, their customs, and their weaknesses. He had shown the Indian, if no other white man had done it before him, that he was more than a match for him on his own ground, that he was acquainted with his tricks and traps, and knew how to keep himself out of them; and the Indian with all his boasted cunning, must needs be on the alert, or he would suddenly find himself outwitted by the very enemy he pretended to hold in such contempt and disdain.

INDIANS RESOLVE TO MASSACRE THE WHITES.

After Boone's escape the Indians formed the grand plan of exterminating the whites altogether. To accomplish a purpose so fell as this, required the active strength of the entire nation. They rallied far and near. All their braves, young and old, assembled in force, prepared to carry out the plan proposed. From this Indian village and that they came in, duly equipped for the bloody enterprise. The old Shawanese sachem—he who had adopted Boone as his own son—was at the head. His heart could never consent to forgive the deceit that had been practiced upon it by his pale-faced son. If he could taste the sweetness of revenge now, he would feel in a degree compensated for what his pride had suffered. It did not take a long time, therefore, for the village at Chillicothe to fill up with recruits.

Boone was on the alert. He knew the character of the foe, and the necessity of timely preparation against their approach. He had made the fort strong and whole again, and felt assured that it was capable of offering an irresistible defence against them. And thus prepared, he sallied out with a party of nineteen men, determined to oppose them even before they reached Boonesborough. He would fain surprise their scouting parties, and perhaps cut them off! It was a plan entirely characteristic of Boone, and worthy of his tried courage and boldness. Instead of waiting for them to come to him, he would go out to them. In this

sally from the fort, he and his party traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. They struck off for the Scioto River, near which they



FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS.

suddenly fell in with a party of thirty Indians, who were on their way down to join the main body of the enemy at Chillicothe.

The place where they met was at an Indian village on a creek known as Paint Creek. A battle was at once fought between the two parties. Boone proved more than a match for the red-skins, whom he compelled to flee with the loss of one of their number killed, and two wounded. The fellows made rapid tracks for their friends at Chillicothe, bearing along with them the unwelcome tidings of the affray. Of course the Indian leaders there were astonished beyond measure to learn that their old enemy had shown boldness enough to come out from the fort and offer them battle. Nothing now was thought of but to go forth, and overtake and destroy him, and all his men.

THE ENEMY APPEAR IN FULL FORCE.

But Boone was prepared for a movement like this. He had no idea of being caught away from home by the main body of the Indian forces. Having once tested the quality of his men in an open fight in the forest, he was quite satisfied to retire with them to the advantages of shelter again. They had tasted danger outside, and the Indians, too, had been taught a wholesome lesson; and that was all Boone wanted. It was something, at least, to show the savages that they need not consider themselves safe from assault in any place, or at any time. Having compelled them to abandon their little settlement at Paint Creek, and leave their baggage, together with several horses, behind them, he was for the time satisfied. He was absent but a single week on this warlike excursion, in which time he had struck terror into the very heart of the enemy.

As soon as he reached the entrenchments of the fort again, Boone put the entire garrison on the look-out for the foe; it was certain now that they would soon be there. The men at the fort waited and watched patiently. They were soon repaid, too, for their trouble. Before long, the wilderness was alive with Indians, all armed for the final struggle. They came prepared to blot the settlement at Boonesborough out of existence. Their faces were painted after the most hideous fashion, and their bodies were clad with the most unique and oddly-assorted apparel. They came and sat down before the fort in full strength. The forest resounded with

their hideous yells and war-whoops. Stalwart forms appeared from the distant shadows, every one the impersonation of hatred and revenge. They scowled the defiance they might in vain have tried to speak. On the right hand and the left, and far away in the front, these native warriors threw out their terrible threats. Boone felt that hope had gone—except it came through exertion. It was idle to expect quarter from an enemy that had been so many times baffled. If they once effected an entrance within their fortified enclosure, there was an end of all things earthly for them. It was truly a dismal contingency to contemplate, but it doubtless lent fresh courage to the settlers, for it was the terrible courage that is born of despair, that dies, but never surrenders.

GARRISON CALLED ON TO SURRENDER.

The commander of this body of Indians was none other than Du Quesne himself, who gave a name to a fort which will ever go with our history, and with which that of Washington himself is associated. Blackfish, the Shawanese sachem, held command with, not under him. There were about four hundred and fifty Indians in the besieging force, and a dozen Canadians.

The little fort that was the object of all this preparation, garrisoned but sixty-five men. So few against so many ; seven outside, against one inside ! What a forlorn hope indeed did they entertain ! There were helpless women and children within the walls to protect, too. They all waited for the first movement to be made.

It was made ; but very differently from the stereotyped Indian method. Instead of rushing at the gates with their hideous whoops and yells, a different course was pursued. The savages adopted the method of the white armies in cases of siege, and sat down and asked the garrison to surrender, sending a messenger to the fort with that modest request. Boone answered that he wanted two days in which to consider. It appears that, as soon as he knew of the straits to which he was likely to be reduced, he despatched a messenger to the East, describing his condition, and soliciting immediate aid. It was to Col. Arthur Campbell that he

sent the request, and within the two days specified he would be likely to hear from him. It was simply to gain time, therefore, that he put off an answer to the summons. If Campbell should happen to come forth from the forest unexpectedly to the Indians, then he could himself sally out and attack them from the front, while the force of Campbell would fall upon them from the rear ; and between the two fires, their strength must melt away. Military men wonder at the motive that could have induced Du Quesne to consent to the terms tendered by the garrison ; yet it is possible that he thought he might obtain by diplomacy what he was not so certain to secure by assault, and the glory would be greater. At any rate, he influenced Blackfish and his party to wait the two days asked for by Boone, which was all that was wanted. Meantime, too, the garrison could complete the arrangements necessary for sustaining still more successfully the threatened siege.

READY FOR A LONG SIEGE.

Du Quesne certainly showed a humane spirit. He allowed the women and children, in the interval, to go out and get water from the spring, with which to help along existence during the trial that was before them. The cattle, too, were all got in through the posterns—a very necessary assistance in carrying the garrison through the siege. But Boone himself was very careful to give the enemy no advantage ; especially was he solicitous that they should not capture his own person, for then the whole object of the expedition would be over. Hence, while he freely exposed himself to their sight, he was careful to remain under protection of the fort. In his going out and coming in, he became quite familiar with the enemy, many of whom knew him well at the Chillicothe village and would have been glad enough to lay their hands on him now.

But the time grew short. The two days were nearly spent. No Colonel Campbell yet, emerging with succor from the shadows of the forest. The answer was to be finally given. All the good that could be gained by the delay, had already been gained ; the garrison had been supplied with beef and water to stand the test and trial of a long siege.

He saw now that he must act ; words were idle. So he collected his little handful of men around him, and asked them which they preferred—resistance or surrender. He knew for himself that surrender was certain death, and resistance, at the worst, could be no more ; yet he deferred to the opinions of the others. They were all ready with their answer ; they would resist till the last hour of their lives—they would never capitulate. Death itself was preferable to disgrace of that character.

Therefore they made ready to fight. They understood how much more numerous the enemy were than themselves, but they would fight, nevertheless. The commander of the besieging force demanded his answer. Boone stood boldly on the ramparts and gave it—"We will fight so long as a man lives to fight," said he. It was enough. The die was cast. From that moment their lives depended on a successful resistance. It was said that the bold and brave manner of Boone struck dismay into their hearts. At any rate, their leaders must have seen how foolish they were in permitting the garrison to provision themselves as thoroughly as they did. But the siege did not begin even then. Du Quesne was not willing to give up his arts of diplomacy, thinking he might yet win by mere words.

PROPOSAL FOR TREATY ACCEPTED.

So he returned a reply to Boone's answer, telling him that Governor Hamilton, at Detroit, wished to make prisoners of the garrison, but not to destroy them, and he requested him to send out nine men from the fort to make a treaty, in which case the forces outside would be withdrawn, and all would go back home without any trouble. In his account of the affair, Boone says, "This sounded grateful to our ears, and we agreed to the proposal." He agreed to it because he knew that Hamilton felt friendly towards him, and he further knew that if they fell into the hands of the besiegers as regular prisoners, there was no hope for their lives.

On consultation, it was resolved to select the nine men desired and send them out. Boone, of course, was at their head. His brother was likewise of the party. The very best men of the garrison, in fact, were

the ones selected. Yet they determined not to go beyond the protection of the fort itself. The distance they ventured was one hundred and twenty feet from the walls. The accurate shooters of the garrison, with sure rifles at their shoulders, held their muzzles in such a position as to protect them. The leading men of the opposite party came up on the same ground. It was plain, however, that they took precaution to protect themselves as much as the others. There they met, professedly with only peaceful intentions, but in reality dreading each the power and threats of the other, and entertaining mutual suspicions.

BASE TREACHERY OF THE INDIANS.

The Canadian captain proposed the terms. In order to test the sincerity of the besiegers, and for nothing more, Boone and his party consented to sign them outright, even though the conditions were such as they well knew they could not agree to. Boone employed the occasion as a mere ruse, in order to find out their real meaning and intention. The treaty, therefore, was signed. Blackfish, the old Shawanese chief, then rose and commenced a speech. The Indians came forward at the same moment. He said it was customary, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace, for the parties to the treaty to come and shake hands with one another. Boone and his other eight men were alive to suspicion, but still they consented to go through with the ceremony.

The moment hands were joined, a signal was given by Blackfish, by previous concert, and three Indians sprang forward to each white man, to make a captive. But, fortunately, the whites were fully prepared for them. They broke away from the grasp of professed friendship, and ran for the fort. A general firing began. The party stationed at the fort let off their guns to protect their fleeing comrades, and the Indians commenced firing in return. Boone had thus unmasked their whole scheme, and had literally drawn their fire. Their entire plan was now exposed. The brother of Boone, Squire Boone, was wounded, but all the rest escaped as by a miracle. Nine men out of the jaws of four hundred and sixty! It was indeed a miracle.

Having secured their retreat within the fort, and closely shut and fastened the gates, they made instant readiness to sustain the worst that might come. And immediately, too, the siege began in good earnest. The Canadian and the Indian united their skill and perseverance. For nine days and nights this trial proceeded. It is impossible to convey to the reader any proper idea of what the garrison in that time went through. They were few in numbers, and their hopes were feeble. They were far from their friends, far from all succor and sympathy. The enemy could keep constant watch, and not suffer; but if the garrison watched, as they must, they were so few that all would be likely in the end to be exhausted. Every man during that memorable siege of nine days, proved himself a hero. The great West knows not how much it owes to the exertions of these same brave pioneers, who were willing and ready to endure so much. The firing of bullets from the outside was incessant; it literally rained bullets, by the hour at a time.

FURIOUS FIGHTING ON BOTH SIDES.

But the men in the fort were prudent, and used their ammunition only to the best advantage. They fired only when they were pretty sure to hit. The savages sheltered themselves as well as they could in the belt of the forest hard by, but even then the marksmen within the fort were much too sure for them. To show the amount of ammunition used by the foe, it is only necessary to note what Boone himself said about it, "that after they were gone, we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which certainly is a great proof of their industry."

It is related among the incidents of the siege, that a negro had deserted from the fort, who was known to be skilled in the use of the rifle. Anxious to commend himself to his newly-found friends, he climbed into a tree, and began to do serious execution. Boone heard what was going on, and looked out for the fellow. As soon as he saw his head, he fired a bullet into it, and the negro fell dead to the ground. Boone's daughter also was wounded—the only

one who had remained behind when her mother set out on her return to Carolina.

At length, exasperated to find that they could gain no advantage thus, the savages resolved to try another plan. They set fire to the fort ! The flames were soon spreading ! Whatever was done, must be done instantly. A young man was bold and brave enough to risk his life in the attempt to quench the flames. He succeeded in his effort. The fort was saved. Seeing this, the Indians thought they might as well give it all up. They took counsel among themselves forthwith, and resolved to withdraw without delay. There was no use in keeping up the attempt to subdue an enemy who the Great Spirit had willed, should not be subdued. But before they withdrew, they resorted to one expedient more. They attempted to undermine the fort. Boone, however, was on the alert, and foiled them with a counter-mine. They felt that they were vanquished, and gave it up.

VICTORY AFTER A FEARFUL SIEGE.

The siege had lasted in all, from the 8th to the 20th day of August. It was a memorable affair in the history of the West, and cannot be dwelt on too long or too often by those who, in this day, enjoy the benefits that were secured to them by these bravest of all pioneers. Nothing more desperate in all history is recorded, when we take into account the circumstances of the time, and the several incidents of the occasion. To the last day of their lives, the men who participated in these stirring scenes were wont to recall them with expressions of the deepest emotion. They could never forget the fearful trials to which, in that brief time, they were subjected.

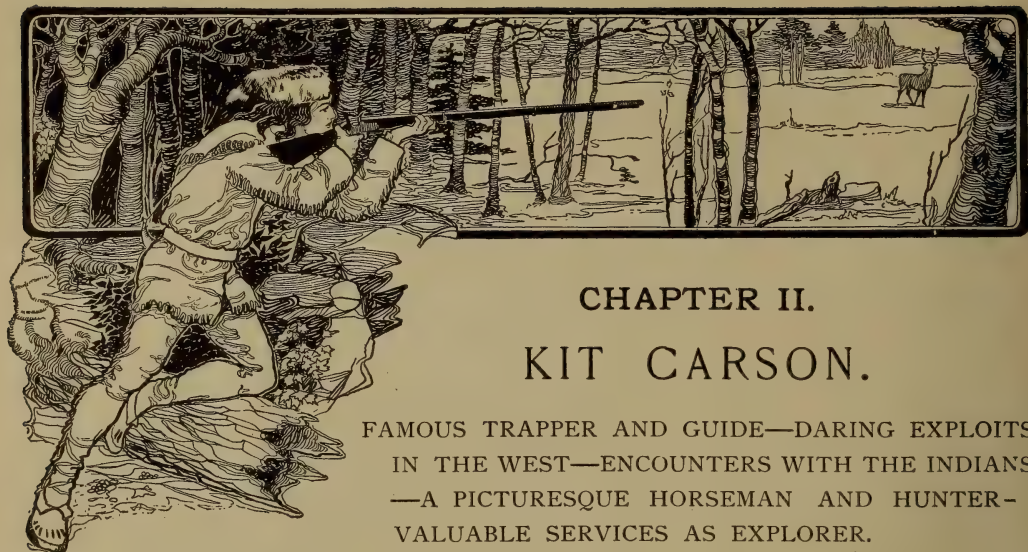
The savages went their own way. They hated to give over their darling design to make a captive of the man who was the acknowledged life and soul of the settlement, knowing very well the sort of man they had once had in their hands. But it seemed they were not fated to have him in their power very soon again. All their plans had certainly failed to retake him. They vanished as they had come.

The brief and modest statement of the Pioneer, after the siege of Boonesborough was raised, is as follows: "Soon after this, I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of place in this account passed in my affairs for some time." His successful holding out at the fort, however, was an act memorable enough of itself to answer for his lifetime; for, had this little frontier fortress gone, with the clouds of misfortune that were gathering over the American cause in the Atlantic States, there is no telling if it would have been possible to recover from the blow at all. More depended on this very defense of Boonesborough than the careless reader of our history is aware of.

He says of himself again: "Shortly after the troubles at Boonesborough, I went to my family, and lived peaceably there. The history of my going home (to North Carolina) and returning with my family, forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume, and, being foreign to my purpose, I omit them."

On the admission of Kentucky to the Union, Boone lost his property for want of formal titles, and retired in 1798 in disgust into the wilderness of Missouri, which did not become United States territory till 1803. In 1812 his claim to a tract of land was allowed in recognition of his services, but when the territory was ceded by Spain to the United States it was found that his title was not valid, on account of his failure to have it properly recorded.

He died at Charette, on the Missouri River, September 26, 1820.



CHAPTER II. KIT CARSON.

FAMOUS TRAPPER AND GUIDE—DARING EXPLOITS
IN THE WEST—ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS
—A PICTURESQUE HORSEMAN AND HUNTER—
VALUABLE SERVICES AS EXPLORER.

There are men who are exactly fitted for a rough, wild, pioneer life. They are at home amidst dangers and perilous expeditions. Strong in body, superb in courage, reckless to some extent, and ever ready for any difficult undertaking, they lead where other men scarcely dare to follow.

Such a man was Kit Carson, whose many adventures form a thrilling history, and whose name will always be associated with the march of civilization toward the shores of the Pacific. He was a man of great courage, daring intrepidity, heroic bearing, and wonderful nerve and endurance. If he had been a bandit and robber, instead of a trusty and brave guide, he would have terrorized half a continent.

Christopher Carson, familiarly known under the appellation of K. Carson, was one of the most extraordinary men of the present era. His fame has long been established throughout this country and Europe, as a most skilful and intrepid hunter, trapper, guide and pilot of the prairies and mountains of the far West, and Indian fighter. But his celebrity in these characters is far surpassed by that of his individual personal traits of courage, coolness, fidelity, kindness, honor, and friendship. The theatre of his exploits was extended throughout the whole western portion of the territory of the United States, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and his associates were some of the most distinguished men of the present

age, to all of whom he became an object of affectionate regard and marked respect.

It appears, from the various declarations of those most intimate with Christopher Carson, as well as from a biography published a number of years before his death, that he was a native of Madison county, Kentucky, and was born on the 24th of December, 1809. Colonel Fremont, in his exhaustive and interesting report of his Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California, in 1843-44, says that Carson was a native of Boons-



OLD HOME OF THE FAMOUS GUIDE, KIT CARSON, AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

lick county, Missouri ; and from his long association with the hunter, he probably makes the statement on Carson's own authority. The error, if it is an error, may have arisen from the fact that Carson's father moved from Kentucky to Missouri, when Christopher was only one year old. He settled in what is now Howard county, in the central part of Missouri.

When Mr. Carson removed his family from Kentucky, and settled in the new territory, it was a wild region, naturally fertile, thus favoring his views as a cultivator ; abounding in wild game, and affording a splen-

did field of enterprise for the hunter, but infested on all sides with Indians, often hostile, and always treacherous. As Mr. Carson united the pursuits of farmer and hunter, and lived in a sort of blockhouse or fort, as a precaution against the attacks of the neighboring Indians, his son became accustomed to the presence of danger, and the necessity of earnest action and industry from his earliest childhood.

ENTERED EARLY UPON A TRADER'S LIFE

At the age of fifteen, Kit Carson was apprenticed to a saddler. This trade requiring close confinement, was, of course, utterly distasteful to a boy already accustomed to the use of the rifle, and the stirring pleasures of the hunter's life, and at the end of two years, his apprenticeship was terminated, for Kit voluntarily abandoned the further pursuit of the trade, and sought the more active employment of a trader's life. His new pursuit was more congenial. He joined an armed band of traders in an expedition to Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. This, at that period, 1826, was rather a perilous undertaking, on account of the Indian tribes who were ever ready to attack a trading caravan, when there was any prospect of overcoming it. No attack was made on the party, however, and no incident of importance occurred, if we except the accident to one of the teamsters who wounded himself by carelessly handling a loaded rifle, so as to render it necessary to amputate his arm. In this operation Carson assisted, the surgical instruments being a razor, an old saw, and an iron bolt, heated red hot, in order to apply the actual cautery. Notwithstanding this rough surgery, the man recovered.

After spending a winter at Taos and learning the Spanish language, Carson returned to Santa Fe and became a teamster. Here he secured a position as interpreter to a tradesman, but there was not enough of adventure about such a life for a young man whose chief enjoyment was in the chase and in roaming over the prairies and through the woods. He was plainly cut out for a pioneer, an adventurer in the best meaning of the term, and he was never so happy as when pursuing wild game or encoun-

tering the dangers attending an expedition against the red men. He soon joined a party of hunters and trappers to punish the Indians for their depredations against the white settlers, though they really set out to trap for beaver.

They did not fall in with the Indians, of whom they were in pursuit, until they had reached the head of one of the affluents of the Rio Gila,



INDIANS ATTACKING THE HOUSE OF A WHITE SETTLER,

called Salt River. Once in presence of their enemies they made short work with them, killing fifteen of their warriors, and putting the whole band to rout. Such occurrences were by no means unfrequent, as we shall see in the course of this narrative. A small body of experienced hunters and trappers, confident in their superior skill and discipline, never hesitates to attack a greatly superior number of Indians, and it was a rare thing that success did not attend their daring. The Indian is

not fond of a "fair stand up fight." He prefers stratagem and ambush, and reverences as a great "brave," the warrior who is most successful in circumventing his enemies, and bringing off many scalps without the loss of a man; but when a considerable number of Indians are shot

down in the first onset, the remainder are very apt to take to flight in every direction.

Carson joined a company of trappers under command of Captain Young, and we next find him in California. Here, in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, the party hunted such animals as were valuable by reason of their skins. At this stage of our narrative we have the story of two expeditions which Carson led against the Indians, while they trapped upon the Sacramento, which give proof of his courage and thorough education in the art of Indian warfare, which had become a necessity to the traveler on the plains, and in the mountains of the western wilds. With his quick discrimination of



APACHE SQUAW AND CRADLE.

character, and familiarity with the habits of the race, he could not but know the Digger Indians were less bold than the Apaches and Camanches, with whom he was before familiar.

The Indians at the Mission San Gabriel, were restive under coerced labor, and forty of them made their escape to a tribe not far away. The mission demanded the return of these fugitives, and being refused, gave battle to the neighboring tribe, but were defeated. The Padre sent to the trappers for assistance to compel the Indians not to harbor their people.

Carson and eleven of his companions volunteered to aid the mission, and the attack upon the Indian village resulted in the destruction of a third of its inhabitants, and compelled them to submission. Captain Young found at this mission a trader to take his furs, and from them purchased a drove of horses.

Directly after his return, a party of Indians contrived to drive away sixty horses from the trappers, while the sentinel slept at night. Carson, with twelve men, was sent in pursuit. It was not difficult to follow the fresh trail of so large a drove, yet he pursued them a hundred miles, and into the mountains, before coming up with them. The Indians supposed themselves too far away to be followed, and were feasting on the flesh of the stolen horses they had slaughtered. Carson's party arranged themselves silently and without being seen, and rushing upon the Indian camp, killed eight men, and scattered the remainder in every direction. The horses were recovered, except the six killed, and partly consumed, and with three Indian children that had been left in camp, they returned to the joyful greetings of their friends.

CAPTURE OF LARGE HERDS OF CATTLE AND HORSES.

While on the Colorado, Young's party discovered a company of Indians (with whom they had had a previous skirmish), as they were coming out from Los Angeles, and charging suddenly among them, succeeded in taking a large herd of cattle from them, in the Indians' own style. The same week an Indian party came past their camp in the night, with a drove of a hundred horses, evidently just stolen from a Mexican town in Sonora. The trappers, with their guns for their pillows, were ready in an instant for the onslaught, and captured these horses also, the Indians hurrying away for fear of the deadly rifle. The next day they selected such as they wanted from the herd, choosing of course the finest, and turning the rest loose, to be taken again by the Indians, or to become the wild mustangs that roamed the plains of Northern Mexico, in droves of tens of thousands, and which could be captured and tamed only by the use of the lasso.

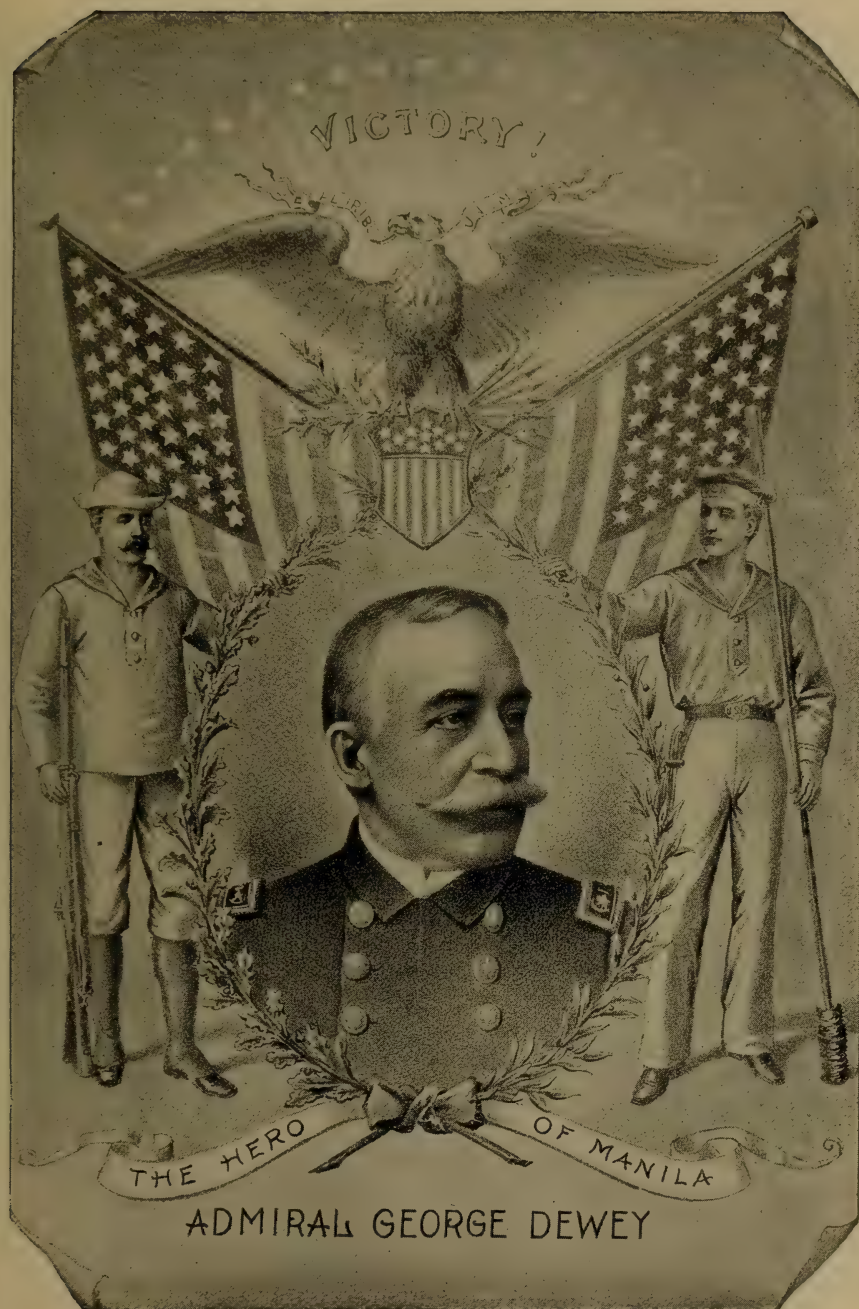
Mr. Young and his party trapped down the Colorado and up the Gila with success, then crossed to the vicinity of the New Mexican copper mines, where they left their furs and went to Santa Fe. Having procured their license to trade with the Indians about the copper mines, they returned thither for their furs, went back to Santa Fe and disposed of them to great advantage. The party disbanded with several hundred



TRADING WITH THE INDIANS,

dollars apiece, which most of them expended as sailors do their earnings when they come into port.

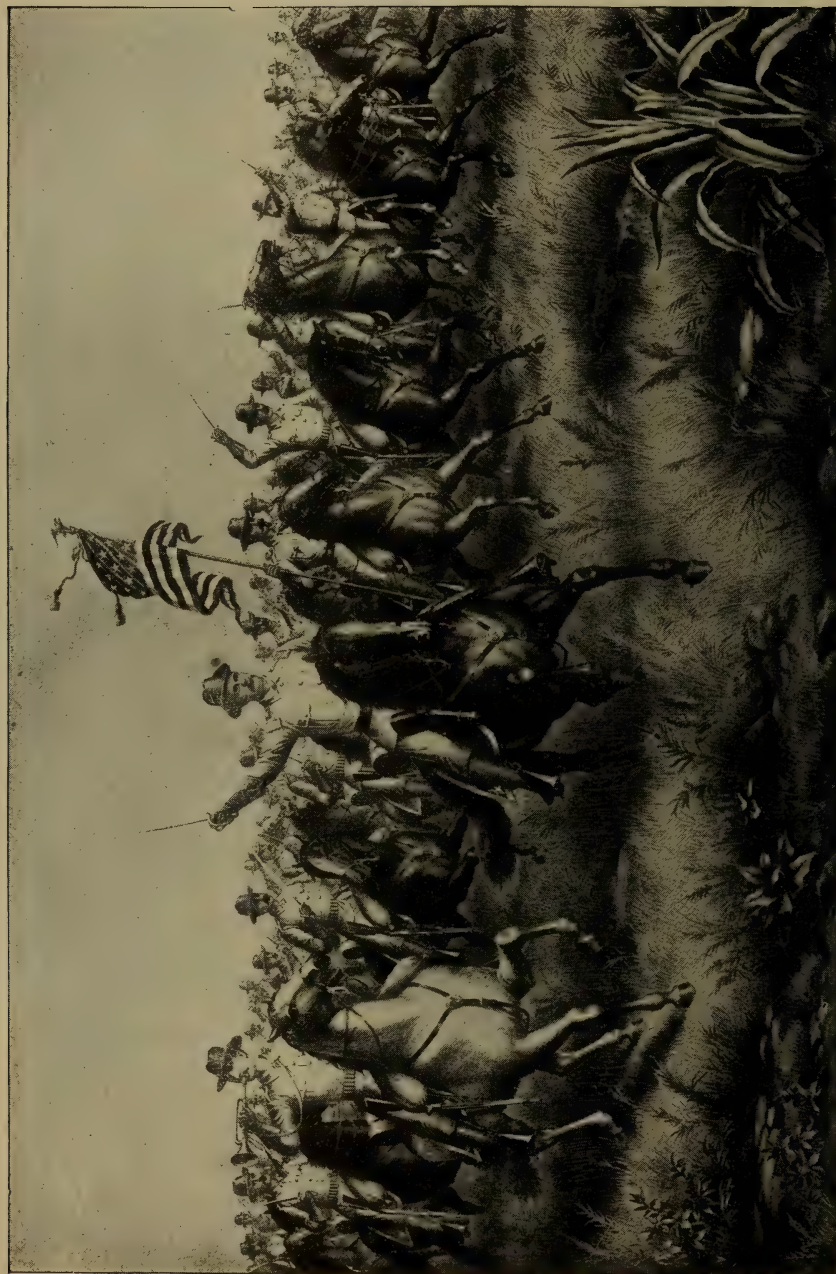
Of course Carson was hail fellow well met with them for a time. He had not hitherto taken the lesson that all have to learn, that the ways of pleasure are deceitful paths; and to resist temptation needs a large amount of courage—larger perhaps than to encounter any physical danger; at least the moral courage it requires is of a higher tone than the physical courage which would carry one through a fight with a grizzly



VICTORY!

THE HERO OF MANILA

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY



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ROUGH RIDERS—COLONEL ROOSEVELT COMMANDER

THIS FAMOUS REGIMENT FOUGHT WITH GREAT BRAVERY IN THE BATTLES AROUND SANTIAGO, JUNE 24TH TO JULY 1ST, 1898



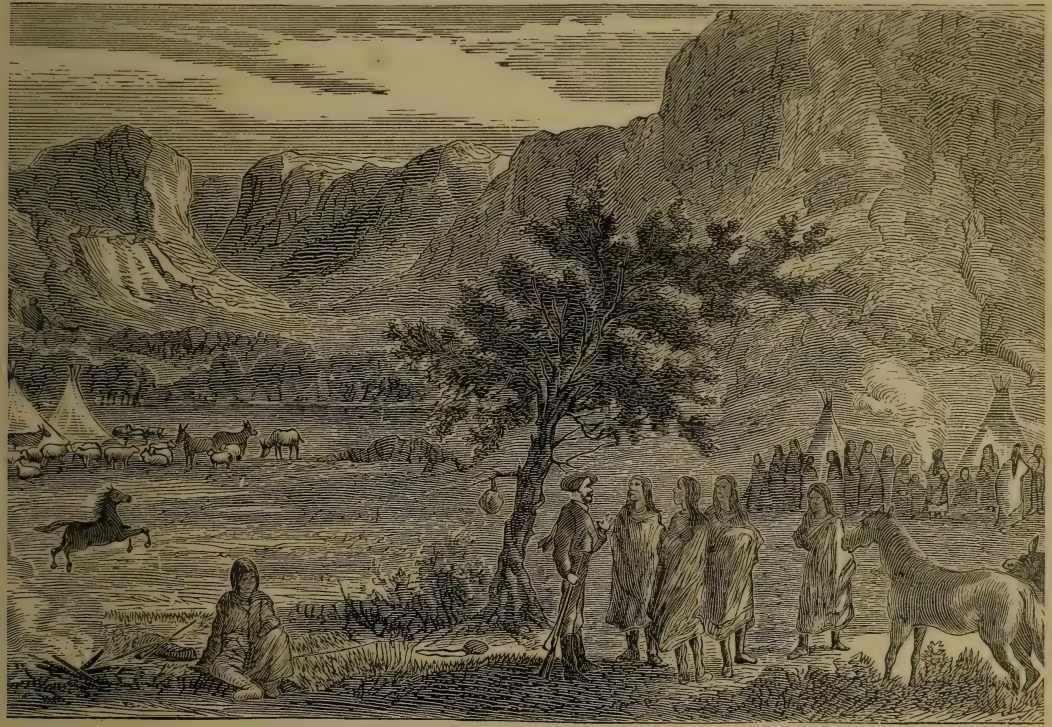
ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD" AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
IN THIS BATTLE ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS A MINOR OFFICER AND RECEIVED HIS FIRST LESSON OF HEROISM FROM FARRAGUT
RENOWNED COMMANDER OF OUR GULF SQUADRON



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

bear triumphantly ; that the latter assists the former ; indeed that the highest moral courage must be aided by physical bravery, but that the latter may exist entirely independently of the former.

Carson learned during this season of hilarity the necessity of saying No! and he did so persistently, knowing that if he failed in this he would be lost to himself and to everything dear to life. He was now



CAMP OF THE NEZ PERCES.

twenty-one, and though the terrible ordeal of poverty had been nobly borne, and he had conquered, the latter ordeal of temptation from the sudden possession of what was to him a large sum of money, had proved for once, too much. And it is well for him perhaps it was so ; as it enabled him to sow his wild oats in early youth and prepare for his heroic life work.

In the autumn Carson joined another trapping party under Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom we shall have frequent occasion to mention hereafter. They proceeded up the Platte and Sweet Water past Goose Creek to the

Salmon River, where they wintered, like other parties, sharing the good will of the Nez Perces Indians, and having the vexations of the Blackfeet for a constant fear. Mr. Fitzpatrick, less daring than Carson, declined sending him to punish this tribe for their depredations.

In the spring they came to Bear River, which flows from the north to Salt Lake. Carson and four men left Mr. Fitzpatrick here, and went ten days to find Captain Gaunt in the place called the New Park, on the head waters of the Arkansas, where they spent the trapping season, and wintered. While the party were wintering in camp, being robbed of some of their horses by a band of sixty Crow Indians, Carson, as usual, was appointed to lead the party sent in pursuit of the plunderers. With only twelve men he took up the trail, came upon the Indians in one of their strongholds, cut loose the animals, which were tied within ten feet of the fort of logs in which the enemy had taken shelter, attacked them, killed five of their warriors, and made good his retreat with the recovered horses; an Indian of another tribe who was with the trappers bringing away a Crow scalp as a trophy.

ENCOUNTERS WITH INDIAN HORSE STEALERS.

In the spring, while trapping on the Platte River, two men belonging to the party deserted and robbed a cache, or underground deposit of furs, which had been made by Captain Gaunt, in the neighborhood. Carson, with only one companion, went off in pursuit of the thieves, who, however, were never heard of afterwards.

Not finding the plunderers, Carson and his companion remained at the old camp on the Arkansas, where the cache had been made, until they were relieved by a party sent out from the United States with supplies for Captain Gaunt's trappers. They were soon after joined by a party of Gaunt's men, and started to his camp. On their way they had repeated encounters with Indians attempting to steal their horses, but easily beat them off and saved their property.

On one occasion, when Carson and the other trappers were out in search of "beaver sign," they came suddenly upon a band of sixty war-

riors well armed and mounted. In the presence of such a force their only safety was in flight. Amid a shower of bullets from the Indian rifles, they made good their escape. Carson considered this one of his narrowest escapes.

Not long after this Carson had an adventure with two grizzly bears which he considered one of the most perilous he ever met with. He had gone out from the camp on foot to shoot game for supper, and had just brought down an elk, when two grizzly bears came suddenly upon him. His rifle being empty, there was no way of escape from instant death but to run with his utmost speed for the nearest tree. He reached a sapling with the bears just at his heels. Cutting off a limb of the tree with his knife, he used that as his only weapon of defence. When the bears climbed so as nearly to reach him, he gave them smart raps on the nose, which sent them away growling ; but when the pain ceased they would return again only to have the raps repeated.

LUCKY ESCAPE FROM CLIMBING BEARS.

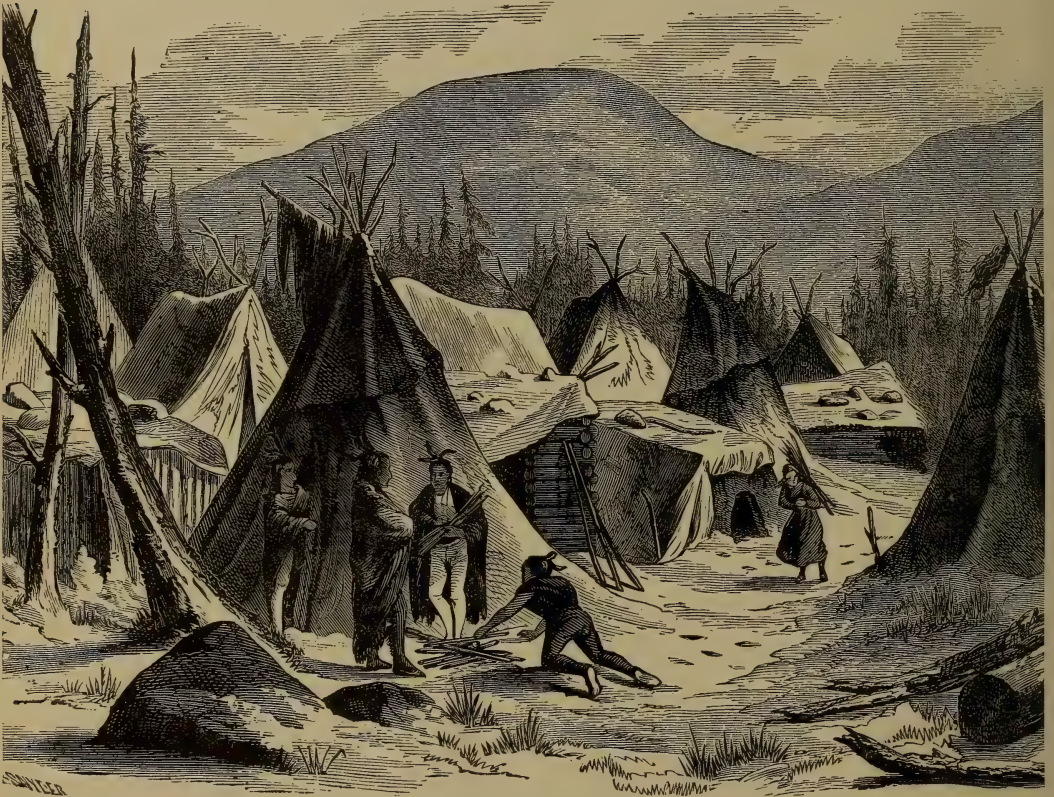
In this way nearly the whole night was spent, when finally the bears became discouraged, and retired from the contest. Waiting until they were well out of sight, Carson descended from his unenviable position, and made the best of his way into camp, which he reached about daylight. The elk had been devoured by wolves before it could be found, and his three companions were only too glad to see him, to be troubled about breakfasting on beaver, as they had supped the night before ; for trappers in camp engaged in their business had to resort to this kind of food when they could obtain no other.

Carson for the fall hunt joined a company of fifty, and went to the country of the Blackfeet, at the head waters of the Missouri ; but the Indians were so numerous, and so determined upon hostility, that a white man could not leave his camp without danger of being shot down ; therefore, quitting the Blackfeet country, they camped on the Big Snake River for winter quarters.

During the winter months, the Blackfeet had in the night run off

eighteen of their horses, and Kit Carson, with eleven men, was sent to recover them, and chastise their temerity. They rode fifty miles through the snow before coming up with the Indians, and instantly made an attempt to recover their animals, which were loose and quietly grazing.

The Indians, wearing snow shoes, had the advantage, and Carson



INDIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

readily granted the parley they asked. One man from each party advanced, and between the contending ranks had a talk. The Indians informed them that they supposed they had been robbing the Snake Indians, and did not desire to steal from white men. Of course this tale was false, and Carson asked why they did not lay down their arms and ask for a smoke, but to this they had no reply to make. However, both parties laid aside their weapons and prepared for the smoke; and

the lighted calumet was puffed by every one of the savages and the whites alternately, and the head men of the savages made several long non-committal speeches, to which, in reply, the trappers came directly to the point, and said they would hear nothing of conciliation from them until their property was returned.

RECEIVES A PAINFUL WOUND IN THE NECK.

After much talk, the Indians brought in five of the poorest horses. The whites at once started for their guns, which the Indians did at the same time, and the fight commenced. Carson and a comrade named Markland, having seized their rifles first, were at the lead, and selected for their mark two Indians who were near each other and behind different trees; but as Kit was about to fire, he perceived Markland's antagonist aiming at him with death-like precision, while Markland had not noticed him, and, on the instant, neglecting his own adversary, he sent a bullet through the heart of the other savage, but at the moment saw that his own enemy's rifle was aimed at his breast. He was not quite quick enough to dodge the ball, and it struck the side of his neck, and passed through his shoulder, shattering the bone.

Carson was thenceforward only a spectator of the fight, which continued until night, when both parties retired from the field of battle and went into camp.

Carson's wound was very painful and bled freely, till the cold checked the flow of blood. They dared not light a fire, and in the cold and darkness Carson uttered not a word of complaint, nor did even a groan escape him. His companions were earnest in their sympathy, but he was too brave to need it, or to allow his wound to influence the course they should pursue.

In a council of war which they held, it was decided that, as they had slain several Indians, and had themselves only one wounded, they had best return to camp, as they were in unfit condition to continue the pursuit. Arriving at camp, another council was held, at which it was decided to send thirty men under Captain Bridger, to pursue and chas-

tise these Blackfeet thieves. This party followed the Indian trail several days, but finally returned, concluding it was useless to search further, as they had failed to overtake them.

We next find Carson in a hunting and trapping party of a hundred, of which he was one of the leaders, organized to trap on the Yellowstone and the head waters of the Missouri.

DANCES AROUND A WINTER FIRE.

The winter's encampment was made in this region, and a party of Crow Indians which was with them, camped at a little distance, on the same stream. Here they had secured an abundance of meat, and passed the severe weather with a variety of amusements, in which the Indians joined them in their lodges, made of buffalo hides. These lodges, very good substitutes for houses, are made in the form of a cone, spread by the means of poles spreading from a common centre, where there was a hole at the top for the passage of smoke. These were often twenty feet in height, and as many feet in diameter, where they were pinned to the ground with stakes. In a large village the Indians often had one lodge large enough to hold fifty persons, and within were performed their war dances around a fire made in the centre. During the palmy days of the British Fur Company, in a lodge like this, only made, instead, of birch bark, Irving says the Indians of the north held their "primitive fairs," outside the city of Montreal, where they disposed of their furs.

There was one drawback upon conviviality for this party, in the extreme difficulty in getting food for their animals; for the food and fuel so abundant for themselves did not suffice for their horses. Snow covered the ground, and the trappers were obliged to gather willow twigs, and strip the bark from cottonwood trees, in order to keep them alive. The inner bark of the cottonwood is eaten by the Indians when reduced to extreme want. Besides, the cold brought the buffalo down upon them in large herds, to share the nourishment they had provided for their horses.

Spring at length opened, and gladly they again commenced trapping;

first on the Yellowstone, and soon on the headwaters of the Missouri, where they learned that the Blackfeet were recovered from the sickness of last year, which had not been so severe as it was reported, and that they were still anxious and in condition for a fight, and were encamped not far from their present trapping grounds.

Carson and five men went forward in advance "to reconnoitre," and



INDIANS HUNTING WILD BUFFALOES.

found the village preparing to remove, having learned of the presence of the trappers. Hurrying back, a party of forty-three was selected from the whole, and they unanimously selected Carson to lead them, and leaving the rest to move on with the baggage, and aid them if it should be necessary when they should come up with the Indians, they hastened forward, eager for a battle.

Carson and his command were not long in overtaking the Indians, and, dashing among them, at the first fire killed ten of their braves, but

the Indians rallied, and retreated in good order. The white men were in fine spirits, and followed up their first attack with deadly result for three full hours, the Indians making scarce any resistance. Now their firing became less animated as their ammunition was getting low, and they had to use it with extreme caution. The Indians, suspecting this from the slackness of their fire, rallied, and with a tremendous whoop, turned upon their enemies.

Now, Carson and his company could use their small arms, which produced a terrible effect, and which enabled them again to drive back the Indians. They rallied yet again, and charged with so much power, and in such numbers, they forced the trappers to retreat.

A DEADLY SHOT IN THE NICK OF TIME.

During this engagement, the horse of one of the mountaineers was killed, and fell with his whole weight upon his rider. Carson saw the condition of the man, with six warriors rushing to take his scalp, and reached the spot in time to save his friend. Leaping from the saddle, he placed himself before his fallen companion, shouting at the same time for his men to rally around him, and with deadly aim from his rifle, shot down the foremost warrior.

The trappers now rallied about Carson, and the remaining five warriors retired, without the scalp of their fallen foe. Only two of them reached a place of safety; for the well aimed fire of the trappers leveled them with the earth.

Carson's horse was loose, and as his comrade was safe, he mounted behind one of his men, and rode back to the ranks, while, by general impulse, the firing upon both sides ceased. His horse was captured and restored to him, but each party, now thoroughly exhausted, seemed to wait for the other to renew the attack.

While resting in this attitude, the other division of the trappers came in sight, but the Indians, showing no fear, posted themselves among the rocks at some distance from the scene of the last skirmish, and coolly waited for their adversaries. Exhausted ammunition had



CLARA BARTON



HEROES OF THE RED CROSS IN INDIA



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY
RENOWNED ARCTIC EXPLORER.



FRANCES WILLARD
FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

been the cause of the retreat of Carson and his force, but now, with a renewed supply and an addition of fresh men to the force, they advanced on foot to drive the Indians from their hiding places. The contest was desperate and severe, but powder and ball eventually conquered, and the Indians, once dislodged, scattered in every direction. The trappers considered this a complete victory over the Blackfeet, for a large number of



A CHIEF IN WAR COSTUME.

their warriors were killed, and many more were wounded, while they had but three men killed, and a few severely wounded.

We afterward find Carson at what was known as Bent's Fort, where he forsook trapping for several years, and became hunter to the fort, supplying with his rifle food for the forty inmates of that place. When game was scarce, his task was sometimes difficult, but skill and experience enabled him to triumph over every obstacle. It is not strange that

with such long experience Carson became the most skilful of hunters, and won the name of the "Nestor of the Rocky Mountains." Among the Indians he had earned the undisputed title of "Monarch of the Prairies."

It was while engaged as hunter for the fort, Carson took to himself an Indian wife, by whom he had a daughter, who forms the connecting link between his past hardships and his subsequent greatness; for that he was emphatically a great man, the whole civilized world has acknowledged. The mother died soon after the daughter's birth, and Carson, feeling that his rude cabin was scarcely the place in which to rear his child, determined, when of a suitable age, to take her to St. Louis and secure for her those advantages of education which circumstances had denied to him; and, accordingly, when his engagement at the fort had expired, he went to St. Louis for that purpose, embracing on the route the opportunity of visiting the home of his boyhood, which he had not seen for sixteen years.

SAD CHANGES IN HOME OF BOYHOOD.

Of course, he found everything changed. Many of those whom he had known as men and heads of families, were now grown old, while more had died off; but by those to whom he was made known, he was recognized with a heartiness of welcome which brought tears to his eyes, though his heart was saddened at the changes which time had wrought. His fame had preceded him, and his welcome was, therefore, doubly cordial, for he had more than verified the promise of his youth.

Thence he proceeded to St. Louis, with the intention of placing his daughter at school, but here, to his great amazement, he found himself a lion; for the advent of such a man in such a city, which had so often rung with his deeds of daring and suffering, could not be permitted to remain among its citizens unknown or unrecognized. He was courted and feted, and, though gratified at the attentions showered upon him, found himself so thoroughly out of his element, that he longed to return to more pleasant and more familiar scenes—his old hunting grounds.

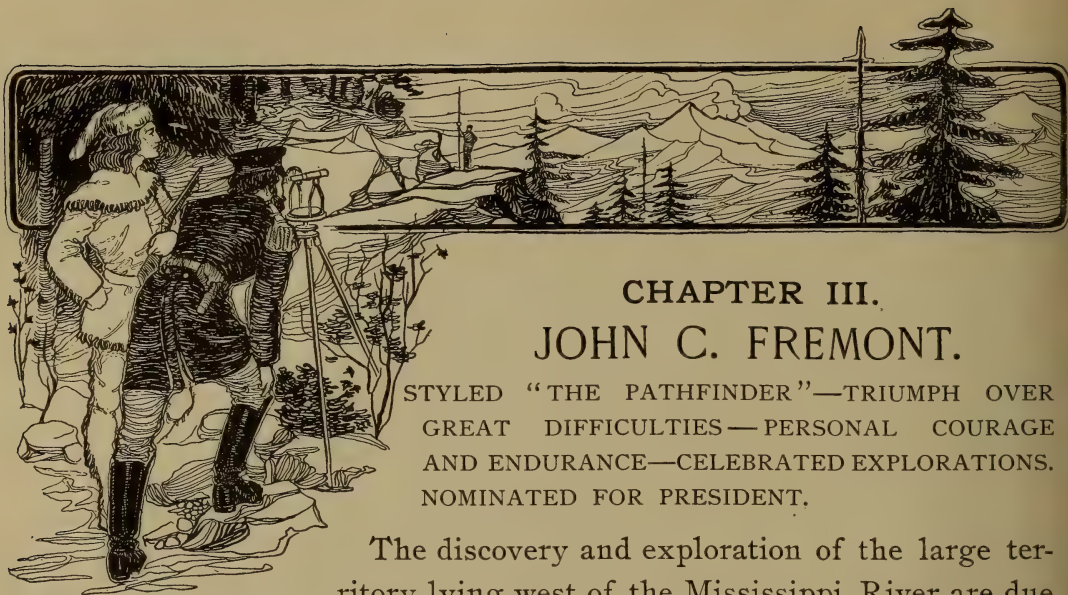
Having accomplished the object of his visit to St. Louis, in placing his daughter under proper guardianship, he left the city, carrying with him pleasing, because merited, remembrances of the attentions paid to him, and leaving behind him impressions of the most favorable character. Soon after he reached St. Louis, he had the good fortune to fall in with Colonel Fremont, who was there organizing a party for the exploration of the far western country, as yet unknown, and who was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Captain Drips, a well-known trader and trapper, who had been highly recommended to him as a guide.

FREMONT SECURES CARSON FOR A GUIDE.

Kit Carson's name and fame were as familiar as household words to Fremont, and he gladly availed himself of his proffered services in lieu of those of Captain Drips. It did not take long for two such men as John C. Fremont and Kit Carson to become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and the accidental meeting at St. Louis resulted in the cementing of a friendship which has never been impaired—won as it was on the one part by fidelity, truthfulness, integrity and courage, united to vast experience and consummate skill in the prosecution of the duty he had assumed—on the other by every quality which commands honor, regard, esteem and high personal devotion.

And now Carson's name is embodied in the archives of our country's history, and no one has been more ready to accord to him the credit he so well earned than Fremont, who had the good fortune to secure, at the same time, the services of the most experienced guide of his day, and the devotion of a friend.

The adventures of Carson were henceforth to be shared by the great explorer, and the subjoined account of Fremont's expeditions only enhances the renown and splendid achievements of Kit Carson.



CHAPTER III. JOHN C. FREMONT.

STYLED "THE PATHFINDER"—TRIUMPH OVER
GREAT DIFFICULTIES—PERSONAL COURAGE
AND ENDURANCE—CELEBRATED EXPLORATIONS.
NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

The discovery and exploration of the large territory lying west of the Mississippi River are due to John C. Fremont more than to any other man, although it may be doubted whether he could have achieved such brilliant success except for the co-operation of Kit Carson, the intrepid hunter and guide.

Fremont was apparently born to be an explorer. Dangers did not appall him; difficulties did not discourage him; wild Indians did not daunt his splendid courage; hardships did not weaken his firm resolution. He planted the Stars and Stripes on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains.

He was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 31, 1813. He was a remarkably bright boy, and at the age of fifteen, entered Charleston College, South Carolina. For two or three years after leaving college he was a teacher of mathematics on some of our naval schoolships. The interest in opening up the country and building railroads had grown very fast, and Fremont decided to leave the sea and become a Government surveyor and civil engineer. He helped to lay out the railroad routes through the mountain passes of North Carolina and Tennessee, and after that he was one of a party that explored some of the then unknown sections of Missouri.

Before this latter work was finished, he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant of the map-making or topographical engineers; and

three years later, when he was twenty-eight years old, he had an unlooked-for appointment from the Government to explore and survey the Des Moines River. Mr. Fremont was deeply in love just then with young Miss Jessie Benton, a daughter of a United States Senator from Missouri. Her parents were much opposed to having her marry a Government officer; so it was with a heavy heart that the young man set out for the frontier wilderness of Iowa, and the land of the Sacs and Fox Indians along the Des Moines banks.

He did his work well, and when he returned in the fall, the Bentons agreed that, since he was in every way worthy as a man, they would forgive his being an officer, and consent to the marriage. This happy event was of importance to more people than themselves alone; for by her energy and powers of mind Mrs. Fremont was not only a direct help to her husband in carrying out the most important explorations ever made under the United States Government, but she cheered and encouraged him to keep up heart and push on through many years of work and hardship, often clouded by injustice and disappointment. The expedition to the Des Moines settled the purpose of Mr. Fremont's life.

He then learned enough of the great Western country to know that the Government and the citizens who were gathered along the Atlantic seaboard really knew almost nothing of the truth about the uninhabited portions of their land; that the extravagant tales which had been told by adventurous traders and travelers were mostly false; that probably a great portion of the country could be used for farm lands and manu-



WARRIOR IN COSTUME OF DOG DANCE.

facturing towns, and that railway routes could probably be laid across the whole continent. Filled with a desire to open up these treasures of knowledge, he applied to the War Department for permission to survey the whole of the territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

The request was granted and means provided for an expedition to be fitted out, especially to find a good route from the Eastern States to California, and to examine and survey the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains—the great crossing place for emigrants on the way to Oregon. It was his own wish to have this order, for he knew—though he did not then say so—that if the Government had this particular section explored and surveyed, it would fix a point in the emigrants' travel, and also show an encouraging interest in their enterprise. On the 2d of May, with his instructions and part of his supplies, Lieutenant Fremont left Washington for St. Louis, which was then a good-sized town on the borderland of the Western wilderness, and already a commercial centre.

EXPEDITION OF HARDY EXPLORERS.

There he collected his party and finished fitting out the expedition. About twenty men joined him—mostly Creoles and Canadians who had been employed as traders for fur companies, and who were used to the Indians and all the hardships of the rough life they should have to lead. Besides these men, he had a well-known hunter, named Maxwell, for their guide, and the celebrated mountaineer, Christopher Carson—or Kit Carson, as he was usually called—who was both bold and cautious, and knew more about the West than almost any hunter in the country.

This was the little band that, armed and mounted, set out with their gallant leader on his first exploring expedition. They found him a man full of determination and self-reliance, having skill and patience and many resources, and who grew stronger in his purpose when perils and discouragements lay in his path. His men were well chosen, spirited and adventurous, while most of them were also hardy and experienced. Most of the party rode on horseback, but some drove the mule carts that

carried the baggage, instruments and what food it was thought necessary to take along. Tied to the carts were a few loose horses and some oxen to be killed on the way for fresh meat. After they had crossed Missouri and reached Chouteau's Landing—where Kansas City now stands—they felt that their journey was really begun.

Starting here at the mouth of the Kansas, they followed its winding course across the northeastern corner of Kansas State, and pushed on into Nebraska, until they reached the barren banks of the Platte. Then they followed that stream, taking the direction of the Southern fork, when they reached the division, and following where it led almost to Long's Peak. Then they changed their line of march, and keeping near the banks of the Northern fork, pushed on to Fort Laramie.

FRIENDLY MEETING WITH THE INDIANS.

This was reached in safety in the middle of July, the travelers having had only one great buffalo fight and one encounter with the Arapahoe Indians in the course of their journey. The meeting with the Indians turned out a friendly one, though it would not have been so but for Maxwell, who had traded with the tribe, and knowing the warriors, shouted to the leader in the Arapahoe language, just in time to prevent a fray. The chief was riding on furiously, but at the sound of words in his own speech from the white men, he wheeled his horse round, recognized Maxwell, and gave his hand to Fremont in a friendly salute.

At Fort Laramie reports were heard of trouble among the Indians and white people between the Platte and the Rocky Mountains, and the explorers were told that their lives would be in danger if they went any further west until matters were quiet again. But Fremont and his men thought that probably the stories were exaggerated, and resolved not to be daunted by them. So, after a few days of rest, they got ready to start out. Just as they were about to depart, four friendly chiefs appeared with a letter, warning Fremont of danger from bands of young warriors if he went further.

He received their warning very respectfully, as well as thanking them for their kindness, and also made a pretty little speech in answer to theirs : "When you told us that your young men would kill us," he said, "you did not know that our hearts were strong and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many and may kill us, but there will be much crying in your



MANDAN INDIAN CHIEF.

villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief"—meaning the President—"will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See! I have pulled down my white houses, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us you will say it soon."

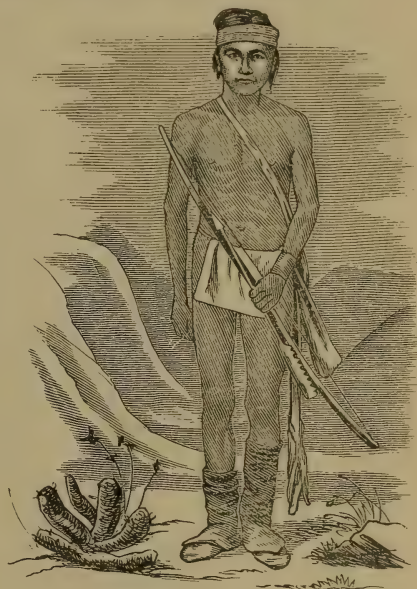
The chiefs were not expecting such words in reply, but they liked the bold spirit of the white man

from the East, and what they soon had to say was that they would send one of their young warriors to guide the party. It was a little favor of only one man, but it was everything to the explorers, for—as both they and the Indians knew—his presence in the party was sure protection for them against all the savages they might meet. Fremont heartily accepted the courtesy, and at evening the company set out for the distant region of the Rockies.

Now their real difficulties began. Soon they entered a most deso-

late country, where, the interpreter assured them, they were likely to die of starvation if they went very far. They had only food enough left to last for ten days, and the gallant leader called his men together and told them that he intended to push on, but that all who wished to had his permission to turn back. "Not a man," he says, "flinched from his undertaking." One or two, who were not very strong, he sent back to the nearest fort, but the rest kept close to him till their aim was reached. "When our food is gone, we'll eat the horses," said one of them.

The most difficult part of the whole expedition was now ahead of them, and it was necessary to go as lightly weighted as possible; so they hid all the luggage they could spare in the bushes or buried it in the billows of sand that were banked up near the Wind River. Then they carefully removed all traces of what they had done so the Indians would not discover their stores and steal them. A few days' march brought them to the water-shed of the Pacific and Mississippi slopes, and then to the object of their search—the great, beautiful South Pass.



ONE OF FREMONT'S GUIDES.

Instead of the rocky height they had expected, they saw a gently rising sandy plain stretched beyond the gorge, and the much-dreaded crossing of the Rockies was an easy matter. Entering the Pass and going up into the mountains, they found the sources of many of the great rivers that flow to the Pacific. Further on, they discovered a beautiful ravine, beyond which lay the fair water called Mountain Lake—"set like a gem in the mountains," and feeding one of the branches of the Colorado River.

The expedition had now fulfilled its orders from the Government, but the leader did not give the word to return until he had gone up the lofty height of Wind River Peak—now known as Fremont's Peak—that

stands in majestic grandeur near the Pass. The summit was reached after a most difficult climb, and Fremont himself was the first white man to stand on its narrow crest, and to look out upon the country from the highest point in the Rocky Mountains.

On one side lay numberless lakes and streams, giving their waters into the Colorado, which sweeps them on to the Gulf of California ; in



FREMONT'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION APPROACHING ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

the other direction he saw the lovely valley of the Wind River, the romantic home from which the Yellowstone carries its waters to the Missouri, away to the east ; in the north he saw the snow-capped summits of the Trois Tetons, where the Missouri and the Columbia rise, and the lower peaks that guard the secret of the Nebraska's birth.

Between, beyond and all around were lesser peaks, gorges, rugged cliffs, and great walls of mountain rock, broken into a thousand bold, fantastic figures, and standing up in weird and striking grandeur. A thousand feet below him, steep, shining ice-precipices towered above fields

of snow, gleaming spotless white. "We stood," said Fremont, "where human foot had never stood before, and felt the thrill of first explorers."

When the travelers were again at the base of the peak, and all their explorations and discoveries had been carefully noted, and their specimens of rock, plants and flowers gathered together, they turned their faces homeward. They found their hidden stores, made up their train once more, found the camp of the men who had remained behind, and, glad with their success, took up the eastward march.

GREAT INTEREST IN FREMONT'S DISCOVERIES.

A full report of the expedition was soon sent to Congress, and in a short time Fremont's discoveries became a subject of great interest in both Europe and America. From Fremont's Peak he had brought some of the flowers that he found growing beside his path; a bee that had flown up to them soon after they reached the summit; the rock that formed the peak, and the rugged, shelving mountain, above which it reared its icy, snow-capped head. Over the whole course of his extended trip, he obtained the height both of plains and mountains, latitude and longitude; he reported the face of the country, whether it was fertile or barren, whether traveling over it was easy or difficult, and the practicability of certain routes for public highways.

The grand features of nature were clearly described in fitting language, and in some cases he illustrated them by drawings. Military positions were pointed out, and in all other ways a thorough examination and survey was made of a vast portion of the national possessions which, up to this time, had been unused, unknown and unappreciated. Europe and America praised the manner in which the expedition had been managed, and the Government, well pleased with the wonderful results he had obtained, appointed Lieutenant Fremont to set out on another journey at once, and to complete the survey between the State of Missouri and the tide-water regions of the Columbia River.

This was just what he wanted to do. A trip to the top of Wind River Peak and back had but revealed to him what vast secrets of the

Western country there were yet to be discovered, and he lost no time in getting ready to return. With some of his old companions and several new ones, he soon made up a band of about forty men, who left Kansas with him just one year after the first expedition had started. The route

this time lay in a northwesterly direction—before, it had been almost west.

In four months they traveled over seventeen hundred miles, reaching the Great Salt Lake early in the autumn, and before winter began they had found the Columbia and followed it to its mouth. The same careful observations and surveys were taken along the route of this journey as had made the other so valuable, especially in the region of the Great Salt Lake,



FREMONT AT A POINT ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

about which no true accounts had ever been given before.

Although Fremont had fulfilled the orders of the Government when he reached the mouth of the Columbia, this was really but a small part of what he intended to do upon this expedition. The vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains—the whole western slope of our continent—was but little known then in any way, and not at all with accurate, scientific

knowledge. This, Fremont longed to go through and explore. At first he intended to begin doing so by returning home through the Great Basin—now Utah—between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; but he took another direction finally—a route through almost an unknown region between the Columbia and Colorado—that led them further west, showed them California, and resulted, at a later time, in securing to the United States that rich country, which was then owned by Mexico.

TERRIBLE JOURNEY OF FORTY DAYS.

The cold winter came on almost before they had started, and they had not gone far before they found themselves in a desert of snow where there was nothing for either men or horses to eat, while between them and the fertile valleys of California was the rugged, snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They tried to get some of the Indians to show them the way over this great barrier; but the savages declared that it could not be crossed—no human being had ever crossed it, and no guide would consent to go with them for any amount of money. But they said there was an opening further south, and gave Fremont some directions as to where it might be found. So the party took the risk of guiding themselves, and kept on in their cold and desolate march.

When they reached the pass, it was only to see toward the west a still greater range before them. It was plain that they would get lost if they attempted to push on alone, and they had gone too far now to turn back. At last they found a young Indian, who, for a very large present, would undertake to guide them. On the 1st of February they started out, and after a terrible journey of forty days they reached the Sacramento River, and a comfortable resting-place at Sutter's Fort, the place where gold was found four years later. Half of their horses had perished, and the men were so weak and thin that it was two months before they were able to go on again.

Fremont did not attempt to go any further into California; but when spring opened and the men were well enough to travel, gave the word for home. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and making their route as nearly

due east as possible, they passed by the Great Salt Lake, crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, halted at several places they had become acquainted with before, and reached the Kansas country in July. There the ground was known to them, and the rest of the journey was quite smoothly and quickly made.

By midsummer Fremont had reported himself to the Government and was once more with his family. He learned then that a letter of recall had been sent to him after he started; but that his wife held it back, seeing that it was upon some false charges, made by his enemies, at Washington. So he had really made this journey as a fugitive, but Mrs. Fremont's act was approved when her husband returned with a name that went over Europe and America for the great and valuable discoveries he had made in the northwest territory, and the terrible hardships he had endured to make the expedition successful.

PROMOTED FOR HIS GRAND DISCOVERIES.

In spite of the efforts that were made against him by some political opponents, Congress accepted his labors, gave him another appointment, and when he again went out—which was as soon as his reports were finished—it was with the rank and title of captain in the United States Engineers. His object this time was to find out more about the Salt Lake and other portions of the Great Basin, and to explore the coasts of California and Oregon. After several months of discovery and careful surveys of the streams and watersheds between, he again crossed the Sierra Nevada in midwinter and went down into the rich and beautiful country lining the Pacific shore.

This territory was then held by the Mexicans, and while he left his men at San Joaquin to rest, Fremont himself went on to Monterey, the capital, to ask of Governor Castro permission to explore his country. The request was granted at first, but as news of war between the United States and Mexico arrived just then, the permission was recalled with orders that the travelers leave the country at once. But this the dauntless captain did not intend to do, so he built a rude fort of logs in a

strong position on the Hawk's Peak Mountain, about thirty miles from Monterey, and with his sixty-two men waited for an attack from the Mexican forces, which, under General Castro, encamped themselves in the plain below.

They watched him for four days and then deciding not to fight, allowed him to go on his way through the Sacramento Valley to Oregon. Before he had gone very far he was met by a party that had been sent out to find him, with orders from the United States to act for his nation in case Mexico should form a treaty with England to pass California into the hands of Great Britain.

General Castro soon threatened to attack the Americans settled along the Sacramento, but before he had time to do so, Captain Fremont marched rapidly to their rescue, collecting them in his band as he went along, so that by the month of July the whole of northern California had passed out of the hands of the Mexicans and into those of the United States, and Fremont, the conqueror, was made governor of the land and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army.

SURRENDERED TO THE UNITED STATES.

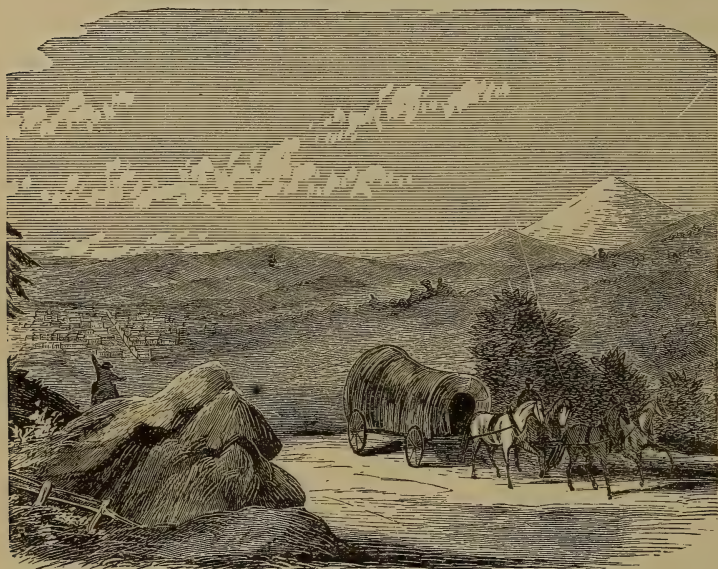
Meanwhile the Government had resolved to make a sweeping conquest of the rest of the territory, if possible, and have our possessions extend from ocean to ocean. Commodore Sloat, who commanded the United States squadron on the Pacific, seized Monterey, where Fremont soon joined him with a hundred and sixty mounted riflemen ; and at about the same time there arrived Commodore Stockton, of the navy, with orders from Congress to conquer California. The Mexicans still held the southern portion of the territory, but the towns of San Francisco, Monterey, and Los Angeles were all taken without much resistance, and at the end of six months Upper California was surrendered to the United States.

When this was about completed General Kearney arrived with a force of dragoons, and disputed Commodore Stockton's right to be military governor of the territory. A quarrel arose, in which Fremont took the side of the commodore, who had made him major of the California

battalion, and civil governor of the country ; but when the matter was carried to Washington and settled by the Government in favor of Kearney, he recognized his position and obeyed his orders. But the general would not forgive his former allegiance to Commodore Stockton, and arrested him and made him return to Washington with his own men by the overland route, treating him very disrespectfully all the way.

"My charges," said Fremont, "are of misconduct, military, civil,

political, and moral, and such that, if true, would make me unfit to be anywhere outside of prison." He demanded a trial by court-martial, which might have cleared him if he had taken pains to get evidence upon his innocence ; but as he did not, he was pronounced guilty of mutiny



SOUTHWEST FROM SANTA FE.

and disobedience and ordered to leave the Government service.

But the court requested President Polk not to confirm their verdict ; he did not, and granted Fremont a pardon, with permission to keep his position in the army. This he would not accept ; he refused to receive as a favor that to which he had a right, or to go about as an officer pardoned of offenses he had never committed. So he resigned his commission, and at the age of thirty-five, became a private citizen.

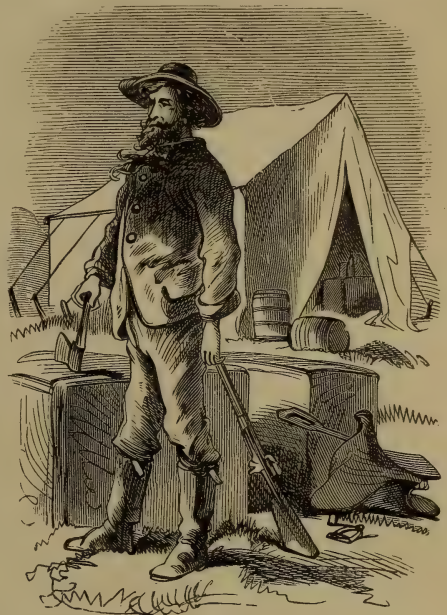
Although he was still a young man, it seemed to him for a time that he had nothing to look forward to in life ; but he soon made up his mind to undertake another exploring expedition. This had to be on his own responsibility and at his own expense ; but he soon succeeded in getting a party together and fitting it out.

He was doubly anxious now to find some good routes from the States to the new possessions on the Pacific, for in February of this year—1848—gold had been found on the Sacramento River, and many people were already starting out to dig for the precious ore. So far there was no direct route to California. A long and dangerous journey across Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, and through the Rockies and Sierras, could be made by land, or a voyage by way of the Isthmus of Panama could be made by water. These were the best possible ways of getting there.

Fremont's desire was to find a route which could be made into a safe and direct public line of travel, and it was with this object in view that he soon started out with his little band. This time he went to the South, crossing the northern part of Mexico, and following the Rio Grande del Norte toward California. The beginning of the journey as far as Santa Fe was made successfully; but from there it became a tour of distress—the saddest Fremont ever undertook.

The route lay through a country inhabited by Indians then at war with the United States, which was danger enough; but, added to this, winter was just coming on, and while they were in the most perilous part of their journey, among the snow-covered Sierra, the guide lost his way. Finally they were forced to turn back, but before they could get to Santa Fe one-third of their men had died of cold and hunger, and all of their mules and horses had perished.

Even this terrible experience did not alter Fremont's resolve to find, if possible, a southern pass to the Pacific coast. He hired thirty new men to go with him and once more set out, more determined to succeed than ever. After a long search he was rewarded, for in the spring of



AN EARLY MINER IN CALIFORNIA.

1849—when the gold fever was getting to its height—with the cruel Sierra behind him, he again came in sight of the Sacramento River.

Two years before he had bought a very large tract of land, on which there were rich gold mines, and he had resolved, when he left the States, to remain upon these after he had found a southern pass, and not go back to the East to live. So now he settled down, worked his mines, and began to prepare a home for his family. The enthusiasm about gold was drawing thousands of men to the Territory from all parts of America and from Europe, so that California soon had enough people to become a State. Fremont took a great deal of interest in this growth in the country he had discovered to the United States and won for the Government, and he worked very earnestly to have it made a free State.

HIGH HONORS BESTOWED ON FREMONT.

Meanwhile, he was not forgotten at Washington. President Taylor soon called upon him to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and when that was done, California having been taken into the Union, he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the new State in the Senate at the national capital. It was during this term that the King of Prussia and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded him the honor of their medals for his services as an explorer.

He went to Europe after his term was over, and was treated with great respect by many of the most eminent people of the time. Mr. Fremont spent a few years at about this time in looking after his own affairs, but he had not yet given up exploring the great territory of the West. When—on his return from Europe—he found the Government preparing to survey three railroad routes across the continent, he again fitted out an expedition of his own to find a good southern route to the Pacific. This time he was successful.

He went without much difficulty to the place where the guide had lost his way in the expedition of 1848, and, following the course, which had been described to him by the mountain men whom he asked, he

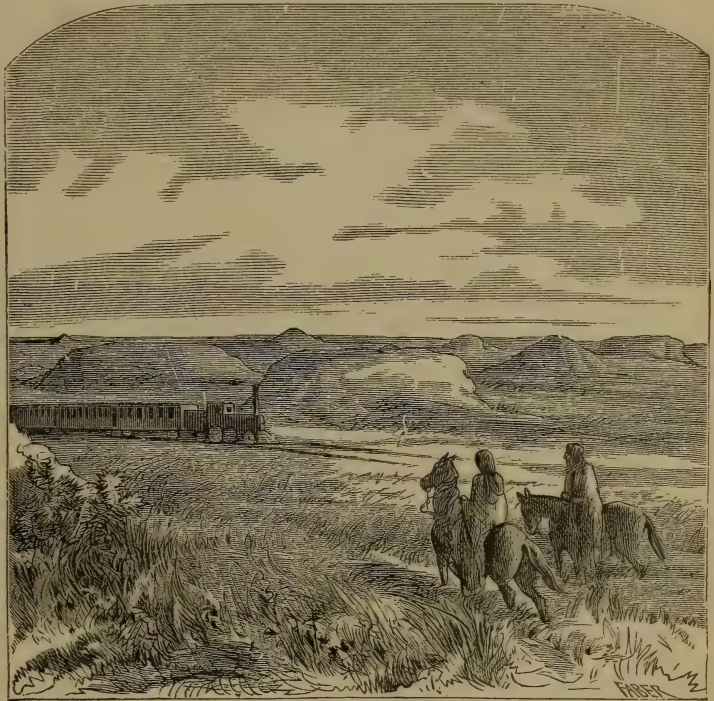
finally succeeded in picking out a route of safe passes all the way to the Golden State. But this was not secured without terrible hardships. The country was barren, bleak and cold; the provisions of the party gave out, and for fifty days the men lived on the flesh of their horses. Sometimes they had nothing at all to eat for forty-eight hours at a time.

Progress, too, was slow. For awhile they only made a hundred miles in ten days; and so deserted was the region that for three times that distance, they did not meet a single human being, not even a hardy Indian, for the winter was unusually severe, and even the savages did not venture far into the dangerous passages, where the air was full of snow and fogs.

In this terrible distress Fremont feared that his men would be tempted to eat each other, and so he called them to him one day, and in

the solemn stillness of the great ice mountains he made them take off their hats, raise their hands to heaven and swear that they would instantly shoot the first man that should attempt to appease his hunger with the flesh of a comrade.

Little by little they kept pushing on, and at last all obstacles were overcome, the fair California valleys were reached, and the jaded, frost-bitten band entered San Francisco. One man only was missing. He,



INDIANS VIEWING A TRAIN OF CARS ON THE CENTRAL
PACIFIC RAILROAD.

poor fellow, was courageous to the last, and died like a soldier, in his saddle; and like a soldier his comrades buried him on the spot where he fell.

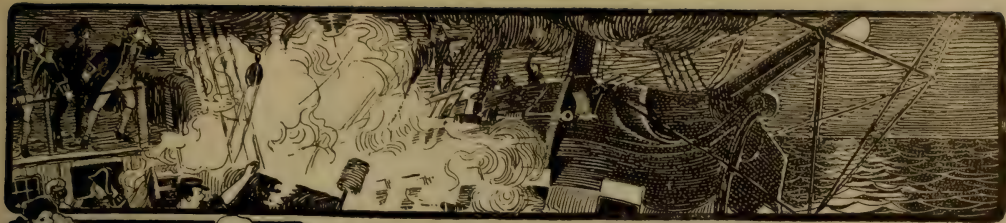
The rest, though worn almost to skeletons, survived, and Fremont forgot his sufferings in the joy of having gained the object of his journey.

BELTS OF IRON FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

The Central Pacific Railroad was begun in a few years, and the region being richly stored with vast quantities of iron, coal and timber, the workmen were supplied with much of their materials as they went along. In a dozen years more the great task was completed, and cars were running from East to West, carrying tourists and emigrants by the thousands and spreading prosperity and civilization to the benefit of, not this nation alone, but of all people in the civilized world. The Northern and the Southern Pacific roads have followed the first one, opening up other sections, and calling forth and using the resources of the land all the way across the continent, placing our country first among all countries in several of the most important articles in the world's commerce.

Among all the men who have devoted themselves to the success of these roads, there is no one to whom the nation owes more than to Fremont—who first surveyed the regions—northern, central and southern, and who well merits the title, the "Path-finder of the Rocky Mountains."

The survey of the Central Pacific was the last great exploration of his life. In 1856 he was almost elected President by the then new Republican party, in the contest with James Buchanan; he was also named for the next President, but withdrew in favor of Lincoln. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made major-general in the army, and during the first year had command of the Department of the Mississippi. He lost this because he ordered that slaves should be freed by all in his district who were in arms against the Union. President Lincoln thought he was taking the step too soon, but gave him another command a few months later, from which he resigned in June, and left the conflict entirely. Fremont died July 13, 1890.



PART II. GREAT NAVAL HEROES

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES.

HERO OF A DESPERATE FIGHT—HIS RECKLESS BRAVERY—HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER—MANY THRILLING ADVENTURES—AWARDED MEDAL BY CONGRESS.

Our American navy, both in its early and later history, has gained magnificent victories. Its superb achievements on the sea have rivalled the heroic exploits of our military forces on land. The grand qualities that make up the highest type of sailor have been exhibited many times, from the period of the Revolution down to our war with Spain.

One of the most desperate fights on the water occurred between the warship *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard*. It was the first naval engagement that proved the prowess of the American sailor, and gave our heroes of the sea a renown that forms the most glowing record of our history. This remarkable action is interesting not only on account of its bloody and desperate character, and on account of the sensation it produced at the time, but because it illustrates one phase of our great struggle for independence.

The hero of this action, John Paul, was born at Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, July 6th, 1747 ; and was sent to sea, as an apprentice, at the age of twelve. He afterwards made voyages as mate of a slaver, then an honored and recognized employment for a portion of the English merchant marine. At twenty-one he had command of a vessel in the West India trade, so that his merits as a seaman were early recognized. He afterwards became a trader in a vessel of his own. At the age of twenty-

six he left the sea ; and adopted the name of Jones. The reason for this does not clearly appear. He may have had some old scores to clear ; and, settling in a new world, may have thought a new name necessary.

In December, 1775, he was appointed a first lieutenant in the United Colonial Navy, and ordered to the Alfred, our first flag-ship. He hoisted the first flag of the Colonies afloat ; a yellow flag, with the pine tree and rattlesnake. In this ship he participated in several actions and was afterwards in command of the Providence, when he only escaped capture by excellent seamanship. He made many prizes in this ship.

CAPTURED MANY VALUABLE PRIZES.

On October 10th, 1776, he was named the eighteenth naval captain, and, in command of the Alfred and Providence, captured a valuable armed ship, and other prizes, again eluding recapture by good seamanship. He next went to European waters in command of the Ranger, 18, and there received from a French squadron, the first salute to the Stars and Stripes, by this time adopted.

He cruised in English waters, burning ships at White Haven, and spiking guns in batteries on shore ; and then attempted to carry off the Earl of Selkirk. In this he failed, but having carried off some of that nobleman's plate, was branded by the English as a pirate. This epithet came with a bad grace from a nation then celebrated for thorough "looting" of every place which came into their hands, in India, and elsewhere. The real offence was that Jones was an English subject, who had renounced his allegiance, and was serving against the mother country ; like all the rest of those engaged in the Revolution. During this cruise in the Ranger he took the Drake, of 20 guns.

After this he received from the French government an old Indian-man, called the Duc de Duras, which he renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," or Poor Richard, in allusion to the publication by Benjamin Franklin. He had some other armed vessels, mostly "letters of marque," under his command.

The Bonhomme Richard had 40 guns, and a mixed crew, of various

nationalities. Jones sailed under such hampering restrictions that he was prevented from carrying out many promising projects ; but at last, on the 23d of September, he fell in with a Baltic fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by the English frigate *Serapis*, 44 guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, 20 guns. The result of the engagement which ensued will be given hereafter.

DRIVEN BACK BY A SEVERE GALE.

To continue the sketch of Jones himself, we may say that, in 1780, the year after this action, he sailed for the United States, in the *Ariel*, but lost his masts in a severe gale of wind, and was obliged to return to France ; whence he sailed again and arrived safely, about the beginning of 1781. He was then launched in the *America*, 74 guns, which was presented by our Government to the French ; and he made a cruise in her as a volunteer.

In 1783 he was prize agent of the United States in Europe ; and finally, in 1787, while in Denmark, he resigned, and entered the Russian navy—hoisting his flag, as rear admiral, in the *Vladimir*, on the 28th of June, 1788. He found so much jealousy and enmity towards him that he resigned in about a year. Afterwards he resided in Holland and France, and was appointed Commissioner of the United States to Algiers—but his death occurred at this time, at the age of forty-five.

And now, to return to his cruise in the *Bonhomme Richard* :—Paul Jones had obtained so much celebrity for his cruise in the *Ranger*, that, after that ship departed for America he remained in France, in the hope of receiving a more important command. During the years 1778-9 various projects were discussed, in which he was to have a part. One idea was to make a descent upon Liverpool, with a body of troops to be commanded by La Fayette. These plans all came to nothing, and his offers of service were repulsed ; until at last a singular arrangement was proposed to him.

M. de Sartine, French Minister of Marine, in a letter of February, 14th, 1779, states that the king of France has decided to purchase, and

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put at the disposition of Captain Jones, the *Duras*—an old Indiaman of some size, then at l'Orient. To this vessel were added three more, procured by means of M. le Ray de Chaumont, a banker who had connections with the French Ministry. Dr. Franklin, who, as Minister of the United States, was supposed, in a legal sense, to direct the whole affair, added the *Alliance*, 32, by virtue of authority from Congress.

THE SHIPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

The vessels thus procured formed a little squadron, composed of the *Bonhomme Richard*, *Alliance*, *Pallas*, *Cerf*, and *Vengeance*. The *Pallas* was a purchased merchantman; the *Vengeance* a small purchased brig; the *Cerf* was a large cutter, and, with the exception of the *Alliance*, the only vessel of the squadron built for war purposes. All but the *Alliance* were French built, and they were placed under the American flag by the following arrangement: the officers received appointments, which were to remain valid for a limited period only, from Dr. Franklin, who had been furnished blank commissions, to fill at his own discretion, ever since he had arrived in Europe.

The vessels were to show the American ensign and no other. In short, the French ships were to be considered as American ships during this particular service: and when it was terminated they were to revert to their former owners. The laws and provisions made for the American navy were to govern, and command was to be exercised, and to descend, according to its usage. Such officers as already had rank in the American navy took precedence, agreeably to dates of commission, and new appointments were regulated by priority of appointment.

By especial provision, Captain Jones was to be commander-in-chief, a post which his original commission entitled him to fill, as Captain Landais, the only other regular captain in the squadron, was his junior. The joint right of the American Minister and of the French Government to direct the movements of the squadron was recognized.

It is not exactly known from what source the money was obtained to fit out this squadron; and it is likely that it never will be known,



GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, THE RENOWNED EXPLORER



FIRST BLOW FOR LIBERTY

" HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."



MOLLIE PITCHER TAKING HER HUSBAND'S PLACE AFTER HE FELL AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.



PUTNAM'S ESCAPE AT HORSE NECK

especially as the French Revolution destroyed so many records, public and private. Although the name of the king was used, it is possible that private adventure was at the bottom of the enterprise, although the French Government furnished vessels and the use of its stores. Dr. Franklin expressly stated that he made no advances for the ships employed.

As everything connected with this remarkable expedition has interest for us, it is as well to go a little further into the composition of the force fitted out by Jones. After many delays, the *Bonhomme Richard* was equipped and manned. It was intended to cast 18-pounders for her, but as that would take too much time, old 12's were substituted. With this change in armament, the *Richard*, as she was called by the sailors, got ready for sea. She was, properly, a single-decked ship, that is, carrying her armament on one gun-deck, with the usual additions on the quarter-deck and forecastle.

PLACES GUNS IN POSITION FOR THE FIGHT.

But Commodore Jones, with a view to attacking the enemy's large convoys, caused 12 ports to be cut in the gun-room, below, where six old 18-pounders were mounted, with the intention of fighting all of them on the same side, in smooth water. It was foreseen that these guns could only be of use in moderate weather, or when engaged to leeward, but the ship's height admitted of them, and it was done.

On her gun-deck proper the ship had twenty-eight ports, the regular construction of an English 38-gun ship at that time. Here the 12 pounders were placed. On her quarter-deck and forecastle were mounted eight 9's; making, in all, a mixed armament, rather light, to be sure, of 42 guns. If the six 18's were taken away, the ship would have been what was called a 32-gun frigate. She was a clumsy vessel, built many years before, with the high, old-fashioned poop, which resembled a tower.

With a vessel of this singular armament and unwieldy construction, Jones was compelled to receive on board a crew of very doubtful composition. A few Americans filled officers' positions; but the crew

embraced representatives of more than twelve nationalities. To keep this motley crew in order, one hundred and thirty-five marines, or soldiers, were put on board. These were nearly as much mixed, as to nationalities, as the sailors. Just as the squadron was about to sail *M. le Ray de Chaumont* appeared at *l'Orient*, and presented a concordat or agreement, for the signature of all the commanders. This looked very much like a partnership in a privateering expedition, and was the cause of much after disobedience among Jones' captains.

On June 19, 1779, the ships sailed, bound south, with a small convoy of vessels. These they escorted safely into the Garonne, and other ports; but not without repeated exhibition, thus early, of disobedience of orders, and unseamanlike conduct, which marked the whole career of this squadron, so ill assorted and manned. While lying to, off the coast, the *Alliance*, by lubberly handling, got foul of the *Richard*, and lost her mizzen-mast; carrying away, at the same time, the head, cutwater and jib-boom of the *Richard*. This necessitated a return to port, to refit.

EXPLOIT OF THE CUTTER CERF.

When at sea again, and steering to the northward, the *Cerf* cutter was sent in chase of a strange sail, and parted company. The next morning she engaged a small English cruiser, of 14 guns, and caused her to strike, after a sharp fight of an hour; but she was forced to abandon her prize by the approach of an enemy's vessel of superior force. The *Cerf* went into *l'Orient* again.

On the 23d three enemy's vessels-of-war were seen by the squadron; and, having the wind, they ran down in a line abreast, when, most probably deceived by the height and general appearance of the *Richard*, they hauled up and escaped under a press of sail. On the 26th the *Alliance* and *Pallas* parted company with the *Richard*, leaving that ship with the *Vengeance* brig only, for consort. On reaching the Penmarks, a headland of Finisterre, the designated rendezvous, the missing vessels did not appear. On the 29th, the *Vengeance* having gone by permission into Groix Roads, the *Richard* fell in with two more English cruisers, which,

after some hesitation, also ran, evidently under the impression that the Richard was a two-decker.

Jones had reason to be satisfied with the spirit of his crew on this occasion, the people manifesting a strong disposition to engage. At last, on the 30th, the Richard ran into Isle Groix, off l'Orient; and about the same time the Pallas and Alliance came in. Then another delay occurred. A court was convened to inquire into the conduct of Captain Landais, of the Alliance, in running foul of the Richard. Both ships also had to undergo repairs. Luckily, just then a cartel arrived from England, bringing more than one hundred exchanged American seamen, most of whom joined the squadron.

GALLANT YOUNG LIEUTENANT DALE.

This was a most important accession to the crew of the Richard, and that of the Alliance. Neither of these ships had had many Americans among their crews. Among those who came from the English prisons was Mr. Richard Dale, who had been captured as a master's mate, in the Lexington, 14 guns. This young officer did not reach France in the cartel, however, but had previously escaped, came to l'Orient, and joined the Richard. Jones soon learned his worth, and, in reorganizing his ship, had made him first lieutenant.

The Richard had now nearly one hundred American seaman on board, and all the officers were native Americans, but the commander and one midshipman. Many of the petty officers were Americans also. In a letter of August 11th, Jones states that the crew of the Richard consisted of 380 souls, including 137 soldiers, or marines. On the 14th of August the squadron sailed a second time, from Groix Roads; having the French privateers, Monsieur and Granville, in company, and under Jones' orders. The first parted company almost immediately, on account of differences concerning a valuable prize, and another was taken the day she left.

On the 23d the ships were off Cape Clear, and while towing Richard's head round, in a calm, the crew of the boat, which happened to be manned by Englishmen, cut the tow-line and escaped. Mr. Lunt, the sailing-

master, manned another boat, and taking four marines, pursued the fugitives. A fog came on, and Mr. Lunt not being able to find the ships again, fell into the hands of the enemy. Through this desertion, and its immediate consequences, the *Richard* lost twenty of her best men.

The day after this escape the *Cerf* cutter was sent close in, to reconnoitre, and to look for the missing people ; and, for some unexplained reason, this useful vessel never rejoined the squadron. There appeared to have been no suspicion of any treachery on her part, and we are left to conjecture the cause of her disappearance. A gale of wind followed, during which the *Alliance* and *Pallas* separated, and the *Granville* parted company, by order, with a prize. The separation of the *Pallas* was caused by the breaking of her tiller ; but that of the *Alliance* was due to the unofficerlike and unseamanlike conduct of her commander.

DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVOID CAPTURE.

On the morning of the 27th, the brig *Vengeance* was the only vessel in company with the commodore. On August 31st, the *Bonhomme Richard*, being off Cape Wrath, the northwest extremity of Scotland, captured a large English letter-of-marque, bound from London to Quebec ; a circumstance which proves the expedients to which their shipmasters were then driven to avoid capture, this vessel having gone north about, to escape the cruisers on the ordinary track. While in chase of the letter-of-marque, the *Alliance* hove in sight, having another London ship, from Jamaica as a prize.

Captain Landais, of the *Alliance*, was an officer who had been obliged to quit the French navy on account of his unfortunate temper. He now began to show a disorganizing and mutinous spirit ; pretending, as his ship was the only real American vessel in the squadron, that that fact rendered him superior to Jones, and that he should do as he pleased with his ship. That afternoon a strange sail was made, and the *Richard* showed the *Alliance*'s number, with an order to close. Instead of obeying the signal, Captain Landais swore, and laid the head of his ship in the opposite direction. Other signals were disobeyed ; and the control

of Commodore Jones over the ship, which ought to have been the most efficient of the squadron, may be said to have ceased.

Jones now shaped his course for the rendezvous he had appointed, in hopes of meeting the missing ships, and the *Pallas* rejoined him, having captured nothing. From then until the 13th of September the squadron continued its course round Scotland; the ships separating and rejoining constantly, and Captain Landais assuming power over the prizes, as well as over his own vessel, that was altogether opposed to discipline and to marine usage under the circumstances.

PROJECT DEFEATED BY HEAVY GALE.

On the 13th of September the Cheviot Hills were in sight from the ships. Understanding that a 20-gun ship, with two or three man-of-war cutters, were lying at anchor off Leith, in the Frith of Forth, Commodore Jones planned a descent upon that town. At this time the *Alliance* was absent, and the *Pallas* and *Vengeance* having chased to the southward, the necessity of communicating with those vessels caused a fatal delay, and ruined a promising project. The attempt was at last made, but when the men were actually in the boats the ships were driven out of the Frith by a heavy blow; and when in the North Sea one of their prizes actually foundered.

The design was so audacious that it is probable the English would have been taken by surprise; and no doubt much damage would have been done to them, but for the gale. Dale, a modest, and prudent man, thought so.

After this bold project was abandoned, Jones appears to have meditated another still more daring; but his colleagues, as he bitterly styles his captains, refused to join in it. We do not know what it was; but only that the officers of Jones' own ship heartily approved it. Jones had much respect for the judgment of Captain Cottineau, of the *Pallas*, and as he disapproved of it, it was dropped.

The *Pallas* and *Vengeance* even left the *Richard*—probably with a view to prevent the attempt to execute this nameless scheme; and the

commodore was compelled to follow his captains to the southward or lose them altogether. Off Whitby they came together again, and on September 21st the *Richard* chased a collier ashore, near Flamborough Head.

The next day she was at the mouth of the Humber, the *Vengeance* being in company, and several vessels were taken or destroyed. Pilots were enticed on board, and a knowledge of the state of things inshore obtained. It appeared that the whole coast was alarmed, and that many persons were burying their plate. By this time about a dozen vessels had been taken, and rumor increased the number. No vessels had ever before excited such local alarm on British shores, for centuries.

SENT IN CHASE OF A BRIG.

Under the circumstances Commodore Jones did not think it prudent to remain so close in with the land, and he accordingly stood out under Flamborough Head. Here he was joined, next day, by the *Pallas* and *Alliance*. This was on the 23d of September.

The wind was light from the southward, the water smooth, and many vessels in sight, steering in different directions. About noon the squadron, with the exception of the *Cerf* and the two privateers, being all in company, Jones manned one of the pilot-boats he had detained, and sent her in chase of a brig, which was lying to, to windward. On board the little vessel were Mr. Lunt, the second lieutenant, and fifteen men, all of whom were absent from the ship for the rest of the day.

In consequence of the loss of the two boats off Cape Clear, the absence of the party in the pilot-boat, and the number of men that had been put in prizes, the *Richard* was now left with only one lieutenant, and with but little more than three hundred souls on board, exclusive of prisoners. Of the latter there were about one hundred and fifty in the *Richard*.

The pilot-boat had hardly left the *Richard* when the leading ships of a fleet of more than forty sails were seen stretching out on a bowline from behind Flamborough Head, turning down to the south. From

previous intelligence this fleet was immediately known to be the Baltic ships, under the convoy of the *Serapis*, 44 guns, Captain Richard Pearson, and a hired ship that had been put into the king's service, called the *Countess of Scarborough*. The latter was commanded by Captain Piercy, and mounted 22 guns.

As the interest of the succeeding details will principally centre in the two ships, the *Serapis* and *Bonhomme Richard*, it may be well to give a more minute account of the actual force of the former. At that period 44's were usually built on two decks, and such was the construction of this ship, which was new, and was reputed to be a fast vessel. On her lower gun-deck she mounted 20 18-pound guns; and on her upper gun-deck 20 9-pound guns; and on her quarter-deck and forecastle ten 6-pound guns; making an armament of fifty guns. She had a regularly trained man-of-war's crew of 320 souls, of whom fifteen are said to have been Lascars, and was fully equipped for action.

WARNING GIVEN OF A HOSTILE FORCE.

When Jones made out the convoy, the men-of-war were inshore, astern, and to leeward, probably with a view to keeping the merchantmen together. The officials at *Scarborough*, perceiving the danger into which this fleet was running, had sent a boat off to the *Serapis*, to apprise her of the presence of a hostile force, and Captain Pearson fired two guns, signaling the leading vessels to come under his lee. These orders were disregarded, however, the headmost ships continuing to stand out from the land.

Jones, having ascertained the character of the fleet in sight, showed signal for a general chase, and another to recall the lieutenant in the pilot-boat. The *Richard* then crossed royal yards. These signs of hostility alarmed the nearer English merchant ships, which hurriedly tacked, fired alarm guns, let fly their top-gallant sheets, and made other signals of the danger they found themselves in, while they now gladly availed themselves of the presence of the men-of-war to run to leeward, or else seek shelter close in with the land.

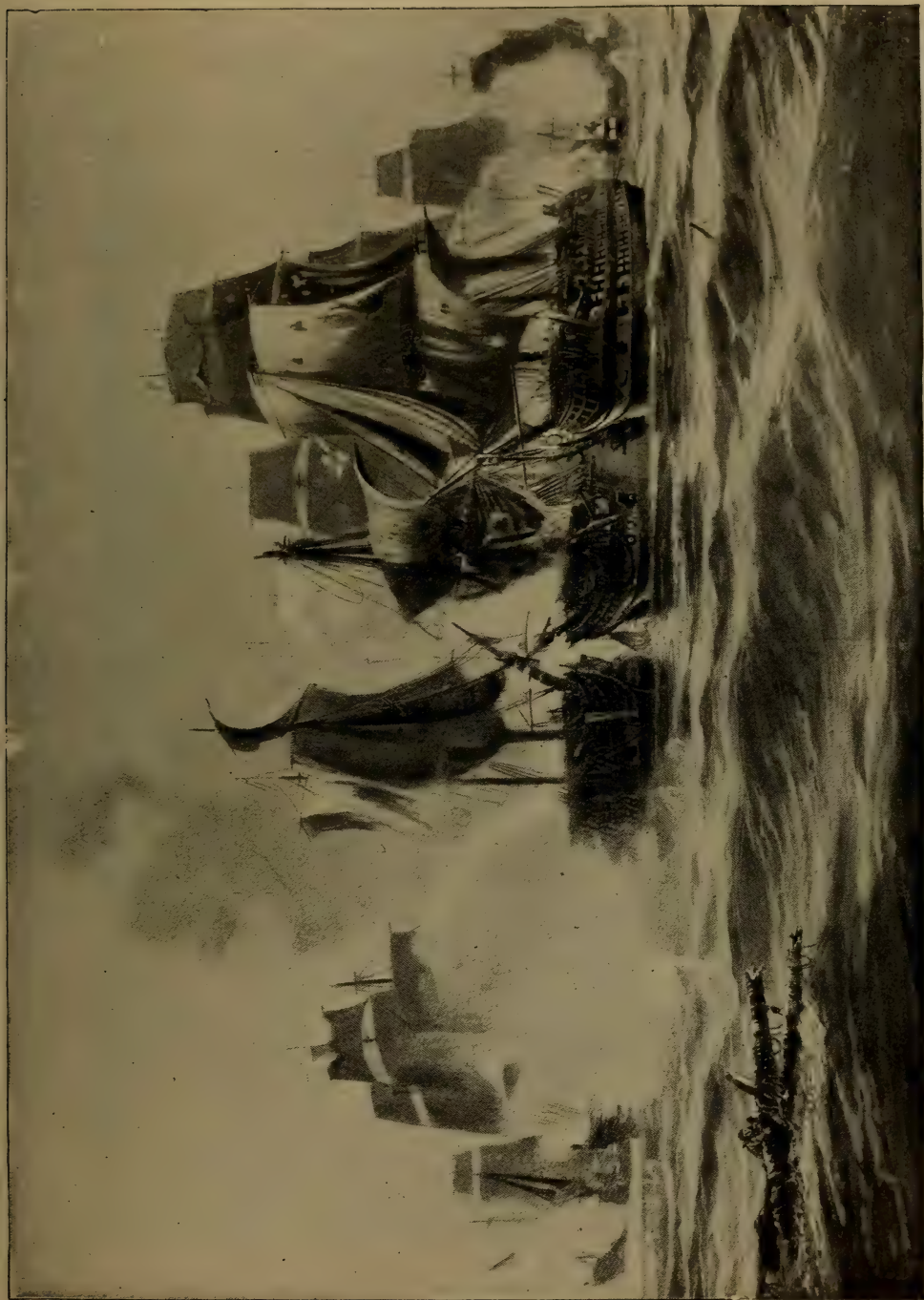
The *Serapis*, on the contrary, signaled the *Scarborough* to follow, and hauled boldly out to sea, until she got far enough to windward, when she tacked, and stood inshore again to cover her convoy.

The *Alliance* being much the fastest vessel of the American squadron, took the lead in the chase, speaking the *Pallas* as she passed. It has been proved that Captain Landais told the commander of the latter vessel on this occasion, that if the stranger proved to be a fifty-gun ship, they had nothing to do but to escape. His subsequent conduct fully confirms this, for no sooner had he run down near enough to the two English vessels-of-war to ascertain their force, than he hauled up and stood off from the land again. This was not only contrary to all regular order of naval battle, but contrary to the positive command of Jones, who had kept the signal to form line flying, which should have brought the *Alliance* astern of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Pallas* in the van. Just at this time the *Pallas* spoke the *Richard*, and inquired what station she should take, and she was directed at once to fall into line.

THE RICHARD'S GALLANT CREW.

Captain Cottineau was a brave man, who subsequently did his duty in the action, and he had only thought that, because the *Richard* had suddenly hauled up from the land, her crew had mutinied, and that she was being run away with. Such was the want of confidence in the force so singularly composed, and such were the disadvantages under which this celebrated combat was fought. So far, however, from meditating retreat or mutiny, the crew of the *Richard* had gone cheerfully to their quarters, although every man on board was conscious of the force of the enemy with whom they were about to contend; and the spirit of the commanding officer appears to have communicated itself to his men.

It was now quite dark, and Jones was compelled to use a night-glass to follow the movements of the enemy. It is probable that the darkness added to the indecision of the Captain of the *Pallas*, for even after the moon rose it was thick, and objects at a distance were seen



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

GREAT NAVAL VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE BRITISH FLEET UNDER LORD NELSON OVER THE COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN. BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION NELSON SIGNALLLED TO EACH OF HIS SHIPS, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."
THE GALLANT COMMANDER WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE



LORD NELSON CARRIED BELOW ON THE "VICTORY."

WHERE THE GREAT ADMIRAL BREATHED HIS LAST A SHORT TIME LATER. THE LAST WORDS HE UTTERED WERE:
"THANK GOD, I'VE DONE MY DUTY."



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON
THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE COMMANDER



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE

with difficulty. The *Richard* continued to stand steadily on, and at about half-past seven she came up with the *Serapis*, the *Scarborough* being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and, as she slowly approached, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer returned was purposely equivocal, and both ships delivered their broadsides at almost the same moment.

MANY KILLED BY BURSTING GUNS.

As the water was quite smooth, Jones had relied very much upon the eighteen-pounders which were in the *Richard*'s gun-room; but at this first discharge two of the six that were fired burst, blowing up the deck above and killing or wounding many of the people stationed below. This disaster rendered it impossible to make the men stand at the other heavy guns, as they could have no confidence in them. It at once reduced the broadside of the *Richard* to about one-third less than that of her opponent and the force which remained was distributed among the light guns in a disadvantageous manner. In short, the battle was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate, with the chances almost preponderatingly in favor of the latter.

Jones himself said that after this accident his hopes rested solely upon the twelve-pounders that were immediately under the command of his First Lieutenant, Dale. The *Richard*, having backed her top-sails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the *Serapis*, which ship luffed across her stern and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and in her turn passing ahead.

All this time, which was about half an hour, the fire was close and furious. The *Scarborough* now drew near, but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. The officers of the *Richard* state that she raked them at least once, but her commander reported that, owing to the smoke and darkness, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not being able to make out which ship was friend and which foe.

Unwilling to lie by and be uselessly exposed to shot, Captain Piercy

edged away from the combatants, exchanging one or two broadsides, at a great distance, with the Alliance, and shortly afterward was engaged at close quarters by the Pallas, which ship compelled him to strike to her, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Let us now return to the principal combatants. As the Serapis kept her luff, sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off, across the Richard's fore-foot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead. But making the attempt, and finding he had not room, he put his helm down, to keep clear of his adversary, and this double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading, the Richard being dangerously near her foe.

JONES RUNS HIS SHIP ON THE ENEMY.

By these evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed but actually ran on board of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her starboard quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these manœuvres, and nearly an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other in the manner just described. The English thought it was the intention of the Americans to board, and for some minutes it was uncertain whether they would do so or not, but the position was not safe for either party to pass into the opposing ship.

There being at this time a complete cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson hailed and asked whether the Richard had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer from Jones. The Richard's yards were then braced aback and, the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated.

As soon as they were far enough apart, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, with a view, most probably, of luffing up across the Richard's bow, in order to rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her port guns; but

Jones, by this time, had become convinced of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal ; and so backed astern some distance, filled on the other tack, and luffed up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as he came to the wind, and of laying him athwart hawse.

In the smoke and dim light, one or the other party miscalculated the

distance, for the vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English vessel passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way the collision did but little injury, and Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. The pressure on the after sails of the *Serapis*, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern; the jib-boom of the *Serapis* giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the



JOHN PAUL JONES.

quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter, to secure her opponent in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was a brave and excellent officer, was fully aware of his superiority in weight of metal ; and he no sooner perceived that the vessels were foul than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the *Richard* would drift clear of him. But, of course, such an expectation

was futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls pressed close together, there were lashings fore and aft, and every projection aided in holding the two ships together. When the cable of the *Serapis* took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the *Serapis* and the stern of the *Richard*, to the tide.

At this time the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed, with trifling loss. All this time there was a heavy fire kept up from the guns. The lower ports of the *Serapis* having been closed as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, to allow the guns to be run out ; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposing ship, in order to be entered in the muzzles of their proper guns. It was evident that such a state of things could not last long. In effect, the heavy metal of the *Serapis*, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the *Richard* were almost abandoned. Most of her people went upon the upper deck, and a great number collected on the fore-castle, where they were safe from the battery of the *Serapis* ; continuing the fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

AMERICAN VESSEL BADLY SHATTERED.

At this stage of the action, then, the *Serapis* was tearing the American to pieces, below, at each discharge of her battery ; the latter only replying to the English fire by two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of her twelve-pounders. To the quarter-deck guns Jones succeeded in adding a third, by shifting a gun from the port side ; and all these were used with effect, under his own eye, until the close of the action. He tried to get over a second gun, from the port side, but did not succeed.

The fight must now have been decided in favor of the English, but for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties were placed in the tops, and, after a sharp and short contest, the Americans had driven every man of the enemy from the upper deck of the English frigate. After this they kept up so sharp a fire of small arms upon the

quarter-deck of the English ship as to keep it clear, shooting down many in the operation.

Thus, this singular condition of affairs obtained, that, while the English had the battle very much to themselves, below, the Americans had control of their upper deck and tops. Having cleared the latter, some of the American seamen laid out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand grenades down upon the deck of the British ship; while the men on the Richard's forecastle seconded these efforts by casting grenades, and other combustibles, through the ports of the Serapis.

MANY KILLED BY DISASTROUS EXPLOSION.

At length one man, in particular, became so bold as to take up his post on the extreme end of the yard; and being provided with a bucket of grenades and a match, he dropped the explosives upon the enemy, one of them passing down the Serapis' main hatchway. The powder boys of the English ship had got up more cartridges than were needed at the moment, and had carelessly laid a row of them along her main deck, parallel with the guns.

The grenade which came down the hatch set fire to some loose powder on the deck, and the flash passed to these cartridges, beginning abreast of the mainmast, and running away aft. The effect of the explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed; many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wrist-bands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trousers.

The official returns of Captain Pearson, made a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-three wounded on board then, still alive, who had been injured at this time; and thirty of them were said to be in great danger.

Captain Pearson reported that the explosion destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns of the Serapis; and, altogether, nearly sixty of the Serapis' men must have been instantly disabled.

The advantages thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen of the Bonhomme Richard, in a measure restored the chances

of the fight, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Jones to increase his. And in the same degree that it encouraged the Americans did it diminish the hopes of the English.

One of the guns, directed by Jones himself, had been for some time firing against the mainmast of his enemy ; while the two others were assisting in clearing his decks with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where they had a scene of horror before their eyes in the agonies of the wounded, and the other effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English crew began to droop, and a very little would have caused them to surrender. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of the unlooked-for events which characterize every battle, whether afloat or ashore.

EXCHANGING BROADSIDES AT A DISTANCE.

After exchanging the ineffectual and distant broadsides with the Scarborough, as already mentioned, the Alliance had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, and out of the direction of their shot, when, about half-past eight, she appeared, crossing the stern of the Serapis, and the bow of the Richard, and firing, at such a distance, and in such a way, that it was impossible to say which vessel would suffer the most.

As soon as she had drawn out of range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile to leeward, and hovered about, aimlessly, until the firing had ceased between the Pallas and the Scarborough, when she suddenly came within hail, and spoke both vessels. Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, earnestly entreated Captain Landais, of the Alliance, to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the Richard, or else to stretch up to windward in the Alliance, and go to the succor of the commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the very important duty of assisting his consort into his own hands, and, making two long stretches, under top-sails only, he appeared, at about the time at which we have arrived in the story of the fight, directly to windward of the two ships

which were locked together in mortal combat. The head of the Alliance was then to the westward. This ship then opened fire again, doing at least as much damage to friend as foe. Keeping away a little, she was soon on the port-quarter of the Richard ; and some of the people of the latter affirmed that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Many voices now hailed to inform the Alliance that she was firing into the wrong ship ; and three lanterns were shown in a line on the off-side of the Richard, which was the regular signal for recognition in a night action. An officer was then directed to hail, to command Captain Landais to lay the enemy on board ; and the question being put as to whether the order was understood, an answer was given in the affirmative.

STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS OF THE CONTENDING SHIPS.

As the moon had now been up for some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the two vessels. The Richard was all black, while the Serapis had yellow sides ; and the impression among the people of the Richard was that Landais had intentionally attacked her.

Indeed, as soon as the Alliance began to fire, the people left one or two of the twelve on board the Richard, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the English in the Alliance had got possession of the ship and were helping the enemy.

The Alliance's fire dismounted a gun, extinguished several battle-lanterns on the main deck, and did much damage aloft. This ship now hauled off to some distance, always keeping the Richard between her and the enemy ; and then she re-appeared, edging down on the port beam of her consort, and hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. The officers of the Richard reported that her fire then recommenced, when by no possibility could her shot reach the Serapis, except through the Bonhomme Richard. In fact, it appears that this Landais was one of those men who, for generations, affected the French character for seamanship and conduct in naval battles.

There were, and are, many excellent French seamen, and as builders

of vessels they are unexcelled. But some men, like Landais, at that time had destroyed their reputation afloat.

Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed on the fore-castle of the Richard at this time, that part being crowded, and among them an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his death wound from the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis, delivering grape as he passed, this "lunatic Frenchman" ran off to leeward again, standing off and on, and doing absolutely nothing for the remainder of the fight. It was as if a third party, seeing two men fighting, should come up and throw a stone or two at them both, and then retire, saying he had rather the little fellow whipped.

JONES' SHIP BADLY DAMAGED.

The fire of the Alliance certainly damaged the Bonhomme Richard, and increased her leaks ; and the latter vessel by this time had leaked so much through her shot-holes that she had begun to settle in the water. Many witnesses affirmed that the most dangerous shot-holes received by the Richard were under her port bow and port-quarter ; or, in other words, where they could not have been received from the Serapis. But this is not entirely reliable, as it has been seen that the Serapis luffed up on the port-quarter of the Richard in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her port bow, endeavoring to cross her fore-foot. These shots may very possibly have been received then, and as the Richard settled in the water, have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the Alliance did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the Richard, as appears by a mass of testimony, the dangerous shot-holes may have very well come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward again an alarm was spread throughout the Richard that she was sinking.

Both the contending ships had been on fire several times, and the flames had been extinguished with difficulty ; but here was a new enemy

to contend with, and, as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-well, it produced a good deal of alarm.

The Richard had more than a hundred English prisoners on board; and the master-at-arms, in the hurry of the moment, and to save their lives, let them up from below. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, in a torn and sinking vessel, the master of the letter-of-marque that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, where he reported to Captain Pearson that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, as he (the captain of the privateer) had been liberated in order to save his life.

BRAVE REPLY OF THE AMERICAN COMMANDER.

Just at this moment the gunner of the Bonhomme Richard, who had not much to do at his quarters, came on deck, and not seeing Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the master (the only other superior officer of the ship) to be dead, he ran up on the poop, to haul down the colors, and, as he believed, save all their lives.

Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and as the ensign already hung in the water he had no other means of letting his intentions be known than by bawling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed, to inquire if the Richard demanded quarter, and Commodore Jones, hearing the hail, replied "No."

It is probable that the reply was not heard; or, if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source; for, encouraged from what he had heard from the escaped prisoner, by the cries, and by the confusion which appeared to reign on board the Richard, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as they were mustered, he directed them to take possession of the prize. Some of the Englishmen actually got upon the gunwale of the American ship, but, finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they precipitately retreated. The Richard's topmen were not idle at this time and the enemy were soon driven below

again, with loss. In the meantime Mr. Dale (who was afterwards Commodore Dale) had no longer a gun which could be fought, and he mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the *Richard* afloat by this very blunder that had come so near losing her. Both ships were now on fire again, and both sides, with the exception of a very few guns on board each vessel, ceased firing, in order to turn to and subdue this common enemy.

ENEMY LOSING HOPE OF VICTORY.

In the course of the battle the *Serapis* is said to have been on fire no less than twelve times; while, towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the *Bonhomme Richard* had been burning all the time. As soon as order was restored in the American ship, after the gunner's call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase; while the English, driven under cover, appeared to lose the hope of victory. Their fire slackened very materially, while the *Richard* again brought a few guns to bear.

It was an example of immense endurance on either side; but as time went on the mainmast of the *Serapis* began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or about three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and about two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down his colors with his own hands, his men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the *Richard's* tops.

As soon as it was known that the English colors were down, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the *Richard*, and laying hold of the main-brace pendant, swung himself on board the *Serapis*. On the quarter-deck he found the gallant Captain Pearson, almost alone, that officer having maintained his post throughout the whole of this close and murderous engagement, proving himself a man of great nerve and ability.

Just as Mr. Dale addressed the English captain the first lieutenant of the *Serapis* came up from below, to inquire if the *Richard* had struck, as her fire had entirely ceased. Mr. Dale informed the English

officer that he had mistaken the position of things, the *Serapis* having struck to the *Richard*, and not the *Richard* to the *Serapis*. Captain Pearson confirming this, his surprised subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns on the main deck, which were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent, but passed both the English officers at once on board the *Bonhomme Richard*.

The firing below then ceased. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the *Serapis* by a midshipman, Mr. Mayrant, with a party of boarders, and as the midshipman struck the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh with the boarding pike, in the hands of a man who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable sea fight resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed, and shot fired, while the boarding officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoners.

JONES ORDERS THE VESSELS SEPARATED.

As soon as Captain Pearson was on board the *Bonhomme Richard* and a proper number of hands sent to Mr. Dale, in the prize, Commodore Jones ordered the lashings to be cut, and the vessels to be separated, hailing the *Serapis*, as the *Richard* drifted from alongside of her, and ordering her to follow his own ship. Mr. Dale had the head-sails of the *Serapis* braced sharp aback, and the helm put down, but the vessel did not obey either the canvas or the helm.

Mr. Dale was so surprised and excited at this that he sprang from the binnacle, to see the cause, and fell, full length, on deck. He had been severely wounded in the leg, by a splinter, and until that moment had been ignorant of the injury. He had just been picked up and seated, when the master of the *Serapis* came up and informed him of the fact that the ship was anchored. By this time Mr. Lunt, the second lieutenant, who had been away in the pilot-boat, had got alongside, and came on board the prize, when Mr. Dale gave him charge, the cable was cut, and the ship followed the *Richard*, as ordered.

Although this protracted and bloody contest had now ended, the victors had not done with either dangers or labors. The *Richard* was not only sinking from shot-holes but she was on fire, so that the flames had got within the ceiling and extended so far that they menaced the magazine, while all the pumps, in constant use, could barely keep the water in the hold from increasing.

Had it depended upon the exhausted crews of the two combatants, the ship must soon have foundered; but the other vessels now sent men on board to assist. So imminent did the danger from the fire become that all the powder left was got on deck, to prevent an explosion. In this manner did the night of the battle pass, with one gang always at the pumps and another fighting the flames, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, when the fire was got under.

BOTH SHIPS SUPPOSED TO BE SINKING.

Before daylight that morning eight or ten Englishmen, of the *Richard*'s crew, had stolen a boat of the *Serapis* and made their escape, landing at Scarborough. Several other men of the *Richard* were so alarmed at the condition of the ship that during the night they jumped overboard and swam to the other vessels. At daylight an examination of the ship was made. Aloft, on a line with those guns of the *Serapis* which had not been disabled by the explosion, the timbers were nearly all beaten in or beaten out, for in this respect there was little difference between the two sides of the ship. It is said, indeed, that her poop and upper decks would have fallen into the gunroom but for a few futtocks which the shot had missed.

So large was the vacuum, in fact, that most of the shot fired from this part of the *Serapis* at the close of the action must have gone through the *Richard* without touching anything. The rudder was cut from the stern-post and her transoms were nearly driven out of her. All the after part of the ship, in particular, that was below the quarter-deck, was torn to pieces, and nothing had saved those stationed on the quarter-deck but the impossibility of elevating guns which almost touched their object.

The result of the examination was to convince everyone of the impossibility of carrying the *Richard* into port in the event of its coming on to blow. Commodore Jones reluctantly gave the order to remove the wounded, while the weather continued fair.

The following night and a portion of the succeeding day were employed in this duty, and about nine in the morning the officer who was in charge of the ship, with a party at the pumps, finding that the water had reached the lower deck, at last abandoned her. About ten the *Bonhomme Richard* wallowed heavily, gave another roll, and went down, bows foremost.

The *Serapis* suffered much less than the *Richard*, as the guns of the latter were so light, and so soon silenced, but no sooner were the ships separated than her main-topmast fell, bringing with it the mizzen-topmast. Though jury-masts were erected the ship drove about, nearly helpless, in the North Sea until the 6th of October, when the remains of the squadron, with the two prizes, got into the Texel, the port to which they had been ordered to repair.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE ON BOTH SIDES.

In this battle an unusual number of lives were lost ; but no authenticated report seems to have come from either side. The English stated the loss of the *Richard* to have been about three hundred in killed and wounded. This would include nearly all on board that ship, and was, of course, a mistake. The muster-roll of the *Richard*, excluding the marines, which roll was in existence long after, shows that 42 men were killed, or died of wounds very shortly, and that 41 were wounded. No list of the casualties of the marines is given. This would make a total of 83 out of 227 souls. But some of those on the muster-roll were not in the battle at all, for both junior lieutenants, and about 30 men with them, were absent in prizes.

There were a few volunteers on board who were not mustered and, so, if we set down 200 as the regular crew during the action, we shall not be far wrong. Estimating the marines at 120, and observing the same



proportion for casualties, we shall get 49 for the result, which will make the entire loss of the *Richard* one hundred and thirty-two. It is known, however, that in the course of the action the soldiers suffered out of proportion to the rest of the crew, and as general report made the gross loss of the *Bonhomme Richard* 150, it is probable that this was about the number.

Captain Pearson made a partial report, putting his loss at 117, admitting, at the same time, that there were many killed who were not reported. Probably the loss of the two ships was about equal, and that nearly or quite half of all engaged were either killed or wounded.

In a private letter, written some time after, Jones gives an opinion that the loss of men in the two ships was about equal. Muster-rolls were loosely kept in those days.

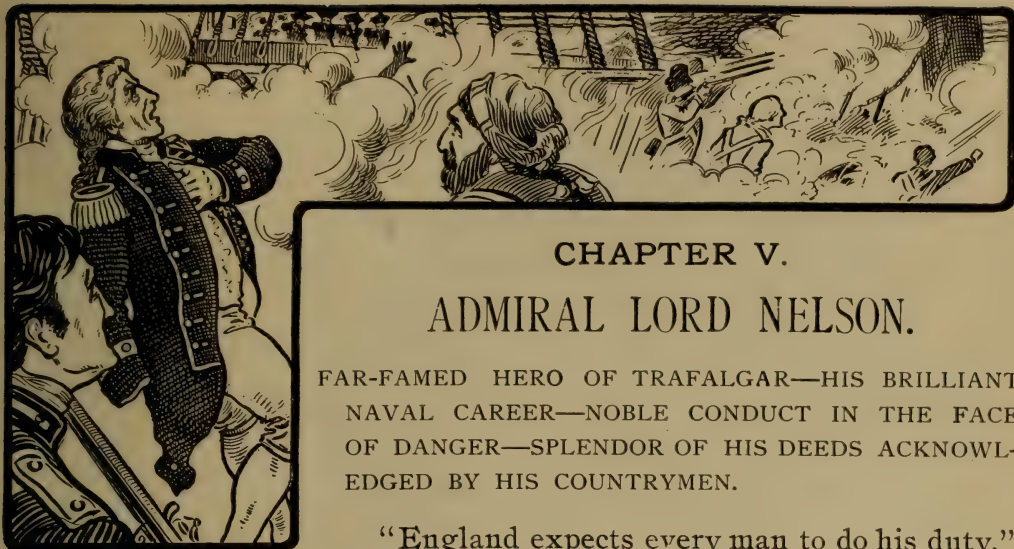
That two vessels of so much force should be lashed together for more than two hours, making use of artillery, musketry and all the other means of offence known to the warfare of the day, and not do even greater injury to their crews, must strike every one with astonishment. But the fact must be ascribed to the peculiarities of the battle, which, by driving the English under cover early in the fight, and keeping the Americans above the chief line of the fire of their enemy, in a measure protected each side from the missiles of the other. As it was, it was a most sanguinary conflict, with a duration prolonged by unusual circumstances.



MEDAL AWARDED TO JOHN PAUL JONES BY CONGRESS.

The arrival of Jones and his prizes in the Texel excited much interest in the diplomatic world. The English demanded that the prizes should be released and Jones himself given up as a pirate. The Dutch Government, though favorable to the Americans, was not prepared for war, and therefore temporized. A long correspondence ensued, and the following expedient was adopted. The Serapis, which had been refitted, was transferred to France, as was the Scarborough, while Jones took command of the Alliance, Landais having been suspended, and ordered to quit the country. Landais was afterward restored to command, but deposed again on the ground of insanity, and eventually discharged the service.

Jones was absent from home for about three years, during which time his exploits were numerous and of the most astonishing character. He was denounced as a pirate by the English, who became so alarmed by his achievements that many people did not feel safe even in London. Some of the timid ones looked out on the Thames, half expecting to see the terrible fellow lay their city under tribute. At one time he landed on the coast of Scotland, and, appearing at the residence of the Earl of Selkirk, captured a large amount of silver plate and booty. But he treated the earl's household with great courtesy, and the plate that was seized at the time is now in the possession of the members of the Selkirk family.



CHAPTER V. ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

FAR-FAMED HERO OF TRAFALGAR—HIS BRILLIANT NAVAL CAREER—NOBLE CONDUCT IN THE FACE OF DANGER—SPLENDOR OF HIS DEEDS ACKNOWLEDGED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN.

“England expects every man to do his duty.”

This was the order that Nelson signalled from his ship to every other British ship when about to attack the enemy in the historic battle of Trafalgar. The words are as immortal as the brilliant deeds and the honored name of the great admiral.

He was the dread of his foes and the pride of his countrymen. During the time in which he was a naval commander he might justly have been styled the master of the sea. Brave even to rashness, quick in decision, unbounded in resources, almost adored by his men, he had all the qualities that belong to the invincible leader and commander. He was one of those heroic souls who appear from time to time and change the history of the world. He appeared to have a genius for managing ships in conflict. Doubtless this was partly due to that innate heroism and courage of which he was a shining example.

Horatio, Viscount Nelson, English admiral, was born on the 29th of September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, of which parish his father was rector. He entered the navy in 1770, under the patronage of his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling; made a voyage to the West Indies in a merchant ship; served in the Arctic expedition of 1773, and was afterwards sent to the East Indies in the Seahorse. Two years of the climate severely tried his constitution, never very strong, and he came home, invalided, in September, 1776. In April, 1777, he passed his exam-

ination, and by the interest of his mother's family was at once promoted to be lieutenant of the Lowestoft frigate, with Captain Locker. In her he went to Jamaica, where he was taken by the admiral into the flagship,



LORD NELSON.

and on December 8th, 1778, was promoted to command the Badger brig, from which, six months later, he was posted to the Hinchinbrook frigate.

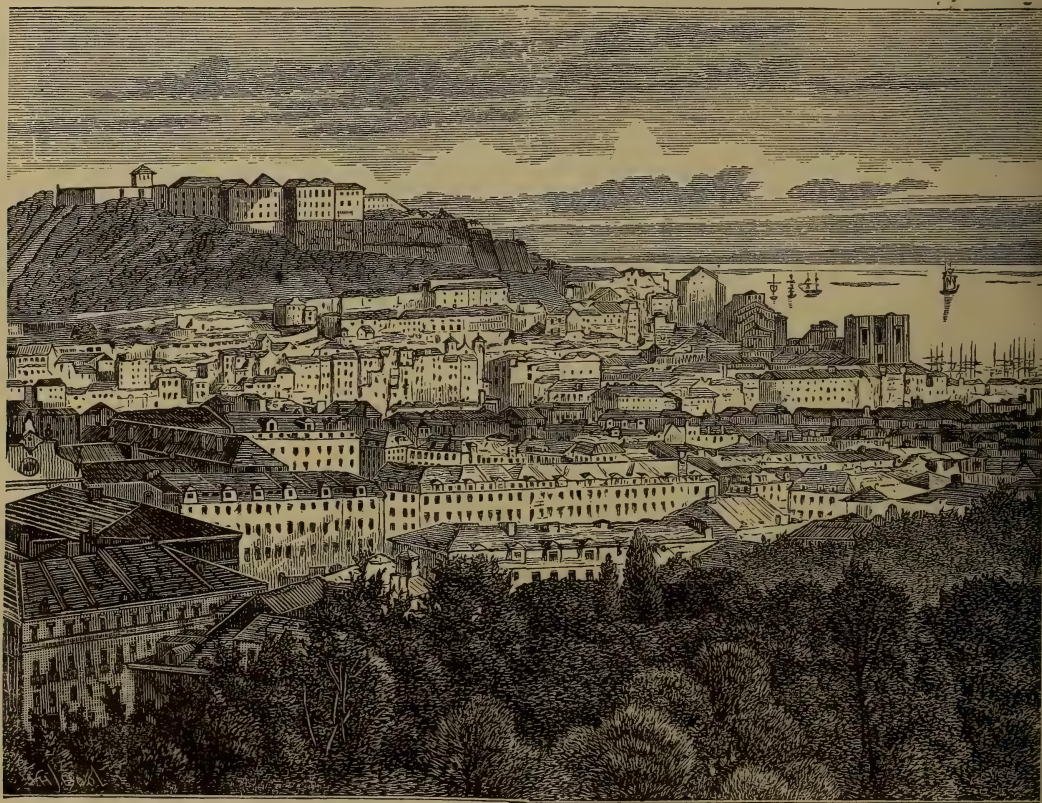
In January, 1780, he commanded the naval force in the expedition against San Juan; in the heavy boat-work up the pestilential river his

health broke down, and he returned to England in an apparently dying condition. A few months' rest and careful treatment, however, restored him; and in August, 1781, he commissioned the *Albemarle*, in which, after a winter in the North Sea, he went to North America, where he joined the squadron under Lord Hood, and made the acquaintance of Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., with whom he always maintained the most cordial relations. In the spring of 1784 he was appointed to the *Boreas* frigate, again for service in the West Indies, where, by enforcing the Navigation Act against the Americans, he aroused the ill-will of the merchants, which took effect in numerous actions for damages. The law, however, was clear on the point, and Nelson's proceedings were sustained, though not without causing him much trouble and annoyance.

APPOINTED TO AN IMPORTANT COMMAND.

Whilst on this station he married Mrs. Nisbet, the widow of a Dr. Nisbet of Nevis, niece of Mr. Herbert, the president of the island; and on the *Boreas* being paid off, in December, 1787, he with his wife retired to Burnham Thorpe, where he lived for the next five years. His frequent applications for employment were unsuccessful, till, on the imminence of war with France in January, 1793, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon* of sixty-four guns, in which he accompanied Lord Hood to the Mediterranean. When Toulon was given up to the allies Nelson was ordered to Naples to urge the necessity of troops being sent at once to their assistance; on his return he was employed in the blockade of Corsica, and in the following spring commanded the naval brigade which largely conduced to the reduction of Bastia and of Calvi, where an unlucky blow from a bit of gravel, scattered by a shot, destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. In 1795 he was with the fleet in the two actions fought by Admiral Hotham outside Toulon. In both, the French were defeated with some loss, but they were allowed to escape, and Nelson in his private letters expressed an angry opinion that more might and ought to have been done.

In the autumn of 1795 Hotham was succeeded by Sir John Jervis, and during the whole of 1796 the strictest blockade of Toulon was enforced, Nelson being for the most part, as in preceding years, with a small squadron in the Gulf of Genoa, where he put a stop to all coasting traffic, and commanded the road along the shore so completely as to warrant his assertion that, had he had an adequate force, the invasion of



VIEW OF THE CITY OF LISBON.

Italy would have been impossible. Towards the close of the year Spain concluded a treaty of alliance with France, and sent her fleet into the Mediterranean to co-operate with the French. Jervis thus found himself opposed by very superior forces; and, with Spain and Italy both in hostile hands, his position was no longer tenable. He withdrew the troops from Corsica, and retired to Gibraltar, and afterwards to Lisbon. He was, however, determined that the Spanish fleet, which had been

instructed to join the French at Brest, should not pass; and, on its endeavoring to do so, met it off Cape St. Vincent on February 14th 1797, and inflicted on it a signal defeat.

This was rendered more decisive by the action of Nelson, who, having been appointed commodore, with his broad pennant on board the



BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

Captain, was in the rear of the line, and, interpreting a manœuvre of the Spanish admiral as an attempt to reunite the two divisions of his fleet, which Jervis had separated, wore out of the line to meet him, and for nearly half an hour withstood, single-handed, the attack of the whole Spanish van. When support arrived and the Spaniards fled, the Captain had suffered severely; and Nelson, being unable to join in the pursuit, let his ship fall foul of the Spanish *San Nicolas*, which he boarded and

took possession of, and, leading his men across her deck to the San Josef, took possession of her also.

Nelson's conduct on this occasion deservedly won for him the cross of the Bath ; and, being promoted in due course to be rear-admiral, he continued with the fleet off Cadiz till, in July, 1797, he was sent with a small squadron to seize a richly-laden Spanish ship which had taken refuge at Santa Cruz. He was instructed to levy a heavy contribution on the town if the treasure was not given up ; but the troops which he had asked for were not granted, the ships were powerless, and the landing force at his disposal was quite inadequate. With it, such as it was, however, the attack was made on the night of July 21st ; but in the darkness the boats missed the mole, and landing irregularly were repulsed with severe loss. Nelson himself had his right elbow shattered by a grape-shot. He was carried on board his ship, where the arm was amputated, but on rejoining the fleet he was compelled to return to England.

CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In the following March, 1798, he hoisted his flag on board the Vanguard of seventy-four guns, and sailed from St. Helens to rejoin the fleet off Cadiz. He was immediately sent into the Mediterranean in command of a small squadron, with orders to ascertain the object of the French armament at Toulon. The secret was, however, too well kept ; and the Vanguard, being dismasted in a violent gale, was obliged to put into San Pietro off Sardinia to refit, while the French expedition sailed on its way to Egypt. On June 7th Nelson was reinforced by ten sail of the line ; but his frigates had all parted company, and, under some misapprehension of orders, did not rejoin him. He was thus left without means of learning anything about the French further than that they had sailed from Toulon.

His hope to get news at Naples proved vain, and it was only when he arrived off Messina that he heard that the French had captured Malta, but had sailed again some days before. Their destination was unknown ; he conjectured that it might be Egypt, and he hastened thither, only to

find that there was no trace of them. He had in fact passed within a few leagues of them, but without seeing them. He returned by the coast of Asia, put into Syracuse, where he watered, and was meditating going up the Archipelago to Constantinople, when he at last learned that, after all, they had gone to Egypt. Thither he immediately followed, and on the evening of August 1st found their fleet lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay.



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, OR ABOUKIR.

His plans had long before been formed and discussed with the several captains under his orders, everything was ready, and no explanatory signals were needed. His fleet was numerically inferior to that of the French, and became still more so by the accident of the Culloden getting aground and being unable to take any part in the battle but the wind was blowing along the French line, and, by concentrating his attack on

the weather end of it, it was crushed by superior force, while the leeward-most ships were unable to render any assistance; and thus, creeping gradually down the line, he captured or destroyed the whole, with the exception of the two rear-most ships, and two of the frigates, which fled.

Never, in recent times, had there been a victory so complete, so overwhelming; and when Nelson, with his shattered fleet, returned to Naples he was the object of an enthusiastic adoration which knew no bounds. The queen, in her intense hatred of the murderers of her sister, welcomed their conqueror with all the ardor of a passionate nature; and Lady Hamilton, the wife of the English ambassador, fell on his breast in a paroxysm of hysterical rapture.

"BARON NELSON OF THE NILE."

At home, Nelson was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile; parliament voted him a pension of £2000 a year, and the East India Company awarded him a sum of £10,000. Turkey and Russia sent him handsome and costly presents, and the king of Naples conferred on him the title of Duke of Bronte, in Sicily, with an estate valued at £3000 a year, though during Nelson's life its revenues seem to have been in abeyance.

On January, 1st 1801, Nelson was promoted to be vice-admiral, and a few days later was appointed second in command of the expedition ordered to the Baltic, under Sir Hyde Parker. He hoisted his flag in the *St. George*, but that ship being too large for the approaches to Copenhagen, he moved into the *Elephant* when the attack was determined on. The whole conduct of this attack was entrusted to Nelson, with the smaller ships of the fleet, Parker, with the others, remaining at anchor some miles distant. After a furious combat of from three to four hours' duration, the enemy's ships were subdued. The shore batteries still continued to fire, till Nelson sent a flag of truce on shore to point out that the worst sufferers from the continued engagement were the crews of the beaten ships, which received a great part of the fire of both parties.

A suspension of hostilities was agreed on to permit of the prisoners being removed ; and this led to an armistice, which the news of the czar's death shortly afterwards converted into a peace. Nelson, who was raised a step in the peerage and became a viscount, succeeded Parker as commander-in-chief ; but, his health having given way, he was permitted to return to England. He arrived in the beginning of July, and was at once ordered to undertake the defence of the coast, in view of the preparations for invasion which were being made in France ; and though he failed in an attempt to destroy the flotilla collected in Boulogne, his watch was so vigilant that the boats never ventured from under the protection of their chains and batteries.

IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

On the renewal of the war, Nelson was at once sent out to the Mediterranean, where, with his flag in the *Victory*, he cruised for more than eighteen months in front of Toulon, drawing back occasionally to Madagascara for water and refreshment. During one of these absences, in March, 1805, the French fleet put to sea under the command of Vice-admiral Villeneuve, and got clear away to Gibraltar, to Cadiz, and to Martinique, where they expected to be joined by the fleet from Brest. Nelson, however, though delayed for six weeks by his ignorance of where Villeneuve had gone, was only twenty days behind him ; and Villeneuve, deceived as to the English numbers, and unwilling to risk an engagement which might frustrate his ulterior object, hastily returned to Europe. Nelson again followed, again outsailed his enemy, and arrived off Cadiz some days before the French approached the shores of Europe.

At daylight on Monday, the 21st of October, they were discovered when some leagues from Cape Trafalgar, six or seven miles to the eastward. Nelson was then upon deck, and regarded the enemy with the victor's prophetic eye. Signal was made to bear down in two lines according to arrangement, and prepare for battle, after which he descended to his cabin, and at seven o'clock wrote down the following prayer :

“May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for

the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory ! and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it ! and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet ! For myself, individually, I commend my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully ! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen ! Amen ! Amen ! ”

He wrote also a memorandum recapitulating the public services of Lady Hamilton, and bequeathing her, as well as his adopted daughter, to the generosity of his country and his loyal friends.

PRESENTIMENT OF APPROACHING DEATH.

It was noticed that on this occasion he showed none of that joyousness of spirit peculiar to him on the eve of a great enterprise. He was serenely calm ; but evidently a presentiment of coming death guided all his thoughts. Of Captain Blackwood he asked what he should consider as a victory. There was no sign of hesitancy or weakness on the part of the enemy, and Blackwood answered, therefore, that the capture of fourteen sail of the line would be a grand result. “ I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty,” replied Nelson.

Soon afterwards, Blackwood, in taking leave of his admiral to return on board his own frigate, observed that he hoped they should in a few hours meet again. Nelson answered calmly, “ My dear Blackwood, I shall never again speak to you.” Probably he spoke in this way because he had estimated the inequality of the contest, and felt that the inequality could be met only by a daring and an intrepidity inspired to an extraordinary degree of fervor by his personal example. Hence he determined on an exposure of his life which amounted to chivalrous recklessness.

He wore his admiral’s uniform, with four stars embroidered on its left side, the emblems of the orders to which he had been admitted. His officers solicited him to put on a plainer dress, as it was known that there were many riflemen amongst the 4000 troops on board the French ships.

But no, what he had won he would not lay aside, and there he stood on the quarter-deck of his stately flag-ship, a mark for the enemy—one whose life was worth a legion of common lives.

In advancing, Lord Nelson, as commander-in-chief, led the weather column in the *Victory*, and Collingwood, as second in command, the lee column in the *Royal Sovereign*. Nelson's last signal was the immortal one, "England expects every man to do his duty"—a signal which, when made known, was hailed by every man with a hearty cheer.

BEGINNING OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

This signal flew from the masthead of the *Victory* exactly at twelve o'clock, and the action instantly began by the leading ships of the British columns attempting to break the enemy's compact array, the *Victory*, about the tenth ship from the van, the *Royal Sovereign* about the twelfth from the rear. When Collingwood began the attack and forced his passage, Nelson turned round to his officers and exclaimed, "Look at that noble fellow ! Observe the style in which he carries his ship into action !"

At four minutes past twelve the *Victory* opened its fire on the enemy's van while ranging along their line, and in almost a quarter of an hour afterwards, finding a gap through which she could pass, she fell on board the eleventh and twelfth ships. She was followed by the *Temeraire*, which also fell on board one of them. Thus these four ships were for a considerable time huddled up into a knotted group, so that the flash of almost every gun fired from the *Victory* set fire to the *Redoubtable*, her more immediate adversary. In this juncture a curious spectacle might be seen ; that of numerous British seamen in the midst of a tremendous fire, coolly pouring buckets of water to extinguish the flames on board their enemy's ship, that both might not be involved in one common destruction.

Nelson would fain have opened the contest by ranging ahead of Admiral Villeneuve's flag-ship, the *Bucentaure*, in order to have placed the *Victory* ahead of her, and astern of his old opponent, the huge *San-*

tissima Trinidada. The Bucentaure, however, shot ahead, and compelled the Victory to pass under her stern, raking it heavily, and to luff up on the starboard side. The Bucentaure poured four broadsides into the British flag-ship before Nelson ordered his ports to be opened. Then, indeed, all his guns, double-shotted, crashed in such a storm of deadly missiles that the French vessel literally heeled with the concussion. But he sought even higher game; he had selected for his target the Trinidada, and laying the Victory alongside of her, he ordered the ships to be lashed together, a most daring thing to do.

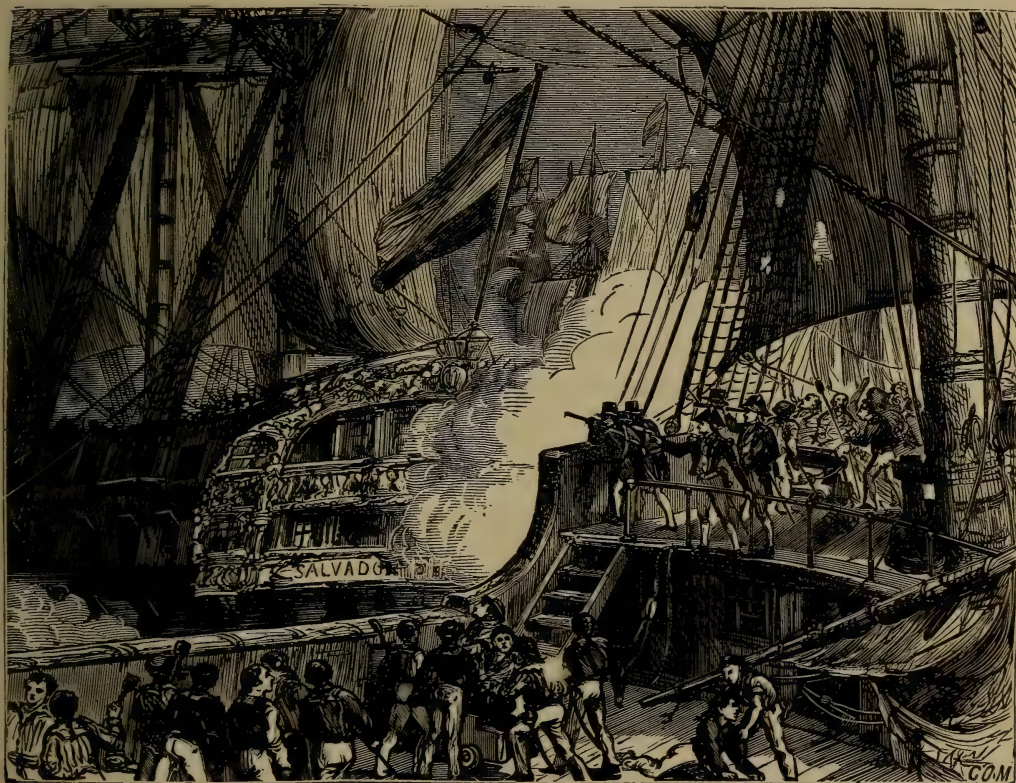
FAST AND FURIOUS BATTLE.

The melee now grew fast and furious; the dense clouds of battle were lighted up incessantly by the flashes of cannon and musketry, and with the crash of falling masts and yards mingled the cheers of the British seamen at every fresh indication of coming victory. As was his wont when the conflict deepened, Nelson was light of heart and gay of spirit. His fin, as he pleasantly termed the stump of his right arm, moved the shoulder of his sleeve up and down with the utmost rapidity, a sign that he was greatly pleased.

Captain Hardy, fearful that Nelson's star-embroidered uniform would point him out as a special object to the French marksmen, again entreated him to change his dress or assume a great-coat; but he simply observed that he had not yet time to do so. In the meantime the enemy's fire continued very heavy and well directed. Of 110 marines stationed on the poop and quarter-deck, upwards of 80 were either killed or wounded. Mr. Pascoe, the first lieutenant, was severely wounded while conversing with the admiral, and John Scott, his secretary, was shot through the head while standing by his side. Captain Adair, of the marines, almost at the same moment, experienced a similar fate.

This was about a quarter past one; a few minutes later Captain Hardy observed a marksman on the rigging top of the Bucentaure, which there lay on the Victory's quarter, taking deliberate aim at Nelson, and had scarcely time to exclaim, "Change your position, my lord!

"I see a rascal taking aim at you!" when the fatal bullet struck the hero. Entering over the top of his left shoulder, it penetrated through his lungs, carrying with it a portion of the epaulette, and lodging in the spinal marrow of the back. It is said that the French immediately raised an exultant shout. What is certain is that the marksman was instantly



BATTLE OF CAPE TRAFALGAR.

brought down by a well directed shot from Mr. Pollard, a young midshipman of the Victory, who thus became his admiral's avenger. Nelson was prevented from falling by Captain Hardy, who caught him in his arms, and to whom he said with a smile: "They have done for me at last."

As he was being removed below he covered his face and his stars with a handkerchief that his crew might not recognize him, and observing that the tiller-rope was too slack, requested that Captain Hardy

should be told to get it tightened. All the surgeons being busily engaged with the wounded, he insisted, with his usual generosity, on waiting until his turn. A brief examination revealed the fatal character of his wound, and Nelson, remarking the change in the surgeon's countenance, calmly said, "It is, I perceive, mortal!"

The Rev. Dr. Scott, the chaplain, now came to attend him. Nelson, who was racked with physical anguish, gradually lost his collectedness, and uttered incoherent sentences in reference to Lady Hamilton and his adopted daughter. At times he expressed an eager desire for drink, and continually partook of lemonade. Towards the close his mind recovered its serenity, and he sent for Captain Hardy, inquiring how many of the enemy's ships had been captured. On being told that twelve had certainly struck, he exclaimed, "What, only twelve! there should have been at least fifteen or sixteen by my calculation. However," he added after a short pause, "twelve are pretty well."

WONDERFUL NERVE OF THE DYING HERO.

He desired Captain Hardy to bear his affectionate remembrance to Lady Hamilton and his adopted daughter, Horatia, and to inform them that he had left them as a legacy to his king and country, in whose service he willingly yielded up his life. "Will you, my dear Hardy?" he anxiously inquired, and, on receiving an immediate promise, he said, "Kiss me, then." Kneeling, Captain Hardy respectfully pressed his lips to the wan cheek of the dying hero.

Nelson then requested that his affectionate regards might be presented to his brave officers and men, and said that he could have wished once more to have beheld his beloved relatives and friends, or even to have remained till he had seen the fleet in safety; but, as neither was possible, he felt resigned, and thanked God for having enabled him to do his duty to his king and country. He had lingered for nearly three hours, when the approach of death became rapid and decided. "Doctor," he said to his chaplain, "I have not been a great sinner, and, thank God, I have done my duty!"

Then, as if asking a question and seeking consolation, he repeated with sorrowful pathos, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner?" And when the doctor was too deeply affected to reply immediately, "Have I?" he eagerly interrogated. In a final access of pain he cried aloud and impressively, "Thank God, I have done my duty! Thank God, I have done my duty!" These were his last words. Consciousness seemed afterwards to leave him, and he gradually passed away like one who falls slowly into a profound sleep.

Nelson was dead.

In a few words we may indicate the completeness of the victory which was thus solemnly consecrated by the great seaman's blood. Twenty of the French and Spanish men-of-war surrendered; and of those that escaped the destruction of Trafalgar, four were captured on the 6th of November by Sir Richard Strachan. The navies of France and Spain never recovered during the war from this heavy blow, which cast adrift all Napoleon's schemes of an invasion of England, and assured to the British an undisputed maritime ascendancy.

MOURNING FOR THE "MASTER OF THE SEA."

"We have lost more than we have gained!" said George III., when the two-fold intelligence reached him of the victory of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson. And this was the feeling of the British people, with whom the "hero of the Nile" had always been an idol. They forgot his minor defects of character, and remembered only that he was a great seaman, the greatest, perhaps, the world had ever produced, the one man who brought to bear upon war at sea a genius as brilliant as that which Marlborough and Wellington displayed in military operations. Lord Malmesbury writes, "I never saw so little public joy. The illuminations seemed dim, and, as it were, half-clouded by the desire of expressing the mixture of contending feelings, every common person in the streets speaking first of their sorrow for him, and then of the victory."

The day of the hero's funeral—January 9th, when through streets

crowded with saddened and weeping spectators the procession passed on to St. Paul's—was a day of such general and profound grief as England has seldom known. To this feeling one of the minor singers gave expression in verse which emotion rises above the ordinary level :

“ To thy country thou com'st back,
 Thou conqueror, to triumphal Albion cam'st
 A corse. I saw before thy hearse pass on
 The comrades of thy perils and renown.
 The frequent tear upon their dauntless breasts
 Fell. I beheld the pomp thick gathered round
 The trophied car that bore thy graced remains
 Through armed ranks, and a nation gazing on.
 Bright glowed the sun, and not a cloud disdained
 Heaven's arch of gold, but all was gloom beneath.
 A holy and unutterable pang
 Thrilled on the soul. Awe and mute anguish fell
 On all. Yet high the public bosom throbbed
 With triumph.”

STRONG AND ORIGINAL GENIUS.

It has been well said of Nelson that, in deed as in speech, he was intuitive and impetuous. His genius had a strong strain of originality ; it rebelled against tradition and conventionalities ; it spurned professional restraints as hotly as it levelled its attacks against the foe. It was a bold, daring, independent genius, which no danger could daunt and no responsibility intimidate. At the fight off Cape St. Vincent, without waiting for orders, Nelson seized the moment of victory, darted out of the line, and swooped down on the enemy like an eagle. At Copenhagen he absolutely ignored Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall. And he was justified in doing this by his confidence in his power to do great things.

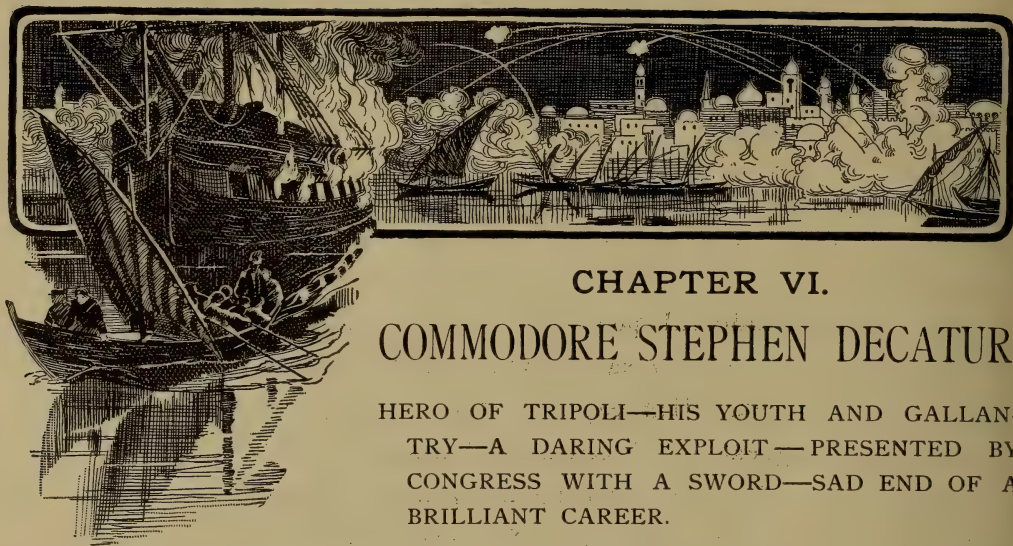
All his sayings were in keeping with his fiery, romantic, invincible spirit—the spirit of one of Plutarch's heroes, or rather, perhaps, of one of the Paladins of chivalrous legend. “ When in doubt, fight ! ” he said to young Lord Cochrane, afterwards a naval commander of no ordinary distinction. “ Victory or Westminster Abbey ! ” “ Laurel or

cypress !” “ England expects every man to do his duty !” His hatred of the French was like that of the Crusader of old against the Moham-medan ; it was almost a religion. It lent a fierce defiant glow to his patriotism, and responded to the sympathies of a people then engaged in a war for very existence with an aggressive, tyrannical, and Napoleonic France.

He had a wonderful power of inspiring affection and confidence ; here was not an English sailor who would not have followed blithely wherever Nelson led. His capacity for command was unbounded ; his seamanship was great ; his tactical skill unequalled. The completeness of his victories is the most striking thing about them ; he did something more than defeat the enemy’s fleet, he destroyed it.

Yet it must in truth be said that Nelson’s victories were no more complete than Admiral Dewey’s at Manila, or that of our North Atlantic squadron at Santiago. Nor were they more destructive to the enemy than the assaults of Farragut during our Civil War. The genius and daring of these great naval heroes will never be eclipsed even by the fame of Nelson, of whom Tennyson wrote :

“ Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.”



CHAPTER VI.

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR.

HERO OF TRIPOLI—HIS YOUTH AND GALLANTRY—A DARING EXPLOIT—PRESENTED BY CONGRESS WITH A SWORD—SAD END OF A BRILLIANT CAREER.

Away back in the early part of the nineteenth century we had great naval commanders. One of these was Stephen Decatur. Commodore Decatur came of a seafaring stock. The love of the waves was inherited from his father, who was a prominent naval man. When eight years of age young Decatur made his first voyage under his father's care, and it is said that even at this early period he determined to follow the footsteps of his sire. Through the aid of Commodore Barry, on April 30, 1796, he obtained a warrant as midshipman, and was placed on board of the frigate *United States*. At that time he was only nineteen years of age; a handsome boy, well formed, courageous, graceful and attractive.

Decatur labored hard to make himself master of his profession, and he soon became a skilful officer, competent to command and direct, and worthy of extreme respect. His superior officers soon recognized his ability and exceptional merits.

He became a famous naval hero in our little Tripolitan war. At the beginning of the century there were many American vessels upon the seas, carrying goods to all parts of the world; and they had to share the fate of the ships of other nations from the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea. For several of the Mohammedan States upon the northern shore of Africa—Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco—made a

business of robbing all the passing merchant vessels they could catch, unless they were well paid for letting them alone.

After the Americans had made peace with England they began to think about the right of paying robbers to let them alone. So, in 1803, when Tripoli asked for a larger sum than usual, it was refused. Of course, the angry little State began at once to capture our vessels, thinking to bring us to terms. But still President Jefferson refused, and, instead of the money, he sent out the little American navy of gunboats. Among the other officers was Stephen Decatur, then first lieutenant on board the *Argus*. He was only about twenty-three years old, but he had been in the navy four years and had already become known as a brave and skilful officer, with a talent for managing men as well as ships.

EMBARKS IN A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

After the little squadron had been in the Mediterranean for some time, one of the vessels, the *Philadelphia*, in some way, got aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and was captured. Decatur asked permission of the commander, Commodore Preble, to try to get her back. This, the chief said, could not be done, but after awhile he told Decatur that he might go and burn the frigate so that the Tripolitans could never use her. The lieutenant set about the task at once.

The *Intrepid*, a small boat, was made ready, twenty men were picked out of the squadron's crew, and, one calm, dark night, under Decatur's command, the party set out on their perilous errand.

The *Philadelphia* was a good-sized frigate, carrying forty guns, and now she was surrounded with other gunboats and batteries, ready to fire on the Americans at any moment. Decatur managed to enter the harbor and get alongside of the *Philadelphia* before the Tripolitans knew that the peaceable-looking little vessel was manned by the hated "Americanoes." Then they raised a great cry and rushed on deck, but it was too late. Decatur and his men were on board, with drawn swords. The frightened men of Tripoli were in too great a panic to fight, so in five minutes the deck was cleared, and before they regained their senses the ship was in

flames from stem to stern and the Intrepid was gliding safely out of the harbor.

For this gallant deed, Decatur was made a captain and presented with a sword by Congress. More decided measures were soon taken against the power of the Mediterranean pirates. A land expedition attacked them on the easterly side, while the town was also bombarded,

from the harbor, and Decatur, with three American gunboats, had a desperate fight with nine of the enemy's vessels. He succeeded in capturing two of them, by a close and sharp conflict. Just after the first one was taken, he heard that his



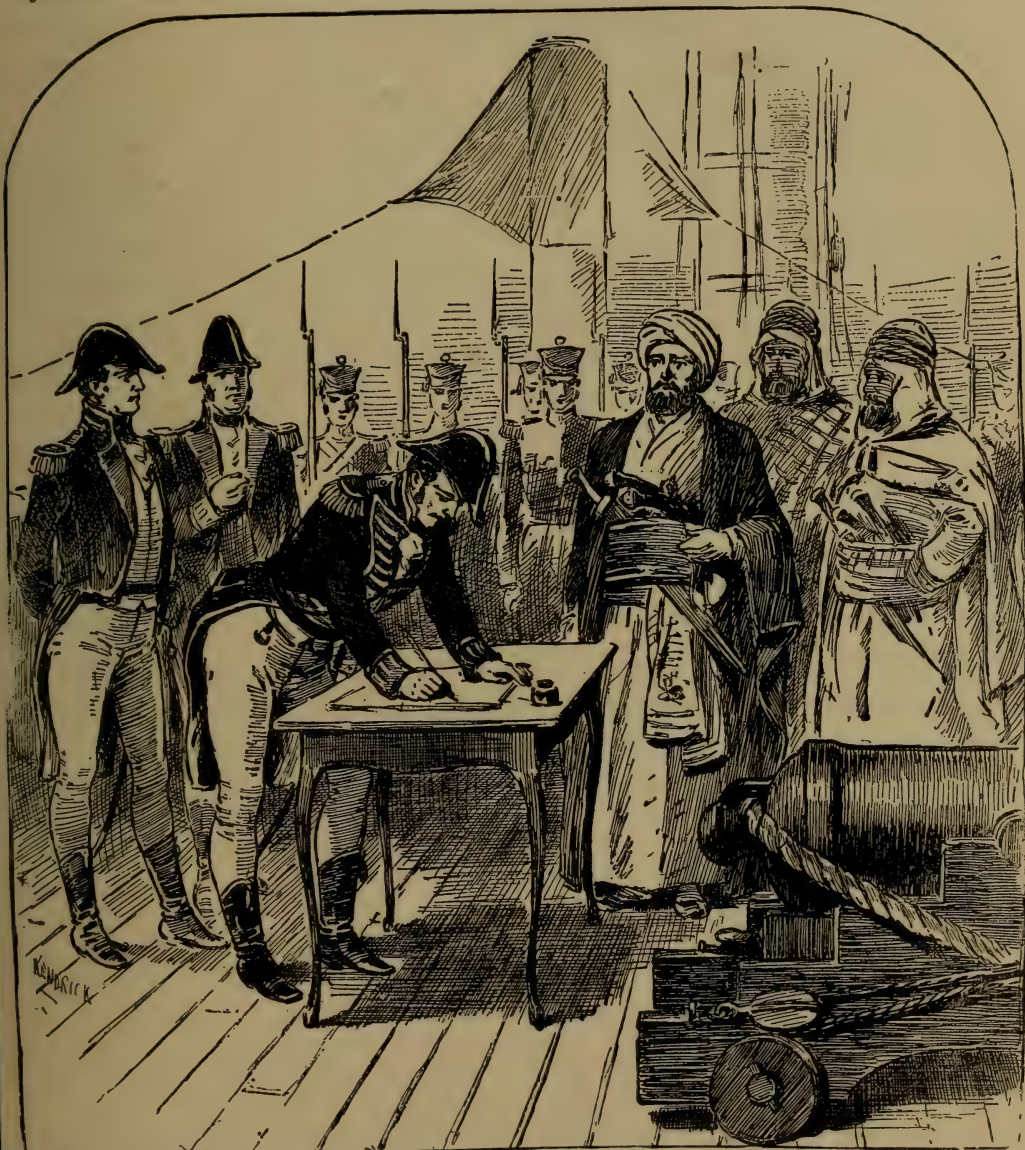
COMMODORE DECATUR.

brother, James Decatur, had boarded another ship whose commander had pretended to surrender, and had been treacherously slain by the enemy.

Calling to his men to follow, he rushed on board of the murderer's vessel, seizing the treacherous commander, and killed him in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. Decatur's men, following close upon him, had surrounded him in the fight and beaten back the Tripolitans that tried to force their way to the relief of their chief. One, more successful than the others in eluding the Americans' swords, was just aiming a fatal blow at Decatur, when one of his followers, who had lost the use of both arms, rushed up and received the blow intended for Decatur on his own head.

Several attacks were now made upon Tripoli by Commodore Preble, in each of which Decatur took an active part. His name, it is said,

became a terror all along the Barbary coast, and helped to frighten the Bey or chief of the State into making peace the next year, when he heard



DECATUR AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

that he was coming to attack him again as one of the leading commanders of a still larger force than Preble's.

While our government was busy with England, in the war of 1812,

the Dey of Algiers—seeming not to think of how affairs between America and his neighbors of Tunis and Tripoli had ended—employed some of his ships in seizing our merchant vessels and holding Americans in slavery ; but he did not keep it up long after the Great Britain affairs were settled. Three months after Decatur returned to New York from Bermuda, he was at the head of a squadron bound for Algeria. In a month he passed the straits of Gibraltar, and captured two of the Algerine squadron. He then pushed on to the State and soon convinced the Dey that the best thing he could do would be to immediately sign a treaty promising never more to molest American ships again, and to restore at once all the Americans he held captives.

OUR NAVAL POWER A SURPRISE.

The work accomplished by Decatur caused the whole of Europe to respect the naval power of the United States. They had done what none of the old navies dared to attempt. They had put a stop to the piracies of the Barbary States, and were the means of freeing the ships of Europe as well as of America from their robberies and from the heavy taxes they had demanded from all nations for many years.

During the seven years of peace that followed the Tripolitan wars, Commodore Decatur was put in command of a squadron in the Chesapeake Bay, and a little later of the frigate Chesapeake. And then, although he was but 28 years old, he received the rank and title of commander of the navy.

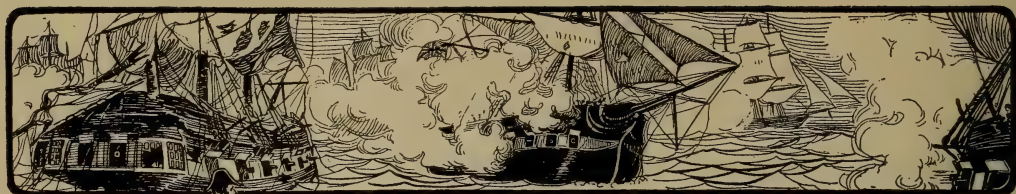
When the War of 1812 broke out, he was guarding the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and his first act after the outbreak was to capture the English frigate, Macedonia, for which act Congress voted him a gold medal.

After the War of 1812, Commodore Decatur held the office of navy commissioner for five years, until his death, which occurred in a duel with Commodore Barron. It had once been Decatur's duty, as a member of court martial, to try Commodore Barron for misconduct, and from that day Barron imagined that Decatur was his personal enemy, and insisted

upon challenging him to a duel, a challenge which, in those days, no man considered it honorable to decline. And thus it was that Commodore Decatur ended his brilliant career on the 22d of March, 1820. Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, January 5, 1779.

His name will always hold high rank among the heroes of our navy, of whom there are many that have distinguished themselves. Although we are not what would be called a maritime people, and make no boast of ruling the sea, yet whenever the emergency has been presented, our sailors have proved that they were masters of the situation. Let the country be grateful to them. The men who "go down to the sea in ships" and brave not only the dangers of the deep, but the added dangers of battle with a formidable foe, should be honored and rewarded by their countrymen.

All the honors bestowed on Decatur were but poor compensation to a man who, one might almost say, sailed round the world in search of death. Or, if not seeking death, he was prepared for it whenever demanded in the path of duty. And finally, not only was his death lamented, but especially the barbaric manner in which it occurred. Fortunately, public sentiment concerning dueling has changed, and the man who gives the challenge is now considered the coward.



CHAPTER VII.

COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

HERO OF LAKE ERIE—BORN TO BE A SAILOR—
EXTRAORDINARY VALOR IN BATTLE—FORE-
MOST RANK IN THE GALLERY OF GREAT COM-
MANDERS—GRAPHIC STORY OF HIS EXPLOITS.

The temples reared to their deities by the pious inhabitants of Greece and Rome, and even the temple erected and devoted to Jehovah by Solomon have been razed to their foundations ; but the memories of their patriotic warriors still live in the minds, not only of their countrymen, but of all civilized men The martial deeds of Leonidas and Alexander, of Cincinnatus and Scipio, of the Maccabees and their like have outlasted the granite and the marble, the silver and the bronze. The United States, brief as has been her existence as a nation, has not lacked martial spirits to carry our beautiful banner into the fiercest frays, and in no battles have finer traits of valor been displayed than in our naval wars.

Among our foremost naval heroes may well be rated Oliver Hazard Perry. He was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1785.

At thirteen, when his father retired to Westerly, a small village, Oliver could boast of being exceedingly well educated for one of his few years. He was an inveterate reader—fortunately of the best class of books, by which his mind was expanded, while his morals were improved. He, however, did not settle down into a demure boy ; he was as fond of innocent sport as any of his companions, and freely participated in all that was going on among his boyish associates, particularly in rowing and sailing. But this love of sport did not make Oliver indifferent to the future. On the contrary, the future hero was deeply thinking about

his future profession. His mother's ancestors had many of them been engaged in warlike deeds, and her animated recitals of the battles in which they had figured had filled the lad's soul with longings to participate in similar adventures.

As he was scarcely ever out of sight of the sea in daylight, a person of his active habits and fearless disposition naturally desired to be a sailor, while his father's eminence as a nautical man put it in his way to enter the navy. At Newport, in 1806, at a social entertainment, Oliver, now a lieutenant in the navy, first became acquainted with the young lady whom he afterwards married. Miss Elizabeth Champlin Mason was only sixteen, but already she displayed much of the beauty, talent, and many other admirable qualities which afterwards characterized her through life.

About this time Perry was associated with his friend, Lieutenant Samuel G. Blodgett, to attend to the building of seventeen gunboats at Newport. This marks the high opinion already entertained at Washington of his abilities and reliableness. In June of 1807, Perry proceeded to New York with his fleet of gunboats, but not before he had been accepted by Miss Mason as her lover.

DIRECTED TO BUILD FLOTILLA FOR GOVERNMENT.

So well satisfied was the government with Lieutenant Perry's management of the gunboat building at Newport, that they forthwith ordered him to begin the construction of a flotilla of similar vessels at Westerly. This employment lasted until April, 1809, when the construction was finished. During a visit to Washington, Perry obtained a year's leave of absence, and availed himself of that honorable leisure to make Miss Mason his wife.

While the brave officer and his young wife were enjoying themselves on their wedding tour, the probabilities of trouble with England daily increased. The British cruisers continued to overhaul and search American vessels, even in our own waters, seizing seamen under various pretexts, frequently alleging that they were English deserters. Not only

were the outrages most illegal, but they were generally accompanied with aggravating insolence or downright brutality.

Toward the close of the year, Perry endeavored again to get into active service, not only engaging the offices of influential friends, but addressing the Secretary of the Navy personally, thus :

OFFERED SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY.

"I have instructed my friend, Mr. W. S. Rodgers, to wait on you with a tender of my services for the Lakes. There are fifty or sixty men under my command that are remarkably active and strong, capable of performing any service. In the hope that I should have the honor of commanding them whenever they should meet the enemy, I have taken unwearied pains in preparing them for such an event. I beg, therefore, sir, that we may be employed in some way in which we can be serviceable to our country."

On February 1st, 1813, Perry received a communication that greatly cheered him. Commodore Chauncey, in reply to a letter of his, said that he had urged the Secretary to order him to the Lakes. This letter conveyed a high compliment from the commodore. "You are the very person that I want for a particular service, in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country."

He was to be given command of the fleet which it was determined to organize on the waters of Lake Erie. Accordingly, Perry was directed to proceed with all due haste to the lake, taking with him a detachment of his best sailors from Newport. Two powerful brigs were to be built, and launched on the lake. "You will, doubtless, command in chief. This is the situation Mr. Hamilton mentioned to me two months past, and which, I think, will suit you exactly ; you may expect some warm fighting, and, of course, a portion of honor." So wrote his friend Rodgers.

On the auspicious 22d of February, Capt. Perry started for Sackett's Harbor. It was a difficult, disagreeable, and even hazardous journey. At the very outset, a violent tempest met him in crossing to Narragan-

sett. But difficulties inspired instead of daunting him. He spent but a few hours taking leave of his family—as it seemed, possibly forever. He had for companion his brother Alexander, a boy of twelve; they traveled in an open sleigh a great part of the route.

The interval between Perry's arrival at Sackett's Harbor and the 4th of September was spent by the vigilant and painstaking officer in a series of operations as important, if not as brilliant to read of, as winning battles. He had to be continually urging lagging officials to forward supplies and men. More particularly was he deficient in medical men and officers, both commissioned and warrant. It must be remembered that he had to meet a squadron of the British navy, and that that Power had just come out of a series of naval wars in which their officers had had a practical education in maritime fighting, in which the greatest navies of the old world had been completely annihilated. The English sailors were mostly veterans, trained to the use of large and small guns, while the marines proper have always been deservedly classed as the flower of their country's infantry.

LEADER OF AN IMPORTANT EXPEDITION.

With us, on the contrary, the few officers that survived from our small wars on the Mediterranean pirates had been honorably dismissed from the navy, and had obtained situations in mercantile service, and were scattered in sailing vessels over distant seas. Our marine corps scarcely amounted to a corporal's guard to every vessel. As we had no navy yards like England's, France's, or even Sweden's, in which millions upon millions of dollars' worth of timber, canvas, cordage, chains, anchors, guns and such necessary munitions had been accumulating for decades of years, it fell to Perry's lot to be builder, provider, purveyor, and even paymaster for the whole expedition.

Meanwhile General Harrison, commanding the Western levies, was impatiently urging the young naval officer to break the British power on the Lakes, and thus afford his army an opportunity to commence active operations against the common enemy. It was about this time

that Perry obtained reliable news as to the strength of the British squadron under Captain Robert H. Barclay :

“The Detroit, of five hundred tons and nineteen guns, all long, except two twenty-four pound carronades ; the ship Queen Charlotte, of four hundred tons and seventeen guns, three of them being long guns, the Detroit and Queen Charlotte having each one of the long guns on a pivot ; the schooner Lady Prevost, of two hundred and thirty tons and thirteen guns, three being long guns ; the brig Hunter, of one hundred and eighty tons and ten guns ; the sloop Little Belt, of one hundred tons and three guns, two long twelves and one long eighteen, and the schooner Chippeway, of one hundred tons, mounting one long eighteen, making in all sixty-three guns, thirty-five of which were long.”

PITTED AGAINST A VETERAN OFFICER.

Captain Barclay was one of Nelson's officers at Trafalgar, and was badly wounded in that battle ; he was known to be skilful, courageous, and ambitious of honorable renown. The officers under him were of approved capacity and courage. By official report his crews consisted of four hundred and seventy sailors and marines. Add the officers, and the count stood at full five hundred men.

The fleet under Oliver Hazard Perry consisted mainly of vessels of less than five hundred tons ; the Lawrence and Niagara were the only ships that exceeded that tonnage, and consequently could not be rated as men-of-war. The bulk of the American squadron were weakly built and had not even bulwarks of any strength. Their principal armament was long guns. The brigs mounted each twenty guns, two long twelves and eighteen thirty-two pound carronades. It was only by forcing the fighting and coming quickly to close quarters that these could be made to tell. Captain J. D. Elliott commanded the Niagara. The other officers were excellent seamen and of unquestioned courage, but they were mere tyros as naval officers. The whole force, in officers and men, of our squadron amounted to four hundred and ninety ; of these, one hundred and sixteen were on the sick lists of the different vessels on the

morning of the action, seventy-eight cases being of bilious fever. In tonnage, guns and men, the British force outnumbered ours.

Just previous to the 10th of September, Perry became satisfied that Barclay intended to give battle. Accordingly he summoned his officers to meet him on the quarter-deck of his ship, the *Lawrence*, and furnished them each with their corrected instructions—we quote from Mackenzie's spirited recital—and he further explained to them verbally his views with regard to whatever contingency might occur. He now produced a battle-flag, which he had caused to be privately prepared by Mr. Hambleton before leaving Erie, and the hoisting of which to the main royal mast of the *Lawrence* was to be his signal for action—a blue flag, bearing in large white letters, “Don't give up the ship!” the dying words of the hero whose name she bore.

When about to withdraw, he stated to them his intention to bring the enemy from the first to close quarters, in order not to lose by the short range of his carronades, and the last emphatic injunction with which he dismissed them was that he could not, in case of difficulty, advise them better than in the words of Lord Nelson, “If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place!”

On the 10th of September, Barclay's fleet was observed coming towards ours. After some very delicate evolutions, Perry told his sailing-master to lead in a certain direction. The officer showed that such a plan had its disadvantages. “I care not,” said Perry, “let to leeward or to windward! they shall fight to-day.”

The *Lawrence* was ready for action by ten o'clock, when the enemy hove to in line of battle on the larboard tack, advancing at about three



COMMODORE PERRY.

knots an hour. The weather was glorious, and the British vessels, with their royal ensigns and newly-painted hulls glistening in the bright sunshine, formed a magnificent spectacle. - Never had two braver fleets contended for the mastery.

Controversialists have sought to diminish the skill and bravery of either of the officers and men ; but the gallant heroes who had done all the fighting did but little of the writing.

The English commander had arranged his fleet with the Chippeway, of one long eighteen pivot, leading ; the Detroit, of nineteen guns, next ; the Hunter, of nineteen guns, third ; the Queen Charlotte, seventeen guns, fourth ; the Lady Prevost, of thirteen guns, fifth ; and the Little Belt, of three guns, last.

IN LINE OF BATTLE AND EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

Captain Perry, passing ahead of the Niagara, got into position to match the Detroit, placing the Scorpion, of two long guns, ahead, and the Ariel, of four short twelves, on his weather bow, where, with her light battery, she might be partially under cover. The Caledonia, of three long twenty-fours, came next, to encounter the Hunter ; the Niagara next, so as to be opposite her designated antagonist, the Queen Charlotte ; and the Somers, of two long thirty-twos, the Porcupine, of one long thirty-two, Tigress, of one long twenty-four, and Trippe, of one long thirty-two, in succession towards the rear, to encounter the Lady Prevost and Little Belt.

The line being formed, Perry now bore up for the enemy, distant, at ten o'clock, about six miles. He now produced the lettered burgee which he had exhibited as the concerted signal for battle. Having unfurled it, he mounted on a gun-slide, and, calling his crew about him, thus briefly addressed them : "My brave lads ! this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence ! Shall I hoist it ?" "Ay, ay, sir !" resounded from every voice in the ship, and the flag was briskly swayed to the main-royal masthead of the Lawrence. The answer was given by three such rousing cheers as few but American sailors know how to give.

Slowly but steadily our fleet went on in the direction of the leading line of the foe, the leading vessels under reefed sails, but the remainder having every yard of canvas set that could possibly draw. No preparations remained to make at this hour.

Captain Perry, now having made all right in reference to his public duties, seized a few moments to attend to his private matters, giving instructions what was to be done provided he fell in the approaching action. All official papers were prepared with sinkers, to be thrown overboard, while he destroyed all his private documents. "It appeared," says Mr. Hambleton, "to go hard with him to part with his wife's letters. After giving them a hasty reading he tore them to ribbons, observing that, let what would happen, the enemy should not read them, and closed by remarking, 'This is the most important day of my life.'"

A thrilling bugle blast from the Detroit rang over the waters, and was followed by vehement cheering from the British sailors.

SIGNALS GIVEN FOR THE BATTLE.

It was now within a few minutes of noon, the Detroit having reached within between one and two miles of our leading vessel. The Detroit began the fight by sending a round shot at the Lawrence. It, however, fell short of its mark. The proper signals were now flown for every ship to engage her designated antagonist. The Ariel, Scorpion, Lawrence and Caledonia were in their proper stations, in the rotation given, distant from each other less than a cable's length. Some distance astern the other vessels were drawing into action.

In a few moments the Detroit's second shot came hurtling over the waves, striking the Lawrence and tearing through the bulwarks. Instantly the long guns of the British squadron sent their shot in the direction of the American ships, some of them missing, but some carrying death in their train. Just at noon the Lawrence was suffering from the severe fire of the British, which she returned from her twelve-pounder. Perry now, by speaking trumpet, ordered the Caledonia and the Niagara to discharge their long guns. The vessels still further

astern also commenced cannonading, but they were too far off to do any material injury.

The *Lawrence* was at a great disadvantage in fighting the *Detroit*, as this latter vessel was armed almost entirely with long guns, while Perry had to depend almost entirely on the carronades. For this reason Perry was impatient for his own ship and his consorts to close with all possible haste. Elliott, of the *Niagara*, received and transmitted the order to the line, but for some inexplicable reason he did not apply the order to his own conduct, but held off, occasionally discharging shots from her twelve-pounder, without damaging the enemy.

MURDEROUS FIRE BY A WHOLE BATTERY.

The *Lawrence* kept firing on toward the British line, every moment receiving shot in her hull and spars. Trying the experiment, he found that his shot fell short, so he ceased firing until quarter past noon ; then he let fly his entire starboard broadside when he was less than four hundred yards away. Then, as he neared the *Detroit*, he discharged a quick and murderous fire into her. The *Lawrence*, however, had meanwhile been terribly riddled by the *Detroit* and her sister craft. But now the action was continued by her with augmented fury, and, notwithstanding the overpowering odds with which she was assailed, the whole battery of the enemy, amounting, in all, to thirty-four guns, being almost entirely directly against her, she continued to assail the enemy with steady and unwavering effort.

In this unequal contest she was sustained by the *Scorpion* and *Ariel* on her weather bow. The commander of the *Caledonia*, animated by the same gallant spirit and sense of duty, followed the *Lawrence* into action, and closed with her antagonist, the *Hunter* ; but the *Niagara* had not made sail when the *Lawrence* did, but got embarrassed with the *Caledonia*. One of the British vessels, in the smoke, had closed up behind the *Detroit*, and opened her fire at closer quarters upon the *Lawrence*. In this unequal contest the *Lawrence* continued to struggle desperately against such overpowering numbers.

The first division of the starboard guns was directed against the Detroit, and the second against the Queen Charlotte, with an occasional shot from her after-gun at the Hunter, which lay on her quarter, and with which the Caledonia continued to sustain a hot though unequal engagement. The Scorpion and Ariel, from their stations on the weather bow of the Lawrence, made every effort that their inconsiderable force allowed. The smaller vessels away in the stern of Perry's line were far too distant to be of any service. The will was not wanting, but the ability was not there. Terrific as were the odds against the Lawrence, being in the ratio of thirty-four guns to her ten in battery, she continued, with the aid of the Scorpion, Ariel and Caledonia, to sustain the contest for more than two hours with great bravery.

ALMOST A COMPLETE WRECK.

At this time, however, her rigging had been much shot away, and was hanging down or towing overboard; sails torn to pieces, spars splintered and falling upon deck, braces and bowlines cut, so as to render it impossible to trim the yards or keep the vessel under control. Such was the condition of the vessel aloft; on deck the destruction was even more terrible. One by one the guns were dismantled until only one remained that could be fired; the bulwarks were riddled by round shot passing completely through. The slaughter was dreadful.

All this while Perry continued to keep up a fire from his single remaining carronade, though to man it he was obliged to send repeated requests to the surgeon to spare him another hand from those engaged in removing the wounded, until the last had been taken. It is recorded by the surgeon that when these messages arrived, several of the wounded crawled upon deck to lend a feeble aid at the guns.

The conduct of Perry throughout this trying scene was well calculated to inspire the most unbounded confidence in his followers, and to sustain throughout their courage and enthusiasm. When a gap would occasionally be made among a gun's crew by a single round shot or a stand of grape or canister, the survivors would for a moment turn to

Perry, exchange a glance with him, and step to fill the place of their comrades.

In the hottest of the fight, Yarnall, the first lieutenant, came to Perry and told him that the officers in the first division under his command were all killed or disabled. Perry sent him the required aid ; but soon after he returned with the same complaint of a destruction of his officers, to which he replied : "You must endeavor to make out by yourself ; I have no more to furnish you."

GALLANT LIEUTENANT STRUCK DOWN BY A SHOT.

We may give another incident to show the carnage which occurred on the deck of the *Lawrence*, and the destruction by which her commander was so closely surrounded. The command of the marines of the *Lawrence* was intrusted to Lieutenant John Brooks, a gay, amiable, and intelligent young officer, whose numerous good qualities were enhanced in their effects by the rarest personal beauty. He was addressing Perry with a smile and in an animated tone, with regard to some urgent point of duty, when he was struck down by a shot. The terrible hurt made him utter an agonized cry, and he besought Perry to shoot him dead. He was tenderly taken below deck.

Little Midshipman Perry, then but twelve years old, had his clothes rent, and received more than one ball through his hat, when a part of a hammock was torn from its netting and dashed against the lad's side. As it luckily happened he was merely stunned, and the captain saw him again on duty in a few minutes.

The critical moment had now arrived which was to call out all the best qualities of a great commander. Nothing like it had ever occurred before in all the strange mutations of a naval action. When the last cannon of the *Lawrence* had been rendered unserviceable ; when but twenty persons, including his little brother and himself, were able even to make a show of being able-bodied, it became evident that some new measure must be resorted to. Heretofore, in such a case, there had been but one way : to strike the flag. And such a course could have been

honorably taken. But Perry was "made of sterner stuff," and his whole soul seemed imbued with Lawrence's noble motto, "Don't give up the ship."

He had striven with might and main to get his vessels built and launched; he had hurried his superiors into furnishing him with supplies and men; he had given General Harrison to hope that his squadron would strike a blow that would cut the Gordian knot by which the eager armies of the West were bound, as Samson by the green withes; he had evidently made up his mind that he would never be taken out of his ship unless he was sewed up in a hammock. Moments now were priceless, and Perry rapidly made up his mind what to do. The *Lawrence* was helplessly drifting, sailless and rudderless, when, as for a moment the smoke was blown away, he was able to take the bearings of his surroundings. Lieutenant Forrest called his attention to the queer way in which the *Niagara* was handled. She was well on the larboard beam of the *Lawrence*; the *Caledonia*, at the same time, was passing on the starboard beam, between the enemy and Perry's stricken ship. Forrest said plainly that the *Niagara* was evidently determined not to help them; as she seemed to carefully avoid coming into close action. "Then I must fetch her up," was Perry's sententious remark. And he quickly called his boat.

PERRY PUSHES OFF IN AN OPEN BOAT.

He was convinced that the *Niagara* was scarcely injured at all; and he vowed that the flag of his country should not be pulled down on any vessel that he was on board of. His reliable second was at once placed in command of what was now little more than a floating hulk. The boat was at the larboard gangway, the word was given, the oars took water, but ere they shoved off, Perry exclaimed, "If a victory is to be had, I'll have it!"

When Perry shoved off in the boat that bore "Caesar and his fortunes," it was just half past two. The *Niagara* was at that moment passing her larboard beam, some half mile away. The wind had increased, and she was quickly going away from the British fleet. Perry stood at

his full height, his breast charged with the grandeur of his design ; to take a fresh vessel, and dash back in the midst of the enemy, who had already deemed him whipped, and once again try conclusions with his stubborn adversary. Had not Perry been something more than merely a brave officer, the idea would never have occurred to him.

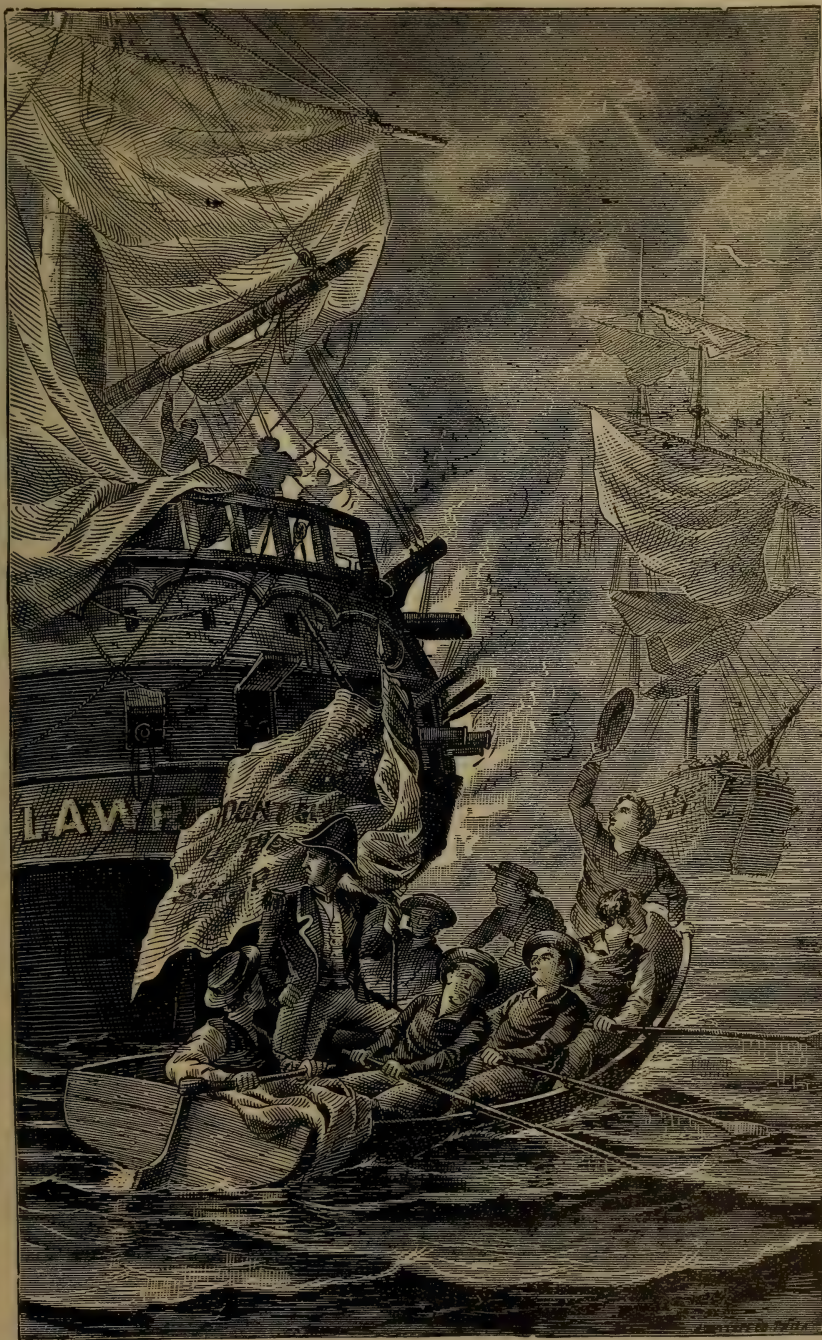
But, as we have seen, almost from his infancy he had been on the water. He had played on the rolling logs in the harbor before he ever had any experience in managing a skiff, and he had rowed and sailed in every sort of craft that could be kept afloat on the stormy, tide-vexed shores of Narragansett. So that it was second nature for him, for the nonce, to leap into a boat, and stand proudly erect in her. Nelson, it is said, used to get seasick in a gun-brig, so he certainly would never have thought of an admiral taking to a barge in the height of a furious battle.

STANDS ERECT IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

So it will be seen that it was almost providential that Perry possessed the qualifications that he owned. Quick as had been the captain's resolve and its execution, the enemy almost as quickly saw his design.

Great guns and musketry were rapidly sending their missiles, in the hope of sending the little boat to destruction. In vain Perry's crew begged of him to be seated, and it was only when they declared that they would not pull another stroke while he remained standing that he finally yielded. It hardly needs telling that the brave fellows, some wounded and dying, followed every movement of Perry and his brave crew as they made the desperate passage from ship to ship; and as they saw him step on the deck of the Niagara they saluted him with soul-fraught cheers.

As there was nothing to be gained by keeping the Lawrence a mere floating target for British guns, her few remaining officers held a brief consultation and resolved to surrender. As the colors fluttered down, their descent was saluted with cheers by the foe, who knew too well the stuff of which her gallant defenders were made. About this time young Brooks died, and Mr. Hambleton, the purser, volunteering to a post of danger,



COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

had his shoulder fearfully torn. He was working at the last gun that fired a shot.

The British had their hands too full in working out their own safety to give any further heed to the condition of the *Lawrence*. When Perry reached the deck of the *Niagara*, he was met at the gangway by Captain Elliott, who inquired how the day was going. Captain Perry replied, badly ; that he had lost almost all of his men, and that his ship was a wreck ; and asked what the gunboats were doing so far astern. Captain Elliott offered to go and bring them up ; and Captain Perry consenting, he sprang into the boat and went off on that duty.

LOUD CHEERS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Perry at once ordered that the *Niagara* should be prevented from escaping out of action. The top-gallant sails were set, and the signal for "close action" was given. As the pennants were seen, loud cheers resounded down the line. By great efforts Lieutenant Holdup Stevens, who had been astern of the line in the *Trippe*, soon closed up to the assistance of the *Caledonia*, and the remaining vessels approached rapidly, to take a more active part in the battle, under the influence of the increasing breeze.

The helm had been put up on board the *Niagara*, sail made, and the signal for close action hove out at forty-five minutes after two, the instant after Perry had boarded her. With the increased breeze, seven or eight minutes sufficed to traverse the distance of more than half a mile which still separated the *Niagara* from the enemy. The *Detroit* made an effort to wear, in order to present her starboard broadside to the *Niagara*, several of the larboard guns being disabled. As this evolution commenced on board the *Detroit*, the *Queen Charlotte* was running up under her lee. The evolution of wearing, which was not quickly enough done on board the *Queen*, resulted in the latter running her bowsprit and head-booms foul of the mizzen rigging of the *Detroit*.

The two British ships were thus foul of each other and they so remained, when the *Niagara*, shortening sail, went slowly under the bows

of the Detroit, within short pistol-shot, and sent a broadside into each vessel ; so that, entangled as they were, they received fearful showers of grape and canister. The sterns of the Little Belt and the Lady Prevost were treated to the same awful fire, while the marines, by their skilfully aimed shots, swept their decks. At this juncture the small vessels also came into close action to windward, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister ; their shot and that of the Niagara, whenever it missed its mark, passing the enemy and taking effect reciprocally on our own vessels, which were thus exposed to danger.

ENEMY'S SHIPS HAUL DOWN THEIR FLAGS.

All resistance now ceased ; an officer appeared on the taffrail of the Queen to signify that she had struck, and her example was immediately followed by the Detroit. Both vessels struck in about seven minutes after the Niagara opened this most destructive fire, and about fifteen minutes after Perry took command of her. The Hunter struck at the same time, as did the Lady Prevost, which lay to leeward under the guns of the Niagara. The battle had begun on the part of the enemy at a quarter before meridian ; at three the Queen Charlotte and Detroit surrendered, and all resistance was at an end. As the cannonade ceased and the smoke blew over, the two squadrons, now owning one master, were found completely mingled. Now a glorious yet sad time had come. The form of taking possession of the British captured ships was to be gone through with. When our boarding officer reached the Detroit, she was in a fearful state. Her bulwarks were in slivers, strong oak as they were ; the Lawrence's carronade shots were sticking in her sides. The deck looked like a veritable slaughter-house.

A grapeshot had lodged in Captain Barclay's thigh making a fearful wound. The brave man had been taken below when senseless, but on recovering consciousness he was carried on deck to see if resistance was hopeless. Then the Niagara threw in her fire, and a second grapeshot, passing through the right shoulder, fractured the blade to atoms.

The rest of the enemy's vessels were found to be also much cut to

pieces, especially the *Queen Charlotte*, which had lost her brave commander, Captain Finnis, very early in the action; her first lieutenant had been soon after mortally wounded, and the loss of life on board of her was very severe; she was also much cut to pieces both in hull and spars. The other vessels suffered in like proportion. The *Lady Prevost* had both her commander and first lieutenant wounded, and, besides other extensive injury, had become unmanageable from the loss of her rudder. Lieutenant Bignal, commanding the *Hunter*, and Campbell, the *Chipeway*, were also wounded, thus leaving only the commander of the *Little Belt* fit for duty at the close of the action.

Indeed, in the official account of Commodore Barclay, it is stated that every commander and every officer second in command was disabled. The total of killed and wounded rendered by Commodore Barclay in his official report was forty-one killed, including three officers, and ninety-four wounded, nine of whom were officers. The returns, on account of the condition of the commanders and their seconds in command, could not have been very complete, and the numbers of killed and wounded are believed to have been greater. The killed of the British squadron were thrown overboard as they fell, with the exception of the officers.

SCENES TO MAKE ONE SHUDDER.

On every side were to be seen objects calculated to harrow the most obdurate heart. And our own vessels were full of scenes that made the boldest shudder. Our whole fleet had lost twenty-seven brave men killed outright, while ninety-six had been wounded.

But the lamentation over the heroic victors and their worthy antagonist could not lessen the brilliancy of this splendid victory. The British were superior in almost every way: their vessels were larger, their guns heavier, their sailors better trained, and their marines were veterans; while the commander and many of his subaltern officers had been in many battles under the glance of "*Britannia's* god of war," as Byron styled Horatio Nelson. To the nautical skill, ready invention, and indomitable prowess of one man the victory was in great part due, and

that man had but just attained his twenty-seventh year; and strangest fact of all, he had never seen a naval battle! He had dashed boldly into action with the *Lawrence*, counting upon the support of those immediately around him, and trusting that the rear of his line would soon be able to close up to his support.

Passing from the *Lawrence* under the enemy's fire, saved from death, as if miraculously, by the protecting genius of his country, he reached the Niagara, and by an evolution unsurpassed for genius and hardihood, bore down upon the enemy, and dashed with his fresh and uninjured vessel through the enemy's line. It was thus that the battle of Lake Erie was won, not merely by the genius and inspiration, but eminently by the exertions of one man.

"MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS."

As soon as Perry had taken all precautions for securing his numerous prisoners and seeing to the comfort of the wounded, he lost no time in communicating the result of the battle to the expectant General Harrison. For this victory was of paramount importance to the furtherance of his plans. The great victory was announced in this brief way:

"DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with very great respect and esteem,

"O. H. PERRY."

To the Secretary of the Navy he also wrote at once. His despatch read as follows:

"U. S. Brig Niagara, off the Westernmost Sister, head of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.

"SIR: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"O. H. PERRY."

Not a solitary syllable of self-glorification. He tamely terms that a "sharp conflict" which bears comparison with any naval conflict ever

fought. The ships were as speedily as possible brought to anchor. So few were his guards that he had to take extra precautions to prevent a possibility of the prisoners rising during the night.

Perry, at the request of his officers, had hitherto worn a uniform round jacket; he now resumed his undress uniform, and, standing on the after part of the deck, received the officers of the different captured vessels as they came to tender the surrender of their vessels and their own submission as prisoners. At the head of them was an officer of the Forty-first Regiment, who acted as marine officer on board the *Detroit*, and was charged by Commodore Barclay with the delivery of his sword; he was in full dress. When they had approached, picking their way among the wreck and carnage of the deck, they held their swords with the hilts towards Perry, and tendered them to his acceptance. With a dignified and solemn air, the most remote possible from any betrayal of exultation, and in a low tone of voice, he requested them to retain their side-arms; inquired with deep concern for Commodore Barclay and the wounded officers, tendering to them every comfort his ship afforded, and expressing his regret that he had not a spare medical officer to send to them.

SAVED BY A WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

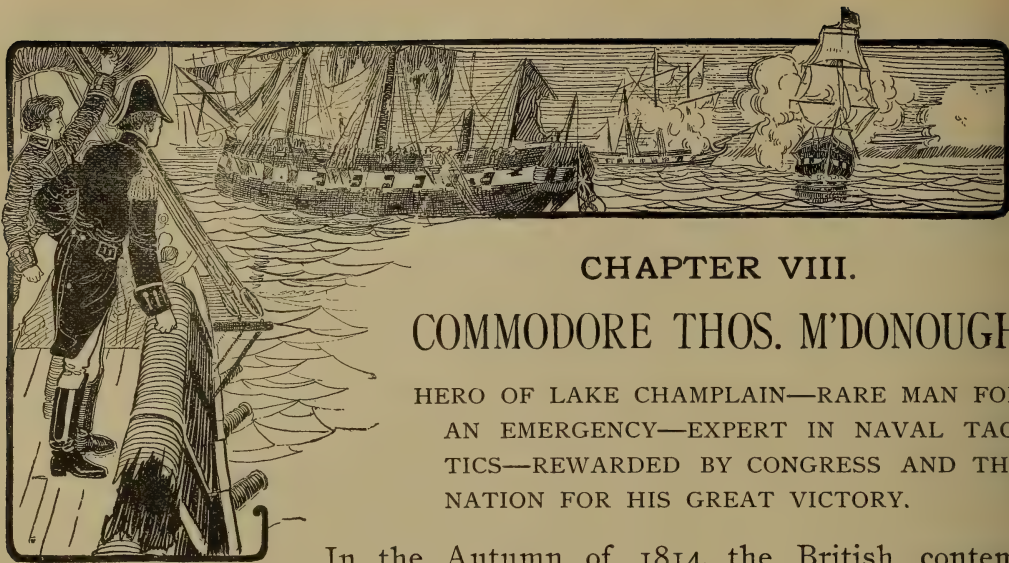
As it was impossible to reserve all the killed of the *Lawrence* for burial on shore, the seamen were buried at nightfall alongside, the able-bodied of the crew, so much less numerous than the killed, being assembled around to perform the last sad offices. His little brother, though he had received several musket-balls through his dress, had met with no injury, and was now dozing in his hammock. An allusion to these facts awakened the same sense of a controlling Providence which, in beginning his report, had led him to ascribe the victory to the pleasure of the Almighty. "I believe," he said, "that my wife's prayers have saved me."

For this brilliant victory Perry was made a captain and received from Congress a gold medal. In the Capitol at Washington, is a magnificent historic painting, which represents the hero of Lake Erie

passing in a small open boat from the Lawrence to the Niagara through the fiery storm of battle.

The personal appearance of Perry is thus described by one who was well acquainted with him: "He was lofty in stature, and of a most graceful contour. He was easy and measured in his movements, and calm in his air. His brow was full, massive and lofty, his features regular and elegant, and his eye full, dark and lustrous. His mouth was uncommonly handsome, and his teeth large, regular and very white. The prevailing expression of his countenance was mild, benignant and cheerful, and a smile of amiability, irresistibly pleasing, played in conversation about his lips. His whole air was expressive of health, freshness, comfort and contentment, bearing testimony to a life of temperance and moderation."

Perry died of yellow fever in the Island of Trinidad, in August 1819. At the proper time a national vessel was despatched to convey the remains to Newport, where a granite monument records his acts but cannot help to immortalize his fame.



CHAPTER VIII.

COMMODORE THOS. M'DONOUGH

HERO OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN—RARE MAN FOR AN EMERGENCY—EXPERT IN NAVAL TACTICS—REWARDED BY CONGRESS AND THE NATION FOR HIS GREAT VICTORY.

In the Autumn of 1814, the British contemplated an invasion of the northern and least populous counties of New York, with a large force, following the route laid down for General Burgoyne, in his unfortunate expedition of 1777. It was most probably intended to occupy a portion of the northern frontier, with the expectation of turning the circumstance to account in the pending negotiations, the English commissioners soon after advancing a claim to drive the Americans back from their ancient boundaries, with a view to leave Great Britain the entire possession of the lakes.

In such an expedition, the command of Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles, and offered many facilities for forwarding supplies, as well as for annoyance and defence. Until this season, neither nation had a force of any moment on the water, but the Americans had built a ship and a schooner, during the winter and spring ; and when it was found that the enemy was preparing for a serious effort, the keel of a brig was laid. Many galleys, or gunboats, were also constructed.

The American squadron lay in Otter Creek, at the commencement of the season ; and near the middle of May, as the vessels then launched were about to quit port, the enemy appeared off the mouth of the creek, with a force consisting of the Linnet brig, and eight or ten galleys, under the orders of Captain Pring, with a view to fill the channel. For this pur-

pose two sloops loaded with stones were in company. A small work had been thrown up at the mouth of the creek some time previously, by Captain Thornton of the artillery, and Lieutenant Cassin was despatched with a party of seamen, to aid that officer in defending the pass. After a cannonading of some duration, the enemy retired without effecting his object, and the vessels got out. In this affair, no one was hurt on the side of the Americans, although shells were thrown from one of the galleys.

On the other hand, the English were not idle. In addition to the small vessels they had possessed the previous year, they had built the brig just mentioned, or the Linnet, and as soon as the last American vessel was in frame, they laid the keel of the ship. By constructing the latter, a great advantage was secured, care being taken, as a matter of course, to make her of a size sufficient to be certain of possessing the greatest force. The American brig, which was called the Eagle, was launched about the middle of August; and the English ship, named the Confiance, on the 25th of the same month.



COMMODORE M'DONOUGH.

As the English army was already collecting on the frontier, the utmost exertions were made by both sides, and each appeared on the lake as he got ready. Captain M'Donough, who still commanded the American force, was enabled to get out a few days before his adversary; and cruising being almost out of the question on this long and narrow body of water, he advanced as far as Plattsburg, the point selected for the defence, and anchored, the 3d of September, on the flank of the troops which occupied the entrenchments at that place.

About this time, Sir George Prevost, the English commander-in-

chief, with a force that probably amounted to 12,000 men, advanced against Plattsburg, then held by Brigadier General Macomb at the head of only 1,500 effectives. A good deal of skirmishing ensued ; and from the 7th to the 11th, the enemy was employed in bringing up his battering train, stores, and reinforcements. Captain Downie, late of the Montreal, on Lake Ontario, had been sent by Sir James Yeo, to command on this lake, and render all possible aid to the infantry.

YOUNG OFFICER SEVERELY WOUNDED.

On the 6th, Captain M'Donough ordered the galleys to the head of the bay, to annoy the English army, and a cannonading occurred which lasted two hours. The wind coming on to blow a gale that menaced the galleys with shipwreck, Mr. Duncan, a midshipman of the Saratoga, was sent in a gig to order them to retire. It is supposed that the appearance of the boat induced the enemy to think that Captain M'Donough himself had joined his galleys ; for he concentrated a fire on the galley Mr. Duncan was in, and that young officer received a severe wound, by which he lost the use of his arm. Afterwards one of the galleys drifted in, under the guns of the enemy, and she also sustained some loss, but was eventually brought off.

Captain M'Donough had chosen an anchorage a little to the south of the outlet of the Saranac. His vessels lay in a line parallel to the coast, extending north and south, and distant from the western shore near two miles. The last vessel at the southward was so near the shoal, as to prevent the English from passing that end of the line, while all the ships lay so far out towards Cumberland Head, as to bring the enemy within reach of carronades, should he enter the bay on that side. The Eagle, Captain Henley, lay at the northern extremity of the American line, and what might, during the battle, have been called its head, the wind being at the northward and eastward ; the Saratoga, Captain M'Donough's own vessel, was second ; the Ticonderoga, Lieutenant Commandant Cassin, third ; and the Preble, Lieutenant Charles Budd, last. The Preble lay a little farther south than the pitch of Cumberland

Head. The first of these vessels just mentioned was a brig of 20 guns, and 150 men, all told ; the second a ship of 26 guns, and 212 men ; the third a schooner of 17 guns and 110 men ; the last a sloop, or cutter, of 7 guns and 30 men.

The galleys, on an average, had about 35 men each. The total force of the Americans present consisted, consequently, of 14 vessels, mounting 86 guns, and containing about 850 men, including officers and a small detachment of soldiers, who did duty as marines, none of the corps having been sent on Lake Champlain. To complete his order of battle, Captain M'Donough directed two of the galleys to keep in-shore of the Eagle, and a little to windward of her, to sustain the head of the line ; one or two more to lie opposite to the interval between the Eagle and Saratoga ; a few opposite to the interval between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga ; and two or three opposite the interval between the Ticonderoga and Preble. The Americans were, consequently, formed in two lines, distant from each other about 40 yards ; the large vessels at anchor, and the galleys under their sweeps, for the purpose of greater safety.

SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY.

The force of the enemy was materially greater than that of the Americans. The whole force of Captain Downie consisted of sixteen or seventeen vessels, as the case may have been, mounting in all ninety-five or ninety-six guns and carrying about 1000 men.

On the 3d of September the British gunboats sailed from Isle aux Noix under the orders of Captain Pring to cover the left flank of their army. On the 4th that officer took possession of Isle au Motte, where he constructed a battery and landed some supplies for the troops. On the 8th the four larger vessels arrived under Captain Downie, but remained at anchor until the 11th, waiting to receive some necessaries. At daylight on the morning just mentioned, the whole force weighed and moved forward in a body.

The guard-boat of the Americans pulled in shortly after the sun had risen and announced the approach of the enemy. As the wind was

fair, a good working breeze at the northward and eastward, Captain M'Donough ordered the vessels cleared and preparations made to fight at anchor. Eight bells were striking in the American squadron as the upper sails of the English vessels were seen passing along the land, in the main lake, on their way to double Cumberland Head. The enemy had the wind rather on his port quarter. The Finch led, succeeded by the Confiance, Linnet and Chubb; while the gunboats, all of which, as well as those of the Americans, had two latine sails, followed without much order, keeping just clear of the shore.

LINE OF BATTLE FORMED.

The first vessel that came round the Head was a sloop, which is said to have carried a company of amateurs, and which took no part in the engagement. She kept well to leeward, stood down towards Crab Island and was soon unobserved. The Finch came next, and soon after the other large vessels of the enemy opened from behind the land and hauled up to the wind in a line abreast, lying-to until their galleys could join. The latter passed to leeward and formed in the same manner as their consorts. The two squadrons were now in plain view of each other, distant about a league. As soon as the gunboats were in their stations, and the different commanders had received their orders, the English filled, with their starboard tacks aboard, and headed in towards the American vessels in a line abreast, the Chubb to windward and the Finch to leeward, most of the gunboats, however, being to leeward of the latter.

The movements of the Finch had been a little singular ever since she led round the Head, for she is said not to have hove-to, but to have run off half way to Crab Island with the wind abeam, then to have tacked and got into her station after the other vessels had filled. This movement was probably intended to reconnoitre or to menace the rear of the Americans. The enemy was now standing in, close-hauled, the Chubb looking well to windward of the Eagle, the vessel that lay at the head of the American line, the Linnet laying her course for the bows of the same brig, the Confiance intending to fetch far enough ahead of the Saratoga

to lay that ship athwart hawse, and the Finch, with the gunboats, standing for the Ticonderoga and Preble.

As a matter of course the Americans were anchored with springs. But not content with this customary arrangement, Captain M'Donough had laid a kedge (small anchor) broad off on each bow of the Saratoga, and brought their hawsers in upon the two quarters, letting them hang in loops under water. This timely precaution gained the victory.

LOUD CHEERS WHEN A ROOSTER CROWED.

As the enemy filled the American vessels sprung their broadsides to bear, and a few minutes were passed in the solemn and silent expectation that, in a disciplined ship, precedes a battle. Suddenly the Eagle discharged, in quick succession, her four long eighteens. In clearing the decks of the Saratoga some hen-coops were thrown overboard, and the poultry had been permitted to run at large. Startled by the reports of the guns a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings and crowed. At this animating sound the men spontaneously gave three cheers. This little occurrence relieved the usual breathing time between preparation and the combat, and it had a powerful influence on the known tendencies of the seamen.

Still Captain M'Donough did not give the order to commence, although the enemy's galleys now opened, for it was apparent that the fire of the Eagle, which vessel continued to shoot, was useless. As soon, however, as it was seen that her shot told, Captain M'Donough himself sighted a long twenty-four and the gun was fired. This shot is said to have struck the *Confiance* near the outer hawse-hole, and to have passed the length of her deck, killing and wounding several men and carrying away the wheel. It was a signal for all the American long guns to open, and it was soon seen that the English commanding ship, in particular, was suffering heavily. Still the enemy advanced, and in the most gallant manner, confident if he could get the desired position that the great weight of the *Confiance* would at once decide the fate of the day.

But he had miscalculated his own powers of endurance. The

anchors of the *Confiance* were hanging by the stoppers, in readiness to be let go, and the bower was soon cut away, as well as a spare anchor in the port fore-chains. In short, after bearing the fire of the American vessels as long as possible, and the wind beginning to baffle, Captain Downie found himself reduced to the necessity of anchoring while still at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the American line. The helm was put a-port, the ship shot into the wind, and a kedge was let go, while the vessel took a sheer and brought up with her starboard bower. In doing the latter, however, the kedge was fouled and became of no use.

POSITIONS OF CONTENDING SHIPS.

In coming to, the halyards were let run and the ship hauled up her courses. At this time the *Linnet* and *Chubb* were still standing in, farther to windward, and the former, as her guns bore, fired a broadside at the *Saratoga*. The *Linnet* soon after anchored, somewhat nearer than the *Confiance*, getting a very favorable position forward of the *Eagle's* beam. The *Chubb* kept under way, intending, if possible, to rake the American line. The *Finch* got abreast of the *Ticonderoga*, under her sweeps, supported by the gunboats.

The English vessels came to in very handsome style, nor did the *Confiance* fire a single gun until secured, although the American line was now engaged with all its force. As soon as Captain Downie had performed this duty, in a seamanlike manner, his ship appeared a sheet of fire, discharging all her guns at nearly the same instant, pointed principally at the *Saratoga*. The effect of this broadside was terrible in the little ship that received it. After the crash had subsided Captain M'Donough saw that nearly half his crew was on the deck, for many had been knocked down who sustained no real injuries.

It is supposed, however, that about forty men, or near one-fifth of her complement, were killed and wounded on board the *Saratoga* by this single discharge. The hatches had been fastened down, as usual, but the bodies so cumbered the deck that it was found necessary to remove the fastenings and to pass them below. The effect continued but a

moment, when the ship resumed her fire as gallantly as ever. Among the slain was Mr. Peter Gamble, the first lieutenant. By this early loss but one officer of that rank, acting Lieutenant Lavellette, was left in the *Saratoga*. Shortly after Captain Downie, the English commanding officer, fell also.

On the part of the principal vessels the battle now became a steady, animated, but, as guns were injured, a gradually decreasing cannonade. Still, the character of the battle was relieved by several little incidents that merit notice. The *Chubb*, while manœuvring near the head of the American line, received a broadside from the *Eagle* that crippled her, and she drifted down between the opposing vessels until near the *Saratoga*, which ship fired a shot into her and she immediately struck.

CONSIDERED A FAVORABLE OMEN.

Mr. Platt, one of the *Saratoga's* midshipmen, was sent with a boat to take possession. This young officer threw the prize a line and towed her down astern of the *Saratoga*, and in-shore, anchoring her near the mouth of the *Saranac*. This little success occurred within a quarter of an hour after the enemy had anchored, and was considered a favorable omen, though all well knew that on the *Confiance* alone depended the fate of the day. The *Chubb* had suffered materially, nearly half of her people having been killed and wounded.

About an hour later, the *Finch* was also driven out of her berth, by the *Ticonderoga*; and being crippled, she drifted down upon Crab Island Shoal, where, receiving a shot or two from the gun mounted in the battery, she struck, and was taken possession of by the invalids belonging to the hospital. At this end of the line, the British galleys early made several desperate efforts to close; and soon after the *Finch* had drifted away, they forced the *Preble* out of the American line, that vessel cutting her cable and shifting her anchorage to a station considerably in-shore, where she was of no more service throughout the day. The rear of the American line was certainly its weakest point; and having compelled the little *Preble* to retreat, the enemy's galleys were emboldened

to renew their efforts against the vessel ahead of her, which was the *Ticonderoga*. This schooner was better able to resist them, and she was very nobly fought.

Her spirited commander, Lieutenant Commandant Cassin, walked the taffrail where he could watch the movements of the enemy's galleys, amidst showers of canister and grape, directing discharges of bags of musket-balls, and other light missiles, effectually keeping the British at bay. Several times the English galleys, of which many were very gallantly fought, closed quite near, with an intent to board; but the great steadiness on board the *Ticonderoga* beat them back, and completely covered the rear of the line for the remainder of the day. So desperate were some of the assaults, notwithstanding, that the galleys have been described as several times getting nearly within a boathook's length of the schooner, and their people as rising from the sweeps in readiness to spring.

AMERICANS BADLY DAMAGED.

While these reverses and successes were occurring in the rear of the two lines, the Americans were suffering heavily at the other extremity. The *Linnet* had got a very commanding position, and she was admirably fought; while the *Eagle*, which received all her fire, and part of that of the *Confiance*, having lost her springs, found herself so situated, as not to be able to bring her guns fairly to bear on either of the enemy's vessels. Captain Henley had run his topsail-yards, with the sails stopped, to the mast-heads, previously to engaging, and he now cut his cable, sheeted home his topsails, cast the brig, and running down, anchored by the stern, between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*, necessarily a little in-shore of both. Here he opened afresh, and with better effect, on the *Confiance* and galleys, using his larboard guns. But this movement left the *Saratoga* exposed to nearly the whole fire of the *Linnet*, which brig now sprung her broadside in a manner to rake the American ship on her bows.

Shortly after this important change had occurred at the head of the lines, the fire of the two ships began materially to lessen, as gun after gun became disabled; the *Saratoga*, in particular, having had all her

long pieces rendered useless by shot, while most of the carronades were dismounted, either in the same manner, or in consequence of a disposition in the men to overcharge them. At length but a single carronade remained in the starboard batteries, and on firing it, the navel bolt broke, the gun flew off the carriage, and it actually fell down the main hatch. By this accident, the American commanding vessel was left in the middle of the battle, without a single available gun. Nothing remained^d but to make an immediate attempt to wind the ship.

MANEUVERING FOR ADVANTAGES.

The stream anchor suspended astern, was let go accordingly. The men then clapped on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and brought the ship's stern up over the kedge; but here she hung, there not being sufficient wind, or current, to force her bows round. A line had been bent to a bight in the stream cable, with a view to help wind the ship, and she now rode by the kedge and this line, with her stern under the raking broadside of the *Linnet*, which brig kept up a steady and well-directed fire. The port batteries having been manned and got ready, Captain M'Donough ordered all the men from the guns, where they were uselessly suffering, telling them to go forward.

By rowing on the line, the ship was at length got so far round that the aftermost gun would bear on the *Confiance*, when it was instantly manned, and began to play. The next gun was used in the same manner, but it was soon apparent that the ship could be got no farther round, for she was now nearly end-on to the wind. At this critical moment, Mr. Brum, the master, bethought him of the hawser that led to the larboard quarter. It was got forward under the bows, and passed aft to the starboard quarter, when the ship's stern was immediately sprung to the westward, so as to bring all her port guns to bear on the English ship, with fatal effect.

As soon as the preparations were made to wind the *Saratoga*, the *Confiance* attempted to perform the same evolution. Her springs were hauled on, but they merely forced the ship ahead, and having borne the

fresh broadside of the Americans, until she had scarcely a gun with which to return the fire, and failing in all her efforts to get round, about two hours and a quarter after the commencement of the action, her commanding officer lowered his flag. By hauling again upon the starboard hawser, the *Saratoga's* broadside was immediately sprung to bear on the *Linnet*, which brig struck about fifteen minutes after her consort.

The enemy's galleys had been driven back, nearly or quite half a mile, and they lay irregularly scattered, and setting to leeward, keeping up a desultory firing. As soon as they found that the large vessels had submitted, they ceased the combat, and lowered their colors. At this proud moment, it is believed, on authority entitled to the highest respect, there was not a single English ensign, out of sixteen or seventeen, that had so lately been flying, left abroad in the bay !

LAMENTABLE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.

In this long and bloody conflict, the *Saratoga* had twenty-eight men killed, and twenty-nine wounded, or more than a fourth of all on board her; the *Eagle* thirteen killed, and twenty wounded, which was sustaining a loss in nearly an equal proportion; the *Ticonderoga* six killed, and six wounded; the *Preble* two killed; while on board the ten galleys, only three were killed, and three wounded. The *Saratoga* was hulled fifty-five times, principally by twenty-four-pound shot; and the *Eagle*, thirty-nine times.

According to the report of Captain Pring, of the *Linnet*, dated on the 12th of September, the *Confiance* lost forty-one killed, and forty wounded. It was admitted, however, that no good opportunity had then existed to ascertain the casualties. At a later day, the English themselves enumerated her wounded at eighty-three. This would make the total loss of that ship 124; but even this number is supposed to be materially short of the truth. The *Linnet* is reported to have had ten killed, and fourteen wounded. This loss is also believed to be considerably below the fact. The *Chubb* had six killed, and ten wounded. The *Finch* was reported by the enemy to have had but two men wounded.

No American official report of the casualties in the English vessels has been published ; but by an estimate made on the best data that could be found, the Linnet was thought to have lost fifty men, and the two smaller vessels taken, about thirty between them. No account whatever has been published of the casualties on board the English galleys, though the slaughter in them is believed to have been very heavy.



SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

As soon as the Linnet struck, a lieutenant was sent to take possession of the *Confiance*. Bad as was the situation of the *Saratoga*, that of the prize was much worse. She had been hulled 105 times ; had probably near, if not quite, half her people killed and wounded ; and this formidable floating battery was reduced to helpless impotency.

As the boarding officer was passing along the deck of the prize, he

accidentally ran against a lock-string, and fired one of the *Confiance's* starboard guns. Up to this moment the English galleys had been slowly drifting to leeward, with their colors down, apparently waiting to be taken possession of; but at the discharge of this gun, which may have been understood as a signal, one or two of them began to move slowly off, and soon after the others followed, pulling but a very few sweeps. It is not known that one of them hoisted her ensign. Captain M'Donough made a signal for the American galleys to follow, but it was discovered that their men were wanted at the pumps of some of the larger vessels, to keep them from sinking, the water being found over the berth-deck of the *Linnet*, and the signal was revoked. As there was not a mast that would bear any canvas among all the larger vessels, the English galleys escaped, though they went off slowly and irregularly, as if distrusting their own liberty.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Captain M'Donough applauded the conduct of all the officers of the *Saratoga*. Mr. Gamble died at his post, fighting bravely; Mr. Lavallette, the only lieutenant left, displayed the cool discretion that marks the character of this highly respectable and firm officer, and Mr. Brum, the master, who was entrusted with the important duty of winding the ship, never lost his self-possession for an instant. Captain Henley praised the conduct of his officers, as did Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin. The galleys behaved very unequally; but the Borer, Mr. Conover; Netley, Mr. Breese; one under the orders of Mr. Robins, a master, and one or two more, were considered to have been very gallantly handled.

There was a common feeling of admiration at the manner in which the *Ticonderoga*, Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin, defended the rear of the line, and at the noble conduct of all on board her.

The *Saratoga* was twice on fire by hot shot thrown from the *Confiance*, her spanker having been nearly consumed. No battery from the American shore, with the exception of the gun or two fired at the *Finch* from Crab Island, took any part in the naval encounter; nor could any,

without endangering the American vessels equally with the enemy. Indeed the distance renders it questionable whether shot would have reached with effect, as Captain M'Donough had anchored far off the land, in order to compel the enemy to come within range of his short guns.

The Americans found a furnace on board the *Confiance*, with eight or ten heated shot in it, though the fact is not stated with any view to attribute it to the enemy as a fault. It was an advantage that he possessed, most probably in consequence of the presence of a party of artillerists, who had a share in the hot fight.

COMMANDER'S SPLENDID SKILL AND BRAVERY.

Captain M'Donough, who was already very favorably known to the service for his personal intrepidity, obtained a vast accession of reputation by the results of this day. His dispositions for receiving the attacks were highly judicious and seamanlike. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoal so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his short guns, he made all his force completely available. The English were not near enough, perhaps, to give to carronades their full effect; but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, a choice in the distance.

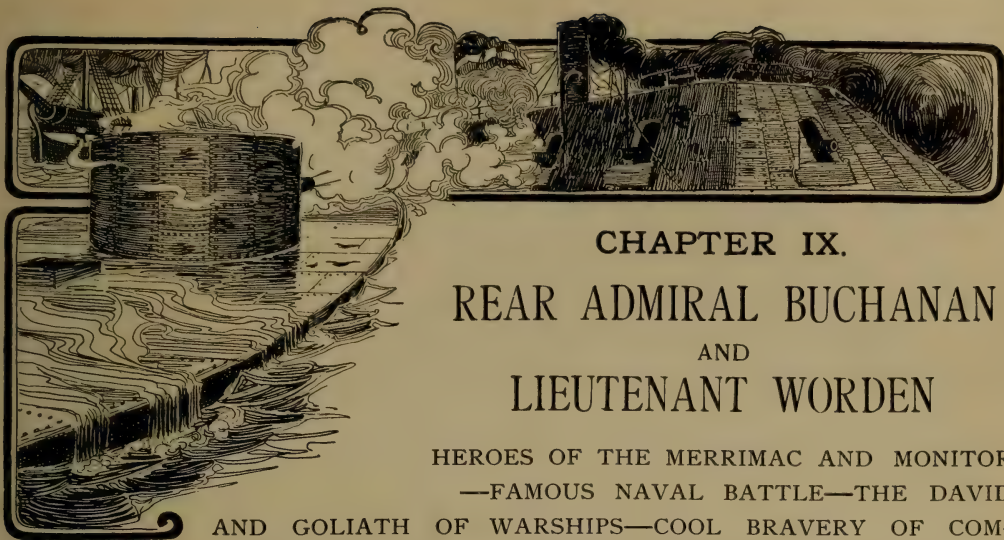
All that could be obtained, under the circumstances, appears to have been secured, and the result proved the wisdom of the actual arrangement. The personal deportment of Captain M'Donough in this engagement, like that of Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness was undisturbed throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and although lying against a vessel of double the force, and nearly double the tonnage of the *Saratoga*, he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance. The winding of the *Saratoga*, under such circumstances, exposed as she was to the raking broadsides of the *Confiance* and *Linnet*, especially the latter, was a bold, seamanlike, and masterly measure, that required unusual decision and fortitude to imagine and execute.

Most men would have believed that, without a single gun on the side engaged, a fourth of their people cut down, and their ship a wreck, enough injury had been received to justify submission; but Captain M'Donough found the means to secure a victory in the desperate condition of his own vessel.

Captain M'Donough, besides the usual medal from Congress, and various compliments and gifts from different states and towns, was promoted for his services. Captain Henley also received a medal. The legislature of Vermont presented the former with a small estate on Cumberland Head, which overlooked the scene of his triumph. The officers and crews met with the customary acknowledgements, and the country generally placed the victory by the side of that of Lake Erie. In the navy, which is better qualified to enter into just estimates of force, and all the other circumstances that enhance the merits of nautical exploits, the battle of Plattsburg Bay is justly ranked among the very highest of its claims to glory.

The consequences of this victory were immediate and important. During the action, Sir George Prevost had skirmished sharply in front of the American works, and was busy in making demonstrations for a more serious attack. As soon, however, as the fate of the British squadron was ascertained, he made a precipitate and unmilitary retreat, abandoning much of his heavy artillery, stores, and supplies, and from that moment to the end of the war, the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

The gallant sailor who won the battle of Lake Champlain lives in history as Commodore M'Donough. He died in 1825.



CHAPTER IX. REAR ADMIRAL BUCHANAN AND LIEUTENANT WORDEN

HEROES OF THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR
—FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLE—THE DAVID
AND GOLIATH OF WARSHIPS—COOL BRAVERY OF COM-
MANDERS—FIGHT THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NAVAL WARFARE.

In tracing the history of the great western campaign of our Civil War, in 1862, it will be noticed that an important part was played by gunboats on the Tennessee and Ohio rivers. It was naturally to be expected that war vessels, suitably constructed, would play an equally important part in the bays and rivers more to the east, and which connect themselves with the waters of the Atlantic.

One of the great events of the early part of 1862 was the appearance in Hampton Roads of the powerful iron-clad man-of-war Merrimac, which had been reconstructed by the Confederate Government and named Virginia. When the Norfolk Navy Yard was abandoned by the Nationals, this vessel was scuttled and sunk. In her original form she was a powerful steam frigate of forty guns, and she had cost the government, for building and furnishing her, a sum not less than a million and a quarter dollars. The Confederates found little difficulty in raising her, and the hull being in perfect condition, a substantial basis existed for the construction of a gigantic and dangerous vessel.

A plan was furnished by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, formerly of the National navy; and, reconstructed after the fashion of the shot-proof raft which had been used in Charleston harbor, she became one of the strongest and most destructive engines of war which had ever been seen

floating on any waters. When properly cut down she was covered with an iron roof projecting into the water. At or below the water line the mail extended the opposite way, so that a shot striking above the water-mark would glance upward, and below the water mark would glance downward. She was simply a broadside ironclad with sloping armor. Her great bulk enabled her to carry a formidable battery. She was armed with a powerful steel beak, and carried eleven guns, with a one hundred-pound rifled Armstrong at each end.

A MONSTER FITTED TO CREATE TERROR.

Such a monster might well be a terror as a surprise. It was known that the vessel was undergoing reconstruction, and that it was intended to make her a terrible engine of war ; but strange rumors were circulated to her disadvantage by the Confederate authorities ; and it is probable that, until she was seen at Hampton Roads, she was somewhat despised by the officers of the National navy. The Southern newspapers artfully circulated that "the Merrimac was a failure," and, the wish being father to the thought, the statement was too readily believed by the Federals. Her commander was Franklin Buchanan, who was born in Baltimore, and entered the navy about 1815. He was captain when the Civil War broke out, but resigned his commission in 1861, entered the Confederate service, and was noted for his bravery and his ability in handling war craft. He commanded the iron-clad Tennessee in Mobile Bay, August, 1864, where he was defeated by Admiral Farragut and taken prisoner.

The intrepid Buchanan, as we have said was the commander of the Merrimac, and his exploits on this occasion stamped him as a hero of the highest rank. About noon, on Saturday, the 8th of March, observers at Fortress Monroe saw a strange object, "looking like a submerged house, with the roof only above water," moving down the Elizabeth River toward Hampton Roads. It was the dreadful Merrimac. Two smaller armed steamboats accompanied her. Almost immediately after their appearance, two other Confederate gunboats came down from Richmond and took positions in the James River, a little above Newport

News. Signal guns were at once fired from the Union batteries and by the ships Cumberland and Congress, lying off and blockading the James River, to give warning to the rest of the National fleet.

Accompanied by the two smaller vessels the Merrimac moved steadily on towards the Cumberland and Congress. The Congress, a sailing frigate, was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith. The sloop of war, Cumberland, 24 guns and 376 men, was commanded temporarily by Lieutenant George Morris. Pursuing the Congress, and giving and receiving a broadside, the Merrimac made straight for the Cumberland. This vessel had been placed across the channel so as to bring her broadside to bear on her antagonist; and as the Merrimac approached she opened upon the monster and poured forth a rapid fire. It was no use. The heavy shot from the nine and ten inch guns of the Cumberland glanced from her rival's shield of iron, "like so many peas." The Merrimac seemed stunned for an instant by the weight of the shot; but she quickly recovered; and having increased her speed, she rushed against the Cumberland, striking her with her steel prow about amidships, and "literally laying her open."

AN IMPENETRABLE COAT OF MAIL.

Before striking the Cumberland, the Merrimac had received some seven or eight broadsides; but they produced no impression on her invulnerable coat of mail. As she struck, she opened her ports and poured in on the unfortunate Cumberland, now rapidly filling with water, a most destructive fire. The Cumberland fought well; but the combat was unequal. Buchanan gradually drew off the Merrimac; and again opening his ports, he rushed against his disabled antagonist, this time completely crushing in her side.

It was now all over with the Cumberland. Giving a parting fire to the monster which was retiring from the ruin it had wrought, with apparent indifference, Morris ordered his men to jump overboard and save themselves. This was quickly done; and in a few minutes afterwards, the vessel went down in fifty-four feet of water, carrying with her about



THE MERRIMAC SINKING THE CUMBERLAND.

one hundred of dead, sick and wounded, who could not be moved. The topmast of the Cumberland remained partially above the water, with her flag flying from its peak.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Having finished the Cumberland, the Merrimac now turned her attention to the sailing frigate Congress. We have seen that just as the Merrimac appeared by the way of the Elizabeth River two other vessels came down the James, as if by a preconcerted arrangement. These vessels were the Yorktown and the Jamestown, or, as the latter was now called, the Patrick Henry. While the Merrimac was engaged with the Cumberland, the Yorktown and the Jamestown, which had successfully passed the National batteries at Newport News, had tackled the Congress. Until the Cumberland went down the Congress made a gallant and successful resistance. With the help of the Zouave, she then managed to run aground under cover of the strong batteries just named.

ON FIRE IN A NUMBER OF PLACES.

There she was beyond reach of the Merrimac's prow, but she was not beyond the range of her guns. As soon, therefore, as that vessel came up she opened fire upon the unfortunate Congress, which could not reply with her stern guns, one of which was soon dismounted by the Merrimac's shot and the other had the muzzle knocked off. Lieutenant Smith, Acting Master Moore and Pilot William Rhodes, with nearly half the crew, were killed or wounded. The Merrimac moved backward and forward slowly, firing at a range of less than a hundred yards. The Congress now took fire in several places.

Further resistance would have been worse than foolishness, and so Lieutenant Prendergast hauled down the flag. A tug came alongside to haul her off, but the batteries on shore drove off the tug, and the Merrimac, despite the white flag which was flying over her in token of surrender, again opened fire upon the battered and helpless vessel. Later in the day the Merrimac returned and set the Congress on fire by red-hot shot, and her magazine exploded with a tremendous noise.

Those of her crew which survived the first attack had meanwhile made good their escape. About one half of the whole, 218 out of 434, responded to the call of their names next morning at Newport News. In little more than two hours the Merrimac had destroyed two of the best ships in the National service ; and Buchanan, her commander, had the satisfaction—if satisfaction it was—of killing or drowning more than three hundred of his old comrades.

HURRIED TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.

When the Merrimac first made her appearance in the early part of the day, the flag-ship of the National squadron, the Roanoke, Captain John Marston, and the steam frigate Minnesota, Captain Van Brunt, were lying at Fortress Monroe, several miles distant. These were at once signalled to hurry forward to the assistance of the Cumberland, the Congress, and the other vessels now so sorely menaced. It was not possible for them to be forward in time to render any effective aid. Flag-officer Marston had responded to the signal as quickly as possible. His own ship was disabled in its machinery ; but, with the help of two tugs, he set out for the scene of action.

The Minnesota was ordered to hasten in the same direction. When passing Sewall's Point, the Minnesota came within range of a Confederate battery there, and had her mainmast crippled. This, however, was not the only misfortune which she was destined to experience ; she drew twenty-three feet of water ; and although it was known that the water was dangerously shallow, it was thought that, the botton being soft, it would be possible to push her through. It was a mistake. When within about a mile and a half of Newport News, the vessel grounded and stuck fast.

While in this helpless condition, the Merrimac, having destroyed the Cumberland, and having retired after her first attack on the Congress, came down upon her. Fortunately it was not possible for the Merrimac to get within a mile of her intended victim, her own heavy draught preventing a nearer approach. At this distance, an ineffective

fire was opened by both vessels. Some of the smaller armed steamboats ventured nearer, and with their rifled guns killed and wounded several men on board the Minnesota. Some of these, however, paid dearly for their rashness ; for, grounded as she was, her guns were ably handled, and with great rapidity.

It was now seven o'clock ; and counting, no doubt, on an easy victory on the morrow, the Merrimac, with her companion ships, retired behind Sewall's Point. The Minnesota still lay fast in the mud ; and although during the night several attempts were made to get her off, it was found impossible to move her. The Roanoke and the St. Lawrence, on their way to the scene of conflict, had both got aground ; but with the rising tide they were relieved, and moved down the Roads.

CRISIS OF IMMENSE IMPORT.

It was Saturday night, March 8th, and when the sun went down the prospect for the following morning was the reverse of cheering to the National commanders. There could be no doubt that the Merrimac would renew the battle in the morning. In such a case, the result, unless some unexpected aid arrived, would be disastrous in the extreme. The Minnesota would be the first victim, and helpless as she was, her destruction was certain. If any of the other vessels were spared they would surely endeavor to make their escape. The harbor of Hampton Roads would be lost. The Merrimac would be free to prosecute her work of destruction. Fortress Monroe would be in danger, and who could say that the harbor of New York was safe while such a monster was afloat ?

General Wool, commander of Fortress Monroe, telegraphed to Washington that the capture of the Minnesota was all but certain, and that "it was thought the Merrimac, Jamestown and Yorktown would pass the fort to-night." It was the opinion of that officer that if the Merrimac, instead of passing on, attacked the fortress, it would not be possible to hold the place for more than a few days.

Happily relief was at hand. At nine o'clock that night the

Monitor, Ericsson's new iron-clad turret ship, arrived at Fortress Monroe from New York. This vessel, which was a dwarf beside the Merrimac, and which was of novel form and appearance, had been built at Green Point, Long Island, New York, under the direction of its inventor, Captain John Ericsson—a Swede by birth, but who had been a resident of the United States for twenty years. Ericsson had already won distinction as a practical scientist in Sweden and in England, and in 1842, having come to the United States, he built for the government the United States steamer Princeton, the first screw-propeller in the world. The Monitor was one of three vessels—the other two were the Galena and the New Ironsides—which were constructed to meet the emergency and by special requirement of the government.

• SINGULAR LOOKING VESSEL.

Ericsson's plan was to secure the greatest possible power, both for attack and resistance, with the least possible exposure of surface. The hull of the Monitor admirably met all those requirements. It was buoyant, yet it was almost entirely under water. It presented to the enemy a target which was wonderfully small, but which, because of the concentration of iron and timber, was absolutely impregnable—proof against the heaviest artillery of the day. Concentration was Ericsson's object in the construction of the hull, so far as defence or resistance was concerned. He followed the same plan in regard to the offensive part of the ship.

In the centre of his raft-like vessel he fixed a revolving cylinder of wrought iron, of sufficient diameter to allow of two heavy guns and just high enough to give the gunners standing room. When finished the total length of the Monitor was 172 feet. This covered the armor and what is called the "overhang." The length of the hull proper was 124 feet. Her total beam over armor and backing was $41\frac{1}{3}$ feet—the beam of the hull proper being 34 feet. Her depth was 11 feet; her draught 10 feet. The diameter of the turret inside was 20 feet; the height was 9 feet; the thickness 8 inches, there being 5 inches of wrought iron and 3

feet of oak. The total weight, with everything on board, was 900 tons.

As an engine of war, the Monitor was, in the strictest sense of the word, a novelty. Nothing of the kind had ever before existed. Not unnaturally, therefore, very different opinions prevailed as to the fitness of the vessel for the purposes contemplated. Had the Monitor gone to the bottom as she slid from the stocks at Greenpoint, she would only have fulfilled the predictions and justified the expectations of many prominent scientific men who were present when she was launched. The strange-looking little ship, as we shall presently see, was to have a different and more glorious future.

According to the terms of the contract the Monitor was not to be accepted by the government until her seagoing powers were tested, and until she had made trial of her strength with the heaviest guns of the enemy. This, therefore, was her trial trip; and never, perhaps, in the history of any ship of war was a trial trip more severely tested or more completely successful. Lieutenant John L. Worden was in command.

COMMANDER OF THE MONITOR.

Worden was born in Westchester county, New York, March 12, 1818. He entered the navy in 1834, and became a lieutenant in 1840. In April, 1861, he was sent as a bearer of despatches to Fort Pickens or Pensacola. He was arrested as he was returning by land, and was kept in prison seven months. After leaving command of the Monitor, he was made captain in February, 1863, and commanded the ironclad Montauk in the operations against Fort Sumter in April of that year. In June, 1868, he was appointed a commodore. His superb courage, admirable skill as a commander, and noble qualities as a man, are fully recognized in our naval history.

Having assumed command of the Monitor, he started with the odd little craft from New York. The weather was extremely rough. For three days the Monitor battled with the storm; but more than once victory was doubtful. The sea rolled over her decks, the turret alone

being above the water. At one time the tiller-rope was thrown off the wheel, and the situation was really critical. The draft pipe was choked by the pouring down of the water ; and but for the ventilation obtained through the turret, the men would have been suffocated. More than once during the voyage the fires were extinguished. After such a voyage the crew, as was to be expected, were completely exhausted.

We have seen that the Monitor reached Fortress Monroe at 9 o'clock, on the evening of Saturday, the 8th of March. But for this storm the Monitor might have been up in time to prevent the disaster of the previous day ; for it is now known that the Confederates, informed by spies of the forwardness of the Monitor, had made almost superhuman efforts to have the work on the Merrimac finished, so as to give her an opportunity of destroying the National fleet at Hampton Roads before her great rival could appear on the scene.

ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT COMBAT.

As it was, Lieutenant Worden lost no time after his arrival at Fortress Monroe. Within a few minutes he had reported to the flag officer in the Roads, received orders and sailed to join the disabled fleet. Soon after midnight, on the morning of the 9th, he anchored his little vessel alongside the Minnesota.

Never did relief arrive more opportunely. It was a night to be remembered—that of the 8th of March, 1862, at Hampton Roads. The Confederates were flushed with success. The Nationals were downcast, as well they might be, but by no means desperate. Norfolk was illuminated ; and the Confederate officers and sailors were rejoicing and carousing with her grateful citizens. On the one side, there was the certain conviction that to-morrow would bring with it an easy victory. On the other side there was a sullen determination to resist to the last, and a dim, ill-defined hope that some effective aid was to be expected from the strange little vessel which had just arrived.

As the night wore on, the waters and the adjacent coast were brilliantly lit up by the flames of the burning Congress ; and ever and

anon, at irregular intervals, a shotted gun would boom over the dull waters and startle the quiet air, as the spreading flames ignited its charge. The ship had been burning for ten hours, when, about one o'clock, the fire having reached the magazine, she blew up with a terrific noise, filling the air and strewing the waters far and wide with masses of burning timber.

Sunday morning broke beautiful and clear. The Congress had disappeared; but the masts and yards of the Cumberland projected above the water, and her ensign was flying in its accustomed place. As sad evidences of the suddenness of her destruction, the dead bodies of her brave defenders floated in large numbers around the ship. Before the sun had fully revealed himself, and paled by his brighter light the lurid flames of the burning fragments of the Congress, the Merrimac was seen coming down from Sewall's Point. Evidently she was bent on completing the work of the previous day. The drums of the Merrimac beat to quarters and there were quick preparations.

GAVE ORDERS FOR INSTANT ATTACK.

Worden was ready. Taking his position at the peep-hole of the pilot-house of the Monitor, he gave orders for an immediate attack. The Merrimac made direct for the Minnesota, and from the course she took it was apparently the intention of her commander to capture that vessel, if possible, and carry her back as a prize to Norfolk, where hundreds of people lined the shores, awaiting his triumphant return. As she approached the stern guns of the Minnesota opened upon her, but to little purpose, for the stacks and the sloping sides of the huge monster had been smeared with tallow, and the shot, heavy as it was, glanced harmlessly off. Meanwhile the little Monitor, to the astonishment of all, ran out from under the Minnesota's quarter and placed herself alongside of the Merrimac, completely covering the Minnesota "as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions."

The contrast was striking. It was more—it was almost ridiculous. David and Goliath! It seemed as if the Merrimac had but to move upon

the insignificant, almost invisible thing, touch it with her iron prow, and make an end of it forever. But it was not so. This other giant had found more than a match in this other stripling. The Merrimac let fly a broadside, and the turret of the Monitor began to revolve. Both vessels, as we have shown already, were heavily armed. The Merrimac had on each side two 7½-inch rifles and 4 9-inch Dahlgrens. The Monitor had in her turret two 11-inch guns, each capable of flinging a shot of 168 pounds. The turret kept revolving, but the ponderous shot of the Monitor rattled in vain against the mail-clad sides of the Merrimac. Broadside followed broadside in rapid succession, but the heavy metal discharged by the guns of the Merrimac made no impression on the wrought-iron citadel of the Monitor, which stood like a Gibraltar.

BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN GIANTS.

Unlike as were the two ships, it was really a battle of giants. "Gun after gun," says Captain Van Brunt, of the Minnesota, "was fired by the Monitor, which was returned with whole broadsides from the enemy, with no more effect apparently than so many pebble stones thrown by a child, clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot contend with iron clad ones, for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiasts in maritime warfare." After the first vigorous onset there was some manœuvring for positions, the Monitor seeking the port holes of the Merrimac, the latter all the while pouring her heavy shot on the invulnerable turret of her plucky little antagonist. One bolt from a rifle-gun struck the turret squarely, and penetrated the iron. "It then broke short off and left its head sticking in."

Five times the Merrimac attempted to run the Monitor down, but on each occasion she received, at the distance of a few feet, the heavy shot of the 11-inch guns. In one of these encounters the Merrimac got aground, and the Monitor, being light of draught, steamed easily around, moving and hitting like a skilled pugilist, her lightning-like fire striking her antagonist at every vulnerable point. The Merrimac began to show signs of punishment. Her armor plate was bending under the blows.

As if despairing of accomplishing anything definite or satisfactory with the Monitor, the Merrimac turned away from her agile and rather dangerous antagonist and renewed her attack on the Minnesota. Van Brunt, as he himself tells us, was on his guard, and gave the monster a warm reception. He opened upon her all his broadside guns, with a ten-inch pivot gun besides. So terrific was the broadside that "it was enough," to quote Van Brunt's language, "to blow out of the water any timber built ship in the world." It produced, however, but very little effect.

MONITOR CHASES HER ANTAGONIST.

The Merrimac gave a hearty response. From her rifled bow gun she flung one of her terrible shells, which went crashing through the side of the Minnesota, exploding on its way two charges of powder, and finally bursting in the boatswain's apartments, tearing four rooms into one and setting the ship on fire. Another shell burst the boiler of the tugboat Dragon, which lay alongside the Minnesota. During the encounter, which was brief, the guns of the Minnesota had hit the Merrimac at least fifty times, producing little or no impression.

A second time the Monitor comes to the aid of the Minnesota. The Merrimac finds it necessary to change her position, and in doing so, again gets grounded. The Minnesota again finds her opportunity, and her heavy guns are opened on her stranded foe. The broadsides are now telling on the thick armor-plates of the Merrimac. Catesby Jones, who was in command, Buchanan having been wounded on the previous day, evidently regarded his situation as critical, and, accordingly, as soon as he got the Merrimac afloat, he turned her prow toward Norfolk. The Monitor gave chase. Irritated by the pertinacity of the little ship, the Merrimac turned round on her pursuer and rushed upon her at full speed, as if resolved to run her down. It was a vain attempt, although, judging from the appearance of things, it was by no means either unnatural or unwise.

The huge beak of the Merrimac grated on the deck of the Monitor and was wrenched. Such a blow had sent the Cumberland down on

the Saturday. Such a blow, had it been possible to deal it, would doubtless have proved equally fatal to the Minnesota, or indeed to any wooden ship afloat. It left the Monitor uninjured. The little vessel glided nimbly out from under her antagonist, and in doing so, the two ships being almost in actual contact, she opened upon her with one of her heavy turret guns, striking her with a force which seemed to crush in her armor. Quick as lightning the concentrated shot of the Merrimac rattled against the turret and pilot-house of the Monitor. The encounter was terrific; but the armor of both vessels was shot-proof, and for the first time in naval warfare, heavy and well-directed cannon were found to be comparatively worthless, doing little damage.

SHOTS THAT TOLD WITH STARTLING EFFECT.

At this stage the Monitor hauled off for the purpose of hoisting more shot into her turret. Catesby Jones, imagining that he had silenced his small but formidable antagonist, made another move towards the Minnesota. Before he had time to open fire, the Monitor was steaming up towards him. He changed his course at once; and it was now noticeable that the Merrimac was sagging at her stern. A well-directed shot from the Monitor had hit the Merrimac at the junction of the casemate with the ship's side and caused a leak. Another shot about the same moment had penetrated the boiler of one of the Merrimac's tenders, enveloping her in steam, and scalding a large number of her crew. Latterly the Monitor had been firing low, and every shot told with greater or less effect.

The Monitor, however, was not to be allowed to escape uninjured. The last shot fired by the Merrimac was the most effective. It struck the pilot-house of the Monitor opposite the peep-hole through which Worden at that moment was looking. It cut the iron plank in two, inflicted a severe wound on Worden, and knocked him senseless to the floor, Lieutenant Green, who commanded the guns, and Chief Engineer Steiners, who worked the turret, being at the same moment stunned and stupefied, but not severely injured. Green and Steiners recovered

quickly enough to keep the gunners at work ; but Worden did not for some time recover consciousness. When he did so, his first question was, "Did we save the Minnesota?"

The battle was now ended. The Merrimac steered at once for Norfolk. The Monitor soon afterwards steered for Fortress Monroe, the severe mishap which had befallen her commander preventing her from following up her victory and forcing the battle to a surrender. Worden was really badly injured. His face was much disfigured and he was completely blind. Removed to the city of Washington, his life for a time was despaired of; but he revived, and, being unwilling to retire, he rendered his country further good service before the war was ended. As soon as the Merrimac retired the Minnesota was got afloat by throwing some of her heavy guns overboard. She was saved. The battle which began as early as eight o'clock in the morning was waged with great ferocity until after mid-day. The little Monitor did noble work and won a most decided victory over a very formidable foe.

THE LITTLE LION OF THE NAVY.

She acquired a reputation such as was never before enjoyed by any ship of war. Pilgrimages were organized and undertaken to visit the scene of the conflict and the victory, and all ranks and classes of the people, from the President downward, rushed to see the "little wonder"—the strange vessel which had done such effective work. The excitement was not confined to this country alone. The success of the Monitor created a profound interest throughout the civilized world, and nowhere more than in the British Isle. It was felt and confessed not only that sea-girt nations must in future depend for protection on other than wooden walls, but that a new and terrible engine of war had been constructed. The battle of Hampton Roads had read the world a lesson.

In a masterly lyric, the scenes on board the Cumberland have been celebrated by the well-known poet, George H. Boker. We append his spirited production, which is a fine tribute to the valor of our Jack Tars.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris
cried;

Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:

"What thing is that, I say?"

"A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift
And standing down the bay?"

"So shot your guns and point them
straight:

Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this; or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to
stern

No sign of life appeared:
We wondered, questioned, strained our
eyes,
Joked—everything, but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside
rang;

Our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell.
Against her side we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not; no guns she fired;
Straight on our bows she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed.

Alas! alas! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-board.

Once more she backward drew apace;
Once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broad-side through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast;
We knew our time was brief;
"Ho! man the pumps!" But they who
worked

And fought not, wept with grief.

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
 Some bold marine stepped out,
 And jerked his braided jacket off,
 And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
 And up from the sick bay
 Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
 And round us gasping lay;—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
 Struggling with failing breath
 To keep their shipmates at the post
 Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
 The last broadside we gave
 From the guns' heated iron lips
 Burst out beneath the wave.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"
 Cried Selfridge. "Up my men!
 God grant that some of us may live
 To fight yon ship again!"

We turned: we did not like to go;
 Yet staying seemed but vain,
 Knee-deep in water; so we left;
 Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall
 stood:

"Another turn, men—so!"
 Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
 "Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
 The song our pivot sang,
 As rushing on from wave to wave
 The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
 And waved his cap in sport;
 "Well done! well aimed! I saw that
 shell
 Go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
 The deck was overflown;
 The poor ship staggered, lurched to
 port,
 And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the
 waves
 Our gallant vessel rushed;
 A thousand gurgling, watery sounds
 Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more;
 One look to heaven I gave,
 Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
 Our spotless ensign wave.

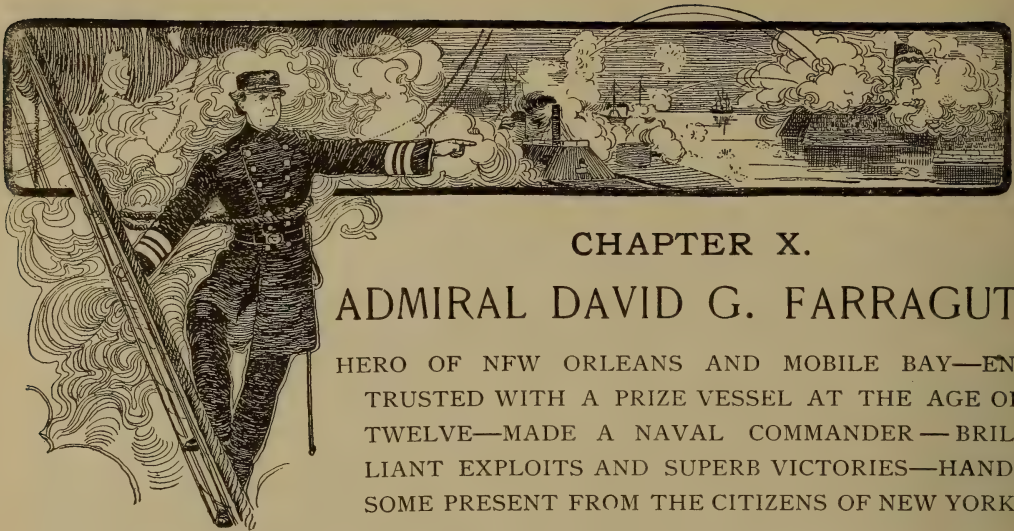
I tried to cheer. I cannot say
 Whether I swam or sank;
 A blue mist closed around my eyes,
 And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
 All dripping from the sea,
 With two great tears upon his cheeks,
 Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
 The wish I could not speak.
 He turned me. There, thank God!
 the flag
 Still fluttered at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to
 thread,
 Oh, let that ensign fly!
 The noblest constellation set
 Against the northern sky—

A sign that we who live may claim
 The peerage of the brave;
 A monument that needs no scroll,
 For those beneath the wave.



CHAPTER X. ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT

HERO OF NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE BAY—ENTRUSTED WITH A PRIZE VESSEL AT THE AGE OF TWELVE—MADE A NAVAL COMMANDER—BRILLIANT EXPLOITS AND SUPERB VICTORIES—HANDSOME PRESENT FROM THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

In 1776, George Farragut, the father of the admiral, emigrated to this country. He was born in Minorca in 1755, and traced his lineage through a long line of notable ancestors, back to Don Pedro Farragut, who was in the service of James I, King of Aragon. He took an active part in the Revolutionary War, and served the United States as "muster master of the militia of the District of Washington (East Tennessee), employed in actual service for the protection of the frontiers of the United States south of the Ohio, from the 1st of March, 1792, to the 26th of October, 1793." In 1810-11, he was sailing master of an expedition to the Bay of Pascagoula, and afterwards became magistrate at Pascagoula.

He had five children—three sons and two daughters. Of the former, David G. Farragut, was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tenn., on the 5th of July, 1801. From his earliest years, he was inured to hardships and dangers by land and sea. His first experience on the sea was extremely distasteful to him; but his father, by constantly taking him out on the water in all sorts of weather, soon overcame his fears, and a strong attachment to the sailors life replaced his first feeling of distaste. When David was but a little over eight years of age, he was adopted by Commodore Porter who had formed a warm friendship for David's father, and was taken by the commodore to Washington, where he was put to school.

During his stay at Washington, he aroused the friendly interest of Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy, who assured him that on the completion of his tenth year, he should receive a midshipman's warrant.

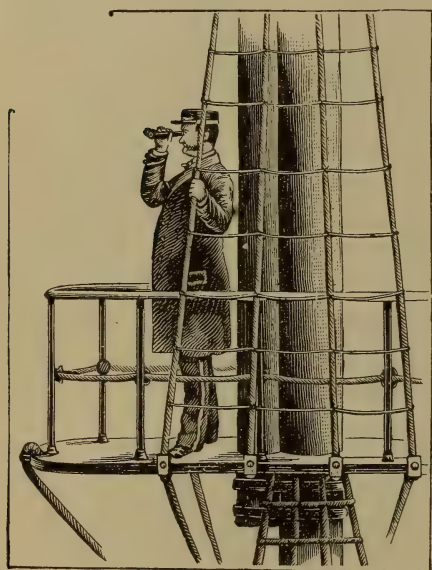


ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

The boy then attended school at Chester, Pa., and on the 17th of December, 1810—several months before the promised time—he received the appointment in the navy, and served in the following summer under Commodore Porter, who commanded the *Essex*. David accompanied Porter on his

cruise to the West Indies in 1812, and throughout the war of that year displayed a precocity that was remarkable.

He was but twelve years of age, but was entrusted with one of the prize vessels captured by Commodore Porter; and it is related of the young prize master, that when the captain of the captured vessel flew into a fury at his diminutive captor's orders, and rushed below to load up his pistols, David, with a coolness of an old seaman, took complete command of the crew, issued his orders promptly, and informed the



captain that if he came on deck with his pistols he would be thrown overboard. He took part in the bloody battle between the *Essex* and the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, where he performed the duties of captain's aide, quarter-gunner, powder boy, and in fact everything that was required of him, as he states in his journal.

On his return after the war, he again attended school at Chester, Pa. He sailed to the Mediterranean in 1815 under Captain William M. Crane in the *Independence*, again in 1816 on the *Macedonian*, and a third time in 1817, on which occasion he made a very extensive cruise, spending nine months with the United States Consul at Tunis, studying languages and mathematics. He made still another cruise in the Mediterranean in 1819, this time as acting lieutenant on the *Shark*, and in the following year sailed home to pass his examination. In May, 1822, he was appointed to the sloop-of-war *John Adams*, carrying the United States representatives to Mexico and Guatemala, and upon his return joined the schooner *Greyhound*, of Commodore Porter's fleet, and assisted in the expedition against the freebooters of the West Indies.

He was subsequently made executive officer of the flagship *Seagull* of the same fleet, and remained in that position during a cruise amongst

the riffs of the Gulf. In the year 1823, he was married to Miss Susan C. Marchant, and in July of that year was ordered to the command of the *Ferret*, but during his voyage contracted the yellow fever and was taken to Washington, where he was placed in the hospital until his recovery.

He received the commission of lieutenant and was assigned to the *Brandywine* in 1825, on which vessel he again cruised in the Mediterranean, returning home in May 1826. From then until 1828, he remained at Norfolk, Va., with the exception of the first four months after his return, which were spent attending lectures at Yale College. During the next ten years, he was in command of various vessels, cruising chiefly about the northern coasts of South America and in the Gulf; and at the end of that time, he spent two years at home, taking care of his invalid wife, who died in 1840; serving on court-martial, and learning the trade of carpenter. From 1841-43, he was again cruising in South American waters, and in December of the latter year he married Miss Virginia Loyall, a very superior woman in character and cultivation.

COMMANDER IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

During the Mexican War, he obtained command of the *Saratoga*, and sailed to Vera Cruz with the purpose of capturing the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, but found on his arrival that the castle had just surrendered to the land forces. On his return in 1848, he was appointed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, and in 1850 was engaged at Washington in compiling a book of ordnance regulations for the navy—a work which occupied him about a year and a half, at the end of which he returned to Norfolk.

From 1854 until 1858, he was establishing a navy yard on Mare Island, in the bay of San Francisco; and in July, 1858, he commanded the *Brooklyn*, conveying the United States Minister R. M. McLane to Vera Cruz, Mexico. During the latter part of 1860 and the beginning of 1861, Farragut was at Norfolk; but, as the symptoms of war grew more pronounced, he was notified that his free expression of Northern sentiments was distasteful. He therefore moved to Baltimore with his

family, and later to Hastings-on-the-Hudson, where he remained nearly a year.

In December, 1861, he was suddenly ordered to Washington to join an expedition against New Orleans, and was placed in command of the steam sloop-of-war Hartford. His orders were "to collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi River and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron." In the expedition an army of 15,000 men, commanded by General Benjamin F. Butler, constituted the land force, Farragut's fleet consisted of "six sloops-of-war, sixteen gunboats, twenty-one mortar schooners and five other vessels—carrying in all over 200 guns.

MASTER OF DETAILS OF SEAMANSHIP.

From the 18th of April the advance began. Farragut was a perfect master of all the details of seamanship, and it was with extreme caution at every step, and with the exercise of the most consummate skill and bravery, that he successfully passed the Confederate obstructions—completely destroying the Confederate fleet sailing close to the forts (Jackson and St. Philip) on either bank of the river and silencing their guns by sweeping broadsides, until at length, on the 25th of April, the City of New Orleans was at his mercy—he having lost during the expedition 37 men and one vessel. The forts surrendered to Commodore Porter on April 28. It was Farragut's wish immediately afterwards to capture Mobile, but he was retained in the Mississippi for the purpose of effecting an opening throughout the whole length of the river. On July 16, he received the commission of rear-admiral.

In the spring of 1863, he assisted General N. P. Banks in the siege of Port Hudson, blockading the mouth of the Red River and remaining there until the surrender of Port Hudson on July 8. He then sailed to New York in the Hartford, and was received at that place with great public enthusiasm. His vessel was found, on examination, to have received 240 shots during her service of the past nineteen months.

In 1864, he was again at the Gulf, awaiting an opportunity for an attack on Mobile. Later he was reinforced by several iron-clads and troops under General Gordon Granger. On August 5th the attack began, and was conducted with even greater care than the advance on New Orleans. It was Farragut's habit to issue the most minute instructions to cover every possible contingency, and in this engagement he surveyed the whole field of action from a position in the port main rigging of the Hartford, which led the fleet into the bay



MAP SHOWING CITY OF MOBILE AND ITS DEFENCES.

The Confederate fleet was compelled to surrender after a terrible loss of life on both sides.

The National fleet lost 335 men, the Confederate fleet losing only a few, many more having been killed in the forts ; 280 Confederate prisoners were taken, and a few days later the forts surrendered. At the close of this bloody fight the quartermaster said that the admiral came on deck at the time that the bodies of the killed were laid out, and, he adds, "It was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry ; but tears came in his eyes like a little child."

SPLENDID PUBLIC RECEPTION.

Farragut's health gave way in November, and, returning home, he reached New York on December 12, where another public reception was given him, and he was presented with a purse of \$50,000 to purchase a New York home. On July 6, 1865, he was tendered a complimentary dinner by the Union Club of Boston, on which occasion Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem composed in honor of the admiral.

In July of the following year Congress created the grade of admiral and assigned it to Farragut, who assumed command of the Franklin and cruised for some time in European waters, during which he visited Minorca, the home of his ancestors. He returned and visited California in 1869. The following summer he spent at the house of Rear-admiral Pennock, in Portsmouth, N. H. One day he stepped aboard a dismantled sloop-of-war in the harbor, and, after a short visit, almost pathetic in its suggestion of former days, he went on shore, remarking sadly: "That is the last time I shall ever tread the deck of a man-of-war." His words proved prophetic indeed ; for on August 14, 1870, his spirit passed away.

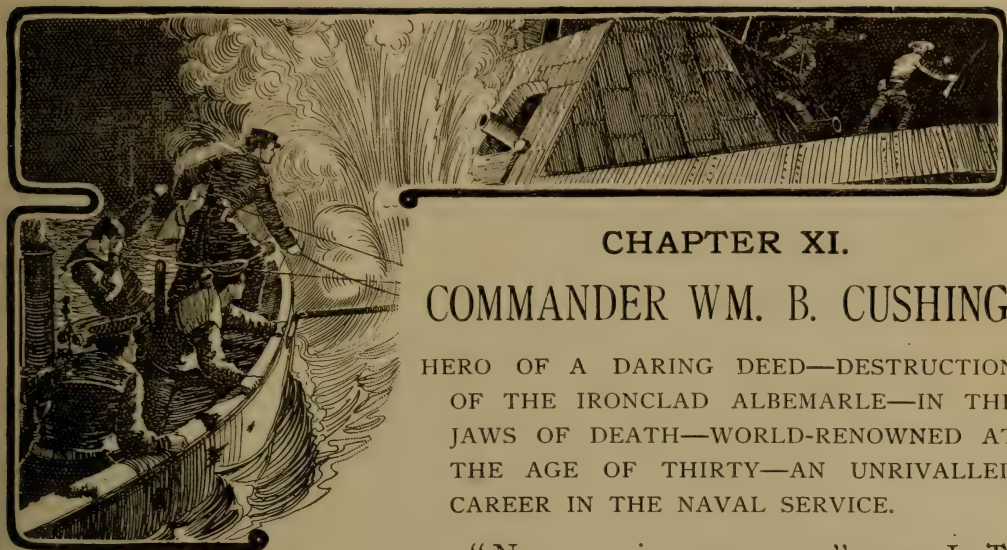
Farragut was a skilled and heroic commander, a thorough and cultured scholar, and a Christian man whose character was notably honest and pure. We append the last lines of the tribute of Dr. Holmes :

"I give the name that fits him best—

Ay, better than his own—

The Sea-king of the Sovereign West,

Who made his mast a throne."



CHAPTER XI.

COMMANDER WM. B. CUSHING.

HERO OF A DARING DEED—DESTRUCTION OF THE IRONCLAD ALBEMARLE—IN THE JAWS OF DEATH—WORLD-RENOUNDED AT THE AGE OF THIRTY—AN UNRIVALLED CAREER IN THE NAVAL SERVICE.

“No man in our navy,” says J. T. Headley, “at his age has ever won so brilliant a reputation.” This was said of Commander William B. Cushing, a brave naval officer, born in Wisconsin, about 1842.

During our Civil War the sounds and waters of North Carolina were early the scenes of important enterprises by the combined army and navy of the United States. The Hatteras forts, Roanoke Island, Newberne, Plymouth and other places were early captured, some of them after regular actions. A position was gained from which the important inland communication was threatened, which was vital to the Confederacy, while the commerce of the sound was, for the time being, entirely destroyed. It was important for them to regain what they had lost, and to this end they put forth every effort. Among other means they commenced and hastened to completion a formidable ironclad vessel.

In June, 1863, Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Flusser, an excellent and thoroughly reliable officer, had reported that a battery was building at Edward's Ferry, near Weldon, on the Roanoke River, to be cased with pine sills, fourteen inches square, and plated with railroad iron. The slanting roof was to be made of five inches of pine, five inches of oak, and railroad iron over that.

Unfortunately, the light draught iron-clads, which would have been

on hand to meet this vessel, turned out failures, and the light wooden gun-boats and "double enders" employed in the sounds had to encounter her. She was accompanied by a ram, which the Union fleet had no vessel fit to meet. In April, 1864, the Albemarle being completed, the Confederates were ready to carry out their plan of attack, which was the first to recapture Plymouth, by the assistance of the ram, and then



IRON-CLAD GUNBOAT.

send her into Albemarle Sound to capture or disperse our fleet. A force of ten thousand men, which they had collected, made an advance and gained possession of the town.

Lieutenant-Commander Flusser was then at Plymouth with four vessels, the Miami, "a double ender," and three ferry-boats, armed with nine-inch guns, and exceedingly frail in structure, called the Southfield, Ceres and Whitehead. At half-past nine, on the evening of April 18th, he wrote to Admiral Lee that there had been fighting there and

day, and he feared the enemy had had the best of it. "The ram will be down to-night or to-morrow. I shall have to abandon my plan of fighting the ram lashed to the Southfield. I think I have force enough to whip the ram, but not sufficient to assist in holding the town, as I should like." Six hours after writing this, Flusser lay dead upon the deck of his ship. Very early on the morning of the 19th of April the Whitehead, which had been stationed up the river, reported that the ram was coming down and evidently meant business.

EAGER TO JOIN IN BATTLE.

The Whitehead was in a critical position when she discovered the ram, for she was between her and a southern battery. Some obstructions had been placed to stop the Albemarle, but she passed them easily. A narrow passage or "thoroughfare" led down to Plymouth beside the main channel, and the Whitehead managed to run into this, unperceived by the ram, and so got down ahead of the Confederate vessel, which did not attack until half-past three in the morning. When the ironclad was seen coming down, the Miami and Southfield were lashed together, and Flusser, from the Miami, ordered them to meet her at full speed.

The Albemarle came on silently, with closed ports, and struck the Miami a glancing blow on her port bow, doing some damage but causing no leak. She then crushed the side of the Southfield, so that she at once began to sink. As she passed between the two vessels, the forward lashings parted and the Miami swung around. The after lashings were cut, and, after a number of the Southfield's men had succeeded in reaching the Miami that vessel steamed off down the river, leaving her consort to sink. The officer left in command by Flusser's death thus speaks of this unfortunate affair:

"As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the Southfield and Miami, commenced firing solid shot from the one-hundred-pound Parrot rifles and eleven-inch Dahlgren guns, they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots from the Miami personally, the third

being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, eleven-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell; several of the gunboat's crew were wounded at the same time.

"Our bow hawser being stranded, the Miami then swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity then required the engine to be reversed in motion, to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going on the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle-gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the Southfield, and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the Miami in the same way."

The gunboats being driven off, the Confederates captured Plymouth on April 20th. As it was expected that the Albemarle would at once enter the Sound, and attack the squadron there, all possible preparations were made to meet her and give her a warm reception.

DIRECTIONS GIVEN FOR THE COMBAT.

Four of the squadron were "double enders," the Miami, Mattabesett, Sassacus and Wyalusing. The smaller vessels were the Ceres, Commodore Hull, Seymour and Whitehead. They were all armed with 9-inch guns and 100-pound rifles. The senior officer in the sounds, Captain M. Smith, ordered the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram, delivering their fire, and rounding to immediately for a second discharge. He also suggested the vulnerable points of the ram, and recommended that an endeavor be made to foul her propeller, if possible.

He also directed, among other things, that a blow of the ram should be received as near the stern as possible, and the vessel rammed was to go ahead fast, to prevent her from withdrawing it, while the others attacked the propeller. If armed launches accompanied the ram they were to be met by the smaller vessels, with shrapnel, when approaching, and hand grenades when near. He leaves the question of ramming to each commander, on account of the peculiar construction of the "double-enders."

Small steamers were placed on picket, at the mouth of the Roanoke, and on the 5th of May the ram made its appearance, and chased the picket boats in. Signals were made, and the vessels got under way, and stood up to engage the ironclad. The Albemarle was accompanied by a small steamer which she had captured not long before. At about half-past four in the afternoon the Albemarle opened the battle by a shot which destroyed a boat and wounded several men on board the Mattabesett. The second shot damaged the same vessel's rigging. By this time the Mattabesett was very near the little steamer, which immediately surrendered.

The Mattabesett then gave the ram a broadside, at about one hundred and fifty yards, then rounded to under her stern, and came up on the other side. Her shot either broke, or glanced off the ram's armor, without any effect. She had the muzzle knocked off of one of her two guns, by a shot from the ram, but continued to use it during the remainder of the action. The Sassacus came gallantly on, in like manner, delivering her fire at the Albemarle. The latter then attempted to ram the Sassacus, but the latter crossed her bows, by superior speed.

SHOT THAT WENT CLEAR THROUGH.

At this time the ram had partially turned, and exposed her side to the Sassacus, when the wooden double-ender rushed at her, under full steam, in hope of either crushing in her side, or of bearing her down until she should sink. The Sassacus struck the ironclad fairly, and received, at the same moment, a 100-pounder rifle shot, which went through and through her. She struck the Albemarle a heavy blow, careening her, and bearing her down till the water washed across her deck.

The Sassacus kept her engines going, in the attempt to push the ram down, while many efforts were made to throw hand grenades down her deck hatch, and powder down her smoke stack, but without success, as there was a cap upon the stack.

Soon the ram swung round, and as soon as her guns would bear

another 100-pound rifle shot went through the side of the *Sassacus*, through her coal bunker, and crashed into her starboard boiler. Instantly the whole ship was filled with steam, which scalded and suffocated her crew. All her firemen were scalded, and one was killed; and twenty-one men were instantly placed hors de combat. She was forced to withdraw from action.

The other gunboats continued the fight, and the *Miami* endeavored to explode against the ram a torpedo which she carried. But the *Albemarle* was skilfully handled, and succeeded, each time, in avoiding the blow. Two of the other gunboats endeavored to foul the propeller of the ram by laying out seines in her track. Although the nets seemed all about her, she escaped them. An observer from the shore has likened this curious scene to a number of wasps attacking a large horny beetle. In fine, the *Albemarle* proved invulnerable to the guns of the gunboats, even when discharged almost in contact with her sides.

CAME OFF BEST IN DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The action lasted for three hours, or until night came on. Everything that brave men could do to destroy the enemy it was their duty to encounter, was done by the gunboats, but the ironclad went back to Plymouth without serious damage, and without the loss of a man, after being the target, at short range, for more than two hundred shot from 11-inch and 9-inch guns, and more than one hundred shot from 100-pounder rifles.

The gunboats, other than the *Sassacus*, were very much damaged, and it was plain that they were unfit to meet the *Albemarle*, however ably handled or gallantly fought. The ram came out again on the 24th of May, but did not enter the Sound, apparently fearing torpedoes. The next day a party left the *Wyalusing* in a boat, with two torpedoes, to endeavor to destroy the *Albemarle*, as she lay at Plymouth.

They carried the torpedoes across the swamps on a stretcher, and then two of the party swam across the river with a line, and hauled the torpedoes over to the Plymouth shore. These were then connected by a bridle,

so that they should float down and strike on each side of the ram's bows. Unfortunately, they were discovered, and the plan failed.

Lines of torpedoes were then placed at the mouth of the Roanoke, to destroy the ram if she should come down again, and as this proceeding could not be kept secret, the ironclad did not again venture down. She lay quietly at Plymouth until the latter part of October, a constant threat to our fleet in the sounds, and preventing any attempt to recapture the town. She was very securely moored to a wharf, and a guard of soldiers was placed on board, in addition to her crew.

MONSTER ANCHORED AND GUARDED.

Every night fires were made on shore, to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. More than this, she was surrounded by large logs, moored some thirty feet from her hull, all round, to keep off any boat which might approach with a torpedo. From the mouth of the Roanoke to where the Albemarle lay is about eight miles, and the stream there about two hundred yards wide.

The banks were well picketed by the enemy. About a mile below Plymouth was the sunken wreck of the Southfield, and about her were some schooners, which also formed a picket station in mid-stream. It seemed impossible for a boat to get up the river and not be discovered, and yet Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, not only undertook to do so, but succeeded in destroying this formidable craft, "the terror of the sounds."

Admiral Ammen, of the Navy, has given a capital sketch of Cushing, in the "United Service Magazine," from which we shall borrow freely:

"William B. Cushing was born in Wisconsin, in November, 1842, and entered the Naval Academy in 1857, but resigned in March, 1861, entering the naval service afloat, as an Acting Master's Mate. His disposition and temperament would not permit him to remain at a naval school in time of war, as he would not have been able to give a single thought to theoretical study.

"In October, 1861, he was restored to his rank as Midshipman, and

on the 16th of July following he was, with many other young officers, made a Lieutenant, owing to the exigencies of the service growing out of the civil war. Henceforth, for nearly three years, his career was singularly conspicuous in deeds of daring, in a service where a lack of gallantry would have brought disgrace. It is plain, therefore, that it was the sagacity of his plans and his boldness in carrying them out that distinguished him.

“At the close of the war he was barely twenty-two and a half years of age, rather slightly built, about five feet in height, and boyish looking. He had large gray eyes, a prominent aquiline nose, yellowish hair, worn quite long, and withal, a rather grave expression of countenance. When speaking, his face would light up with a bright and playful smile. A comrade likened his springy, elastic step, high cheek bones and general physiognomy to that of an Indian. The first impression of a stranger who heard him speak, either of what he had done or hoped to do, would be that he was a boaster—but with those who knew him best there was no such idea; his form of speech was a mere expression, frankly uttered, of what he had done, or what he intended to do.”

A SIMPLE AND UNASSUMING MANNER.

The foregoing is Admiral Ammen's estimate of the man. To some of it the writer must dissent. He accompanied Cushing on a short journey soon after the Albemarle affair, while the country was still ringing with his brilliant exploit, and when steamboats, railroads and hotels were refusing to accept any money from either him or his chance companions; and all sorts and conditions of men were being introduced to him, to have the honor of shaking his hand; and yet a more simple, boy-like, unassuming manner no one placed in such a position ever had.

He early received command of a small steamer, engaged in blockading, and would make expeditions in the inland waters in his boat, sometimes lying concealed all day, but always having some definite object commensurate with the risks involved. He more than once obtained important information in this way.

Not only did he have frequent engagements in his little vessel with field batteries of the enemy, but was successful in destroying schooners with supplies, saltworks and other things which tended to cripple his enemy.

In the winter of 1864, when blockading the Cape Fear River, Cushing determined to pay a visit to Smithville in a boat, with only six men. In entering the river, he had to pass Fort Caswell, and at Smithville, two miles above, he knew there was a battery of five guns, and a considerable garrison. About eleven o'clock at night he landed, one hundred yards above the battery, came into the village, and into a large house with a piazza, which was the headquarters of General Hebert.

BOLD ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A GENERAL.

A major and captain of the general's staff were about going to bed, in a room on the piazza, when, hearing footsteps, and supposing his servant was there, the major threw up a window, and a navy revolver was at once thrust in his face, with a demand for surrender. He pushed the pistol aside, and escaped through the back door, calling to his companion to follow as the enemy were upon them. The latter failed to understand and was taken prisoner by Cushing and carried off. He pushed off down the river, knowing that an immediate alarm would be given. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but Cushing escaped unharmed.

This audacious effort to capture General Hebert was characteristic of Cushing, and was only frustrated by the fact that the general happened to spend the night in Wilmington instead of his own quarters.

At the capture of Newbern, Cushing distinguished himself in command of a battery of navy howitzers. In landing in the marsh, Cushing had lost his shoes, and, while pressing on, he encountered the servant of a Captain Johnson, of the army, who had a pair of spare boots slung over his shoulder. Cushing asked who was the owner of the boots, and said: "Tell the captain that Lieutenant Cushing, of the Navy, was barefooted, and has borrowed them for the day," and then put on the boots in haste, and pursued his way to the fight.

In the destruction of the Albemarle we see Cushing in another, and a truly heroic light. The newspaper correspondents had managed to make his task as difficult as possible, for they had, for several weeks, apprised the public, and of course the enemy, that Cushing was on his way from the North with a torpedo boat, to blow up the Albemarle. No method could have been taken to render the enemy more watchful, and the destruction of the ironclad impossible.

We have already spoken of the "cordon" of logs enclosing her as in a pen; the extra guards and fires, the howitzers ready loaded, and the pickets down the river. The enemy was very vigilant, and Cushing's approach was discovered. Yet we find him perfectly cool amidst a heavy fire from small arms and howitzers, standing forward in his launch, pushing his way at full speed over the logs, and only intent upon lowering his torpedo and striking the enemy's vessel at the proper time. He did this most effectually, but, at the very moment of doing so, a shell from one of the heavy guns of the Albemarle struck the torpedo boat, and she went down, swamped by the column of water and spray which rose high in the air when the torpedo exploded.

CUSHING'S REPORT OF HIS FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Nothing could be more graphic or characteristic than Cushing's report of the affair, as follows:

"ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.,

"October 30, 1864.

"SIR:—I have the honor to report that the ironclad Albemarle is at the bottom of the Roanoke River. On the night of the 27th, having prepared my steam launch, I proceeded up towards Plymouth with thirteen officers and men, partly volunteers from the squadron. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some two hundred yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets.

"A mile below the town was the wreck of the Southfield, surrounded by some schooners, and it was understood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the Shamrock's cutters

in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point, if we were hailed.

"Our boat succeeded in passing the pickets, and even the Southfield, within twenty yards, without discovery, and we were not hailed until by the lookouts on the ram. The cutter was then cast off, and ordered below, while we made for our enemy under a full head of steam. The Confederates sprung their rattle, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail, and seeming much confused.

"The light of a fire ashore showed me the ironclad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her, about thirty feet from her side.

"Passing her closely, we made a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister, at short range, served to moderate their zeal and disturb their aim, much to our advantage.

AIR THICK WITH BULLETS.

"Paymaster Swan, of the Otsego, was wounded near me, but how many more I know not. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang and exploding it at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch, and completely disabling her.

"The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet short range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and, removing my own coat and shoes, springing into the river, I swam with others into the middle of the stream, the Confederates failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some were drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in another direction. Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the Commodore Hull, I met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

"Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp close to the fort. While hiding, a few feet from

the path, two of the Albemarle's officers passed, and I judged, from their conversation, that the ship was destroyed.

"Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information, and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding to another swamp I came to a creek, and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the Valley City.

CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

"Acting Master's Mate William L. Howarth, of the Monticello, showed, as usual, conspicuous bravery. He is the same officer who has been with me twice in Wilmington harbor. I trust he may be promoted when exchanged, as well as Acting Third Assistant Engineer Stotesbury, who, being for the first time under fire, handled his engine promptly and with coolness.

"All the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I will furnish their names to the Department as soon as they can be procured.

"The cutter of the Shamrock boarded the Southfield, but found no gun. Four prisoners were taken there. The ram is now completely submerged, and the enemy have sunk three schooners in the river to obstruct the passage of our ships. I desire to call the attention of the Admiral and Department to the spirit manifested by the sailors on the ships in these sounds. But few men were wanted, but all hands were eager to go into action, many offering their chosen shipmates a month's pay to resign in their favor.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. B. CUSHING,

"Lieutenant, U. S. N."

"Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

"Commanding N. A. Squadron :

"The name of the man who escaped is William Hoftman, seaman on the Chicopee. He did his duty well, and deserves a medal of honor.

"Respectfully,

"W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N."

Cushing, for this daring piece of service, was himself advanced to the rank of lieutenant-commander.

Such men are never mere imitators, and his unvarying success in whatever he undertook was due to his clever planning and admirable execution. Attempts by those of inferior qualities in such respects would end in their capture or death.

PROMOTED FOR HIS GALLANT CONDUCT.

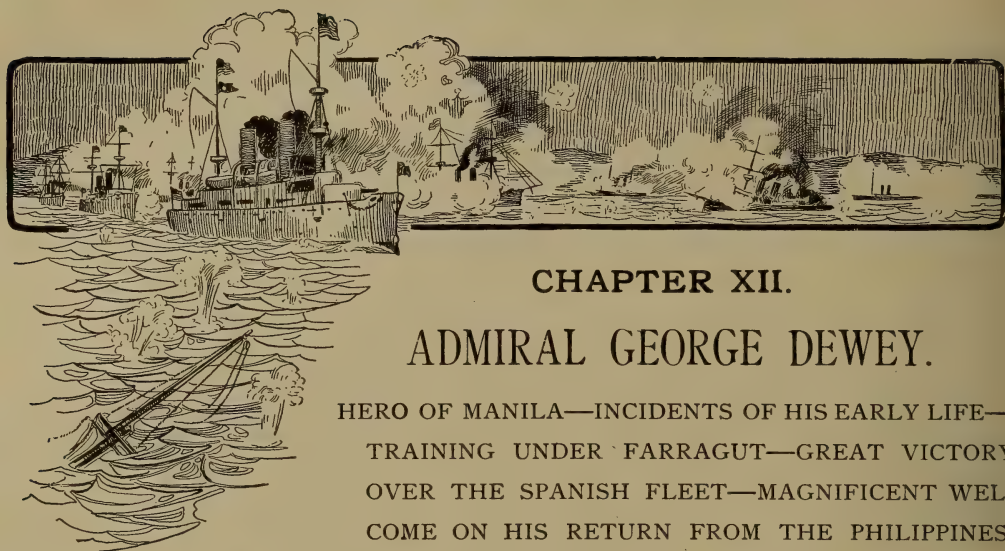
After the close of the war he was for some two years executive officer of the Lancaster, a position which required close attention and study to fulfill its duties in the best manner.

Afterwards he served three years in command of the Maumee, on the Asiatic station. He was promoted, in the regular order of vacancies, to commander, January 31, 1872, and soon after was ordered to the command of the Wyoming, on the home station, and was relieved at the end of a year, the vessel being put out of commission.

In the spring of 1874 he was ordered to the Washington Navy Yard, and the following August was detached at his own request. He then seemed in impaired health and expressed a desire to go South; after the lapse of a few days he showed signs of insanity, and was removed to the Government Hospital, where he died, December 17, 1874, at the age of thirty-two years and thirteen days.

His becoming insane was a great regret and surprise to his many friends and admirers, in and out of the naval service; it was, however, a consolation for them to know that it was not the result of bad habits or of causes within his control. His misfortune, and that of the naval service to which he belonged, was seemingly a lack of rigid early training, necessary to healthful thought in ordinary times, and to a continued development of those points in naval education which are so useful in peace and so essential to success in the higher grades.

There are few Cushings in the histories of navies; they can have no successful imitators; they pass away, as it were, before they reach their destined goal, regretted and admired.



CHAPTER XII.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

HERO OF MANILA—INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY LIFE—
TRAINING UNDER FARRAGUT—GREAT VICTORY
OVER THE SPANISH FLEET—MAGNIFICENT WEL-
COME ON HIS RETURN FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

On May 1st, 1898, our country was thrilled by the news of a great naval victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor. The commander of our Asiatic squadron received orders to destroy or capture the Spanish ships. How triumphantly he performed his task is known to the whole world.

Personal interest, of a very pronounced and specially gratifying kind, naturally centred in the hero of this signally successful expedition. Its leader was Commodore George Dewey, commanding the United States Asiatic squadron (flagship, the protected cruiser Olympia—Captain C. V. Gridley). Commodore Dewey comes of the best New England stock. His father was Dr. Julius V. Dewey, of Montpelier, Vermont, a man held in high esteem in the community in which he dwelt. The Deweys, indeed, are the leading people of their native town, and few public movements affecting the welfare of the village are undertaken without consulting the family. George Dewey was born at Montpelier, Vt., December 26, 1837.

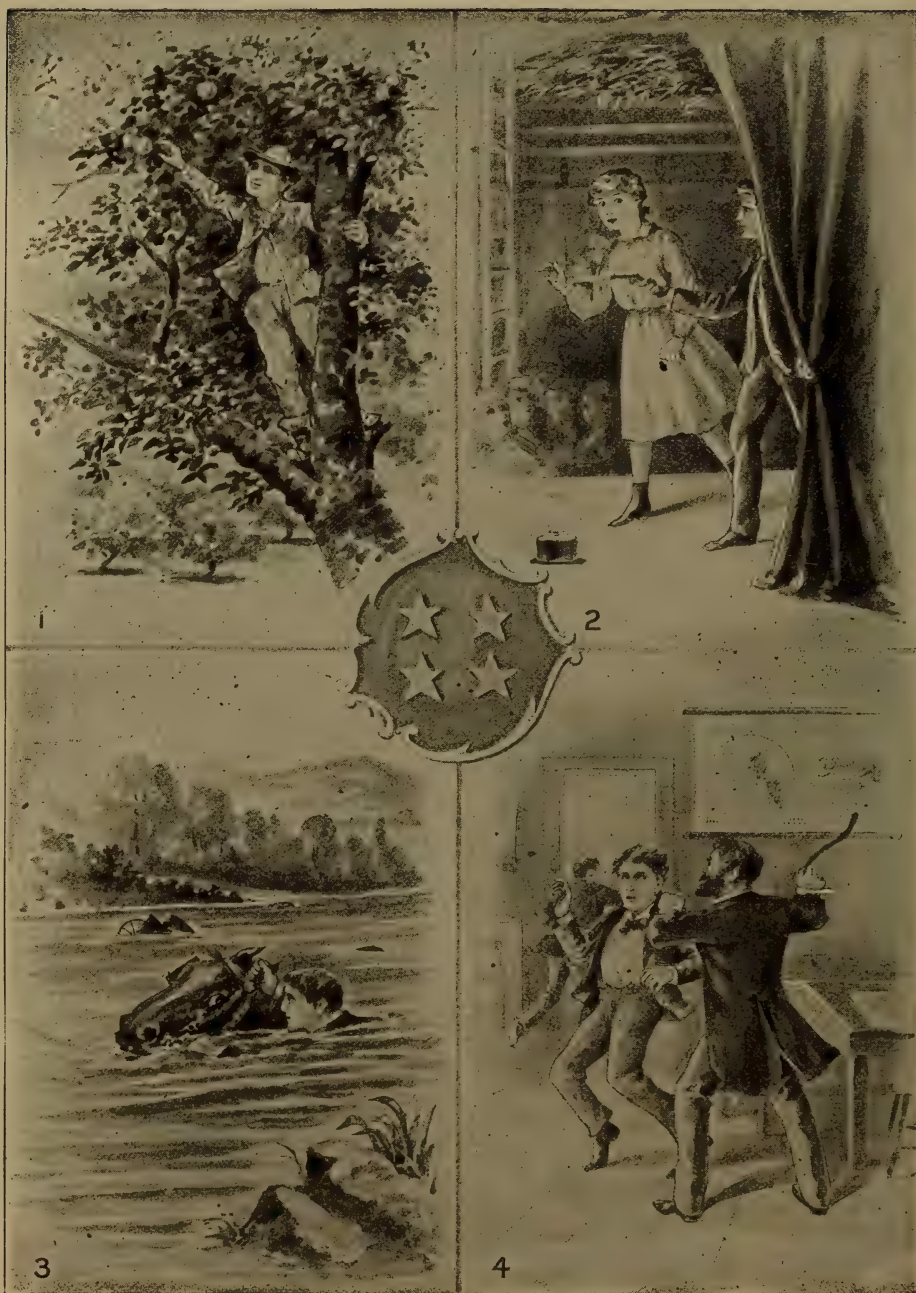
For a time he attended the public school in the village, after which he took a preparatory course in the military school at Northfield, in his native State. At this period he formed the determination to enter the United States Navy, but the design did not at first meet the approval of his father. The latter, indeed, endeavored to dissuade the lad from his

purpose, for the elder Dewey had no liking for the roving and uncertain life of a sailor, and deemed the influences of a seafaring career unsuited to the higher development of his son's character. He desired the youth to take up a profession, and to be content with such a career as he might achieve by the steady pursuit of some home vocation. The son's wishes finally prevailed, however, and his father procured his admission to the naval academy at Annapolis, which he entered at the age of seventeen.

By the older people of Montpelier, George Dewey is remembered as a bright but reckless, harum-scarum lad. There was nothing too hazardous for him to undertake. While a pupil at the district school of Montpelier, young Dewey was mixed up in a schoolboy's plot which earned him a good thrashing, which he probably remembers to this day. The flogging was administered by Major Pangborn, the village dominie, formerly editor of the Jersey City Journal. Prior to the coming of Major Pangborn as head of the school, the boys had coerced several masters.

DECIDED TO MASTER NEW TEACHER.

Soon after the new incumbent was installed it was decided by the boys that his mettle should be tried. Young Dewey was chosen by his comrades to make the test. By misplaced confidence, or by the treachery of some one engaged in the plot, the Major heard of it, and Dewey was called from his seat one day during a session of the school. He, however, refused to respond to the call, and the other boys chuckled and awaited events. They had not long to wait, for Master Pangborn walked quietly down to where Dewey was seated, and, with the grasp of a Hercules, took the lad by the collar, and, lifting him from his seat, marched him up to the master's desk. At this dread tribunal he was accused of being the leader in the plot, and was interrogated as to his accomplices. He however refused to divulge their names, and was also secretive in regard to his own plans. The dominie, thereupon, administered a sound thrashing, after which, so the story goes, young Dewey was escorted home, where he was put to bed and kept there for several days as a



1. YOUNG DEWEY IN THE APPLE TREE. 2. DEWEY AND HIS SISTER GIVING A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE BARN. 3. HIS FIRST VOYAGE. 4. CHASTISED BY HIS SCHOOLMASTER.

further punishment and atonement. The episode serves to illustrate the quality of courage and determination in the lad, inasmuch as the rigor and severity of the punishment for misdemeanors in the district schools of those days were no light things to brave.

It denoted a rather rare quality in a youth to undertake, as Dewey undertook, the leadership of such a plot, and the lad bore an enviable record for such enterprises in his youth among his schoolmates and friends. He was, however, too big-hearted to harbor resentment against the schoolmaster, and afterwards, it is related, there grew up between pupil and pedagogue the most friendly feeling and attachment.

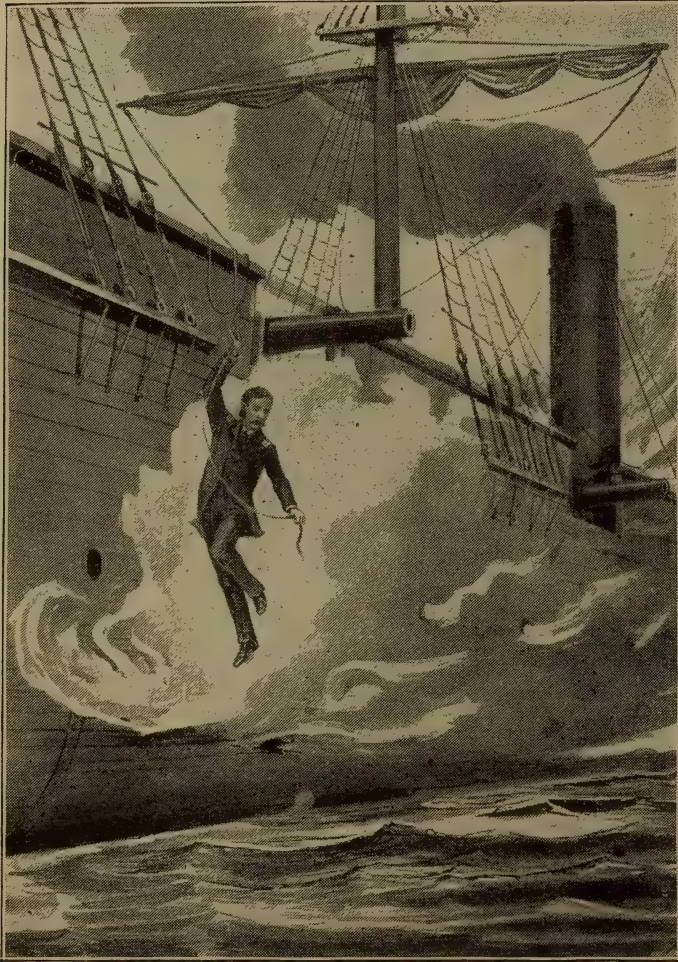
ANECDOTES OF YOUNG DEWEY.

It is related that the first time Major Pangborn saw young Dewey he was in an apple tree bent as usual on mischief. Another story told of him relates to his having gotten up a theatrical performance in the barn, with his sister as the star performer. On one occasion she was ill and forgot her part. "Make it up then as you go along," said the young showman, "the performance must go on." Still another story is told of his venturesome passage with a horse and wagon across a deep creek, when his clothing was well soaked and he came near drowning. These anecdotes show the spirited nature of the boy.

Four years after entering the naval academy at Annapolis, the future admiral was graduated in the class of 1858, which included not a few youths who have since distinguished themselves in the country's naval service. As a midshipman, he was dispatched on a practice cruise on the Wabash, and on board of her he spent two years in the Mediterranean, doing duty on the European station. After his return to America, he took a brief furlough at home, and in 1860 returned to Annapolis to be examined for a commission. His standing in the examination, together with his creditable record on graduating, earned him the rating of third in his class.

On the breaking out of the civil war, Dewey received his commission as a lieutenant, and joined the Gulf squadron, under the pennant of

Admiral Farragut. Dewey was assigned to the Mississippi, a seventeen-gun steam sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melancthon Smith. Dewey's war record dates from the firing on Fort Sumter, in 1861. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squad-



OFFICER DEWEY LEAVING THE BURNING SHIP
"MISSISSIPPI."

ron forced a passage up the Mississippi River ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing the batteries of St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillerymen in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

Dewey did splendid service with the West Gulf squadron, and may be said to have received his first real "baptism of fire," when Farragut ran the gauntlet from the forts below New Orleans, and forced the surrender of that stronghold. A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the Mississippi in the middle of the night opposite port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her and

make their way as best they could to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded.

The waters of the Mississippi, which is at the best a treacherous river, were being fairly churned into fountains of foam by the shot and

shell, and the exploding hot metal was running into the water at every seeming inch of space. In the midst of all this a sailor who jumped overboard was struck. He was too badly wounded to catch his swimming pace as he struck the water. Lieutenant Dewey saw this incident in all the darkness and fearful noise, and without hesitation he jumped overboard, put his arm around the wounded sailor, held him until he got his strength again, and helped him into shallow water. Then he went back to his ship and remained there until



DEWEY SAVING THE LIFE OF A SAILOR WHO HAD
JUMPED FROM THE BURNING SHIP.

every man had left. This was an action after Farragut's own heart, and the admiral instantly mentioned him for promotion. Dewey was hardly out of swimming reach of the ship when the magazine exploded.

One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night for the

whitewashing of the decks, that the gunners might see to do their grim work. The order, though an unusual one, was expedient, since all lights were forbidden while the vessel slipped by the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence, says a recent writer, is of special interest now, in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbor at Manila in the darkness of that early May morning, in 1898, when he sank or wrecked the whole of Admiral Montojo's Spanish fleet.

Other notable engagements in which Dewey figured during the civil war were those at Donaldsonville in 1863, where he was on one of the gunboats, and at Fort Fisher in the winter of 1864-5, as an officer of the *Agawam*. Receiving his commission as lieutenant-commander in March, 1865, he served for two years on the *Kearsarge* and the *Colorado*, and was after this attached to the naval academy for a further period of two years. In 1870 he was given command of the *Narragansett*, and during his five years' charge of her rose to the rank of commander.

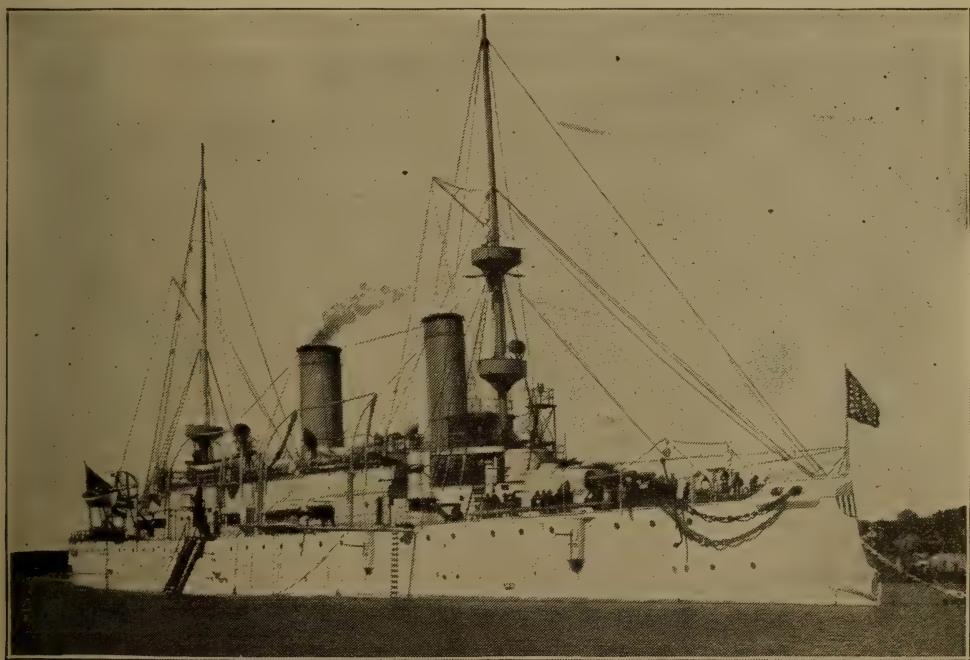
MASTER OF ALL DETAILS.

It is said of Dewey, that had he been in the army he would probably have been an engineer, for his is the order of mind adapted to the engineer corps. He is an officer who knows every detail of the ship under his command, and is master of the mechanical problems which play so large a part in modern naval warfare.

In 1882, Commodore Dewey, then being attached to the Lighthouse Board, took his next spell of sea duty in command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron. On reaching a captaincy in 1884, he was given charge of the *Dolphin*, one of the first vessels of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888, he commanded the *Pensacola*, then the flagship of the squadron doing duty in European waters. This service afloat was followed by a shore duty of considerable duration, in the course of which Dewey served first as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterwards, and for the second time on the Lighthouse Board. Two years later, 1896, he was raised to the rank of Commodore and made head of the Board of Inspection and Survey. Early in 1898,

he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and in that responsible post found the opportunity for distinction. Here, as in his earlier career, Commodore Dewey proved himself the right man in the right place.

The vessels comprising the Asiatic squadron were the Olympia (flagship), the Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord, Boston, Petrel, and the dispatch boat McCulloch. They were at Hong Kong when the commodore heard of the declaration of war with Spain, and presently he received instruc-



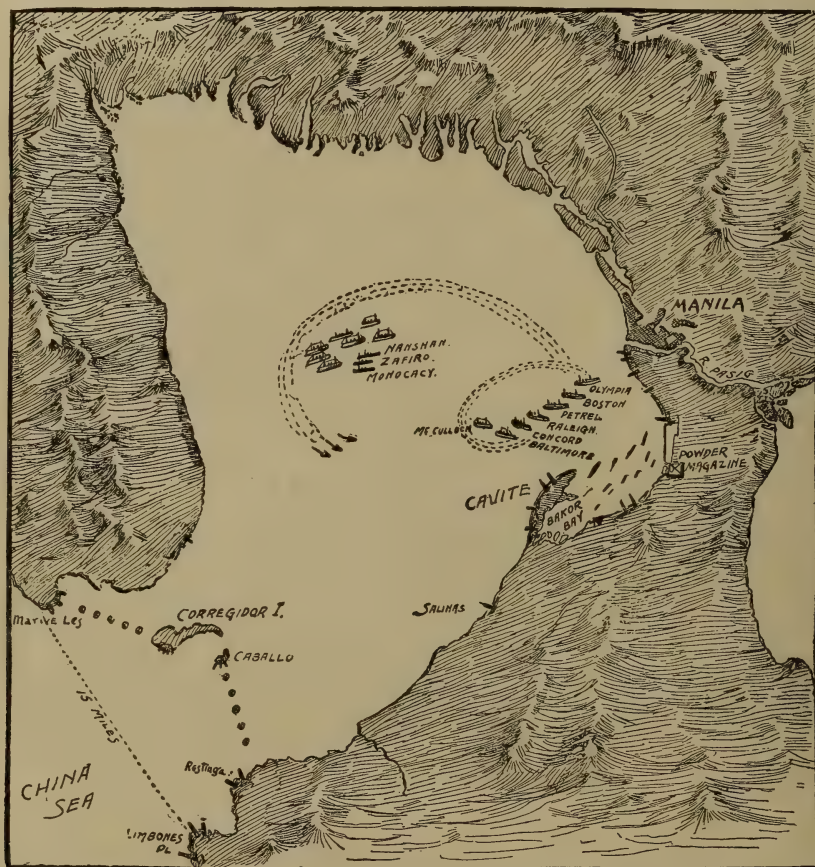
UNITED STATES CRUISER OLYMPIA.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

tions which led him to take his fleet out of port and proceed to sea. How signally Dewey improved the occasion to distinguish himself and win glory for his country's cause was for a time the world's wonder. Nor in the trying position in which, after his great victory, he was placed, has he shown himself in any other light than the pride and hero of the hour. The phenomenal victory he won at Manila on the morning of the 1st of May, 1898, forms one of the brightest pages in our naval history.

The famous engagement took place in the chief harbor (Manila) of the principal island (Luzon) of the Philippine group, whither Dewey had

steamed after leaving Hong Kong with his fleet. Passing the forts on Corregidor Island, at the mouth of the harbor of Manila, in the moonlight before the dawn of Sunday, May 1st, and disregarding the mines in the channel, Dewey stealthily led his fleet well within the harbor and took up position facing the inner port of Cavité and the Spanish fleet lying at



MANILA HARBOR—SCENE OF THE GREAT BATTLE,

anchor in front of the fortifications of the port. Here, at daybreak, the American ships were discovered by the Spanish and firing at once began by the forts, which was speedily taken up by Montojo's fleet. The engagement lasted two hours, at the end of which a glorious victory was won by Dewey and his gallant command.

A study of its incidents shows the battle to have been fought and

won by remarkable strategy on the part of the American commander and by the advantages of coolness, daring and good marksmanship, added to the splendid manœuvring and seamanlike tactics of Dewey's fleet. So skilfully conducted was the fight, and so terrific and well-aimed the storm of shot and shell poured into the Spanish vessels, that within the comparatively short period of the engagement the whole of the enemy's fleet was destroyed.

The achievement was rendered more notable by the fact that, while



GREAT AMERICAN VICTORY IN THE HARBOR OF MANILA.

every Spanish vessel was either sunk, fired or otherwise destroyed, the attacking fleet suffered no casualty, nor was there a loss of a single American life. This was chiefly due to the tactics of keeping the attacking fleet in constant motion during the engagement and by the rapid firing and splendid marksmanship of the American gunners. When the Spanish disasters were first noticed the circling line of devastation drew nearer to the enemy's ships, and in closing in first, one and then another of the Spanish vessels were placed *hors de combat*.

Admiral Montojo's flagship, the *Reina Cristina*, was the first to succumb. Being soon wrapped in flames, the *Isle de Mendanao* approached her and took off the admiral and such of the officers and crew as were able to seek safety. Presently, however, the rescuing vessel herself burst into flames, while the *Don Juan de Austria*, receiving a shot which exploded her magazine, went down with all hands on board. As the *Don Juan* sank, the *Castilla*, the second largest ship of the Spanish fleet, burst into flames, and the remainder were either sunk or ran into shoal water to escape punishment, and the batteries at Cavité were silenced. So complete was the destruction and fearful the loss of Spanish life and treasure, that the victory dazed and paralyzed the Spaniards, though they fought with desperation and showed great bravery.

EVERY SPANISH SHIP DESTROYED.

Further resistance, of course, was hopeless, seeing that every Spanish ship was absolutely destroyed, sunk, set on fire, or otherwise disabled. At this juncture, Commodore Dewey humanely turned his attention to the care of the Spanish wounded, and sent a laconic message to the Spanish authorities in Manila, informing them of the victory and discreetly warning them that "one more shot fired from the shore would be the signal for a bombardment which would lay the city in ruins." He then dispatched the *McCulloch* to Hong Kong, to carry the news of the day's glorious doings, modestly set forth, to be cabled to the Government and war authorities at Washington.

The reception of the news, not only at the seat of government but throughout the United States, was most enthusiastic and elicited high praise for the thoroughness of the victory. Nor was the fact overlooked that it was won at no loss of American life and without any serious damage to any of the American fleet. President McKinley sent the hero of the hour congratulatory messages, and made him an acting-Rear Admiral, besides recommending, in a special message to Congress, a vote of thanks from that body. This was unanimously passed, in a joint resolution of both Houses, which also included thanks in the name of the American

people, to all officers and men who had taken part with Dewey in the engagement.

Nor did the gallant Admiral's services end with the victory. Many delicate duties had to be performed and much responsibility incurred, in not only holding what had been gained at Manila, but in compelling

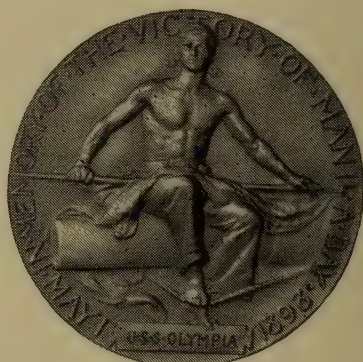


STREET SCENE IN MANILA—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

the native insurgents to submission until reinforcements should arrive from the United States, when a combined attack, by sea and land, was to be made upon the Philippine capital. This took place on the 13th of August, when Admiral Dewey, in concert with a land force under Major-General Merritt bombarded the Spanish fortifications, and, after advancing on the works, compelled the town to surrender. Just before the assault, the Spanish Governor-General of the Philippines (General

Augusti) hastened on board a German ironclad and fled from the islands. The surrender, which included 7,000 prisoners, took place two days before news of the armistice between the forces of the two countries reached Manila, and put the coping-stone upon Dewey's work at the Philippines.

It also placed the United States in possession of Manila and its harbor, with probably the whole island of Luzon, and thus gave the nation an important strategic base of operations, should these at any time be contemplated, in the Pacific, in the vicinity of Chinese waters. The vic-



MEDAL PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY.

tory, moreover, establishes the fame of Dewey beyond peradventure, and ensures him a high place among the great naval heroes of history.

Personally, Admiral Dewey is held in high esteem in the service, and is greatly liked by all his men. He is a manly type of the modern naval officer, brave, alert, resourceful, and with a large and varied experience, both ashore and afloat. For many years he has been faithfully performing the tasks allotted to his varying ranks, and doubtless he little dreamed, as the time drew near for his retirement from the service, that he was destined to perform a feat which would render his name famous and distinguish himself above his fellows.

He is of compact build and of medium height, with a finely-chiseled

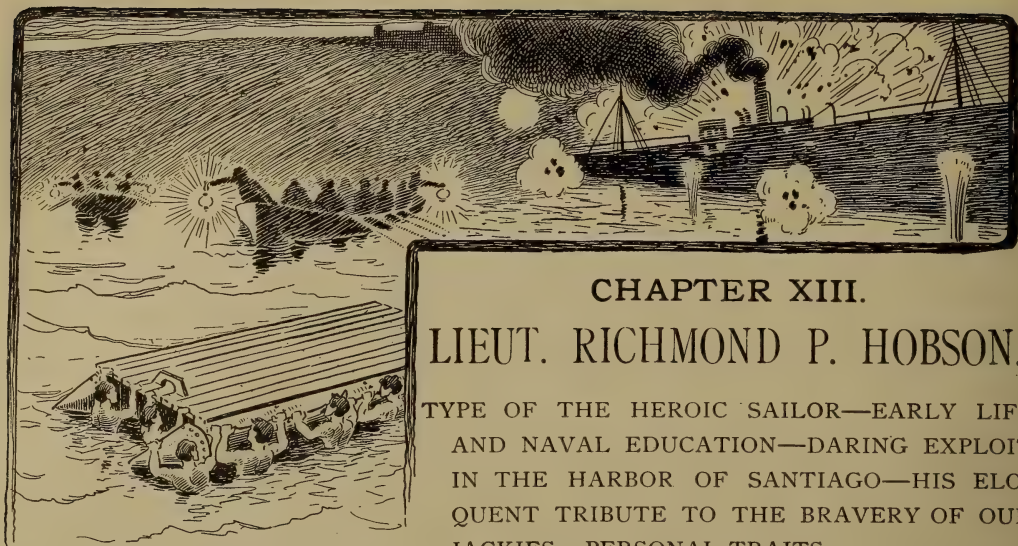
face, and hair sprinkled now with gray. He has clear, keen eyes, and his firmly-set lips are indicative of decision of character. His manner is quiet and studiously courteous, though on occasion he can be peremptory and decisive. Though a man of daring, he possesses the qualifying and restraining quality of good sense, and his good judgment is rarely at fault. Socially he is a great favorite in Washington, where he is known as a club-man, a good horseman, and a skilled athlete. He is fond of society, and rarely appears after dinner, when at the Capital, except in evening dress. In these varied characteristics he differs little from other naval officers who have been trained in the same school.

THE ADMIRAL'S CHARACTERISTICS.

Admiral Dewey's first wife was a Miss Goodwin, daughter of the War Governor of New Hampshire. She died in 1875. Their one son, George Dewey, in speaking of his father's personal characteristics, said: "He is deliberate, cool, business-like, without fear, gentle, very fond of children, good-hearted and kind to everyone. He is thorough in everything he undertakes, energetic, determined, and a good disciplinarian. In the matter of fighting, he believes in being always prepared, and, when the time comes, in striking quickly, and with deliberate intent. His chief aim is to put the enemy, as soon as he possibly can, in the position where he cannot continue the fight. He believes that our ships and men are the best fighting material in the world. Farragut is his model of a naval commander."

When Admiral Dewey returned from Manila, the scene of one of the most famous victories in naval history, he was welcomed by millions of his countrymen. New York and surrounding places seemed to have poured out their entire population to welcome the hero. Such a demonstration had never been witnessed before in our country. Wherever he went there was a loud acclaim and enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the entire populace.

He was made an admiral, and Congress presented him with a sword in honor of his world-renowned achievements.



CHAPTER XIII. LIEUT. RICHMOND P. HOBSON.

TYPE OF THE HEROIC SAILOR—EARLY LIFE
AND NAVAL EDUCATION—DARING EXPLOIT
IN THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO—HIS ELO-
QUENT TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVERY OF OUR
JACKIES—PERSONAL TRAITS.

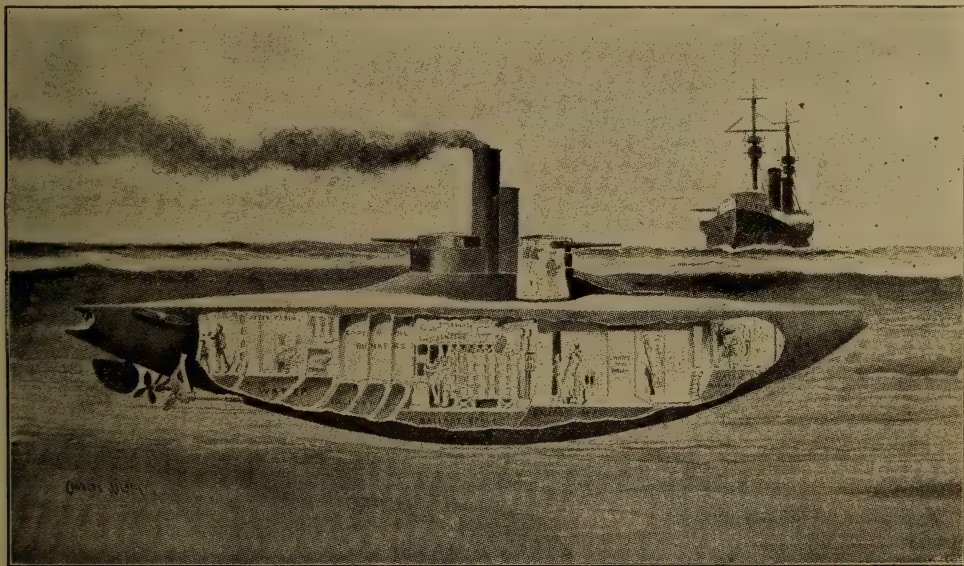
Many deeds of valor were performed in our war with Spain. It will be remembered that the fleet of the Spanish Admiral Cervera was shut up for a long time in the harbor of Santiago on the southern coast of Cuba. The most thrilling episode of the long blockade, and one that will be marked in history as an act of the highest heroism, was the sinking of the ship Merrimac, early on the morning of Friday, June 3, 1898, by Richmond P. Hobson, and seven men, in the narrow channel leading into the harbor of Santiago, thus "bottling up" Cervera's fleet so that only a single ship at a time could escape from the harbor.

While the blockading fleet was ceaseless in its vigilance, there was danger that the enemy might come out at any time and some of the vessels, at least, escape. With Cervera's fleet were some torpedo boats, at that time, because of their speed, feared by the cruisers and battleships, and one night two of them had come out of the harbor and threatened the Texas, but had gone back without making any attack or doing any damage.

The situation was a trying one, and all over our country people were anxious as to the outcome. Many wondered why Sampson and Schley did not go into the harbor, like Dewey at Manila, and "capture or destroy the enemy," to use a now famous phrase. At the same time, now and then, was to be found one to suggest that the Spanish fleet

should be bottled up. Under date of May 25th, a newspaper correspondent wrote: "The harbor of Santiago is very narrow, and at its entrance a half a dozen old iron steamers laden with stone should be sunk. In this way, the Spanish fleet will be bottled and corked up."

The same thought had occurred to Lieutenant Hobson, at that time assistant naval constructor on Admiral Sampson's flagship, and he promptly proposed to attempt the deed himself, assisted by a few volunteers. The plan was approved by Admiral Sampson. Volunteers were



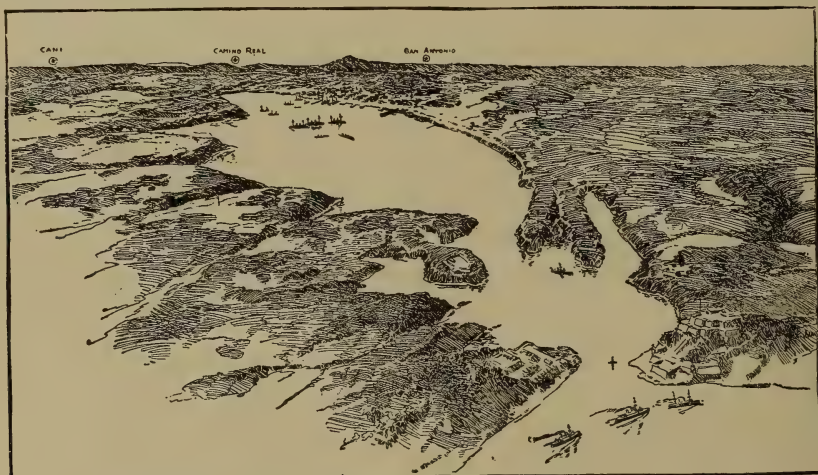
ARMORED SUBMARINE TORPEDO MONITOR.
SHOWING ARRANGEMENT BELOW DECK.

called for and whole cheering crews stepped forward for the hazardous adventure. About one hundred in the New York, one hundred and forty in the Iowa and like proportions in the other vessels volunteered. Mr. Hobson picked three men from the New York and three from the Merrimac. Besides them one man went as a stowaway against orders.

The names of these seven men, whose heroism will be traditional in naval annals were: Daniel Montague, of Brooklyn, 29 years old, chief master-at-arms of the New York; George Charette, 31 years old, of Lowell, Mass., gunner's mate on the New York; J. C. Murphy, coxswain of the Iowa; Osborn Deignan, 24 years old, coxswain of the Merrimac;

John F. Philips, 36 years old, of Boston, machinist on the Merrimac; Francis Kelly, 35 years, of Glasgow, Scotland, a water tender, and R. Clausen, coxswain of the New York, who went without orders. The Merrimac had on board six hundred tons of coal.

The plan had been well thought out by Lieutenant Hobson, and every detail had been foreseen. Sitting in his cabin on the flagship just before leaving on his perilous trip, Hobson said: "I shall go right into the harbor until about four hundred yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach



HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SANTIAGO.

THE CROSS SHOWS WHERE THE MERRIMAC WAS SUNK.

somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has seven thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel.

"There are ten 8-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do

their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

HOW THE SIGNAL WAS TO BE GIVEN.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys, and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard and take his chances with the others.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engine, scramble on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible. The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac, whether the torpedoes work or not. By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy, and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of Mr. Hobson.

Mr. Hobson said: "I suppose the *Estrella* battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces, and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed, we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle." We shall keep together at all hazards. Then, we may be able to make our way alongside and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last, and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost un contemplated emergency."

HOBSON'S LAST DIRECTIONS.

Just before the *Merrimac* started on her last desperate run, she was hailed by one of the newspaper boats. Hobson's last words to the correspondents were: "Now, pardon me, but in case you gentlemen write anything of this expedition, please don't say anything individually about its members until you know."

He accented the last word; and the inference was plain—until you know we are dead, would have filled out the sentence. While the correspondents were on the bridge of the *Merrimac*, a young officer from the *Marblehead* came aboard on business. As he left he said: "Shall we send you fellows over some breakfast? We would be delighted, and can do it just as well as not."

"Never mind about the breakfast, old man," responded Mr. Hobson, "but if you can send some coffee we would be very glad. You see we are swept pretty clean here, and none of us have had a drop of coffee since day before yesterday."

It was a trivial incident, but coming from a man doomed to almost

certain death, it seemed to add the last touch of the pathetic to a situation heartbreaking enough in itself.

Lieutenant Hobson thus describes his thrilling exploit :

"It was about three o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland. We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel. This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac poked her nose into the channel our troubles commenced. The dead silence was broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the direction of the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat that was on the lookout.

MERRIMAC LOST HER RUDDER.

"She ran close up under the stern of the Merrimac and fired several shots from what seemed to be 3-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel. We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast anchor. We then found that the Merrimac would not answer to the helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the Vizcaya, the Almirante Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

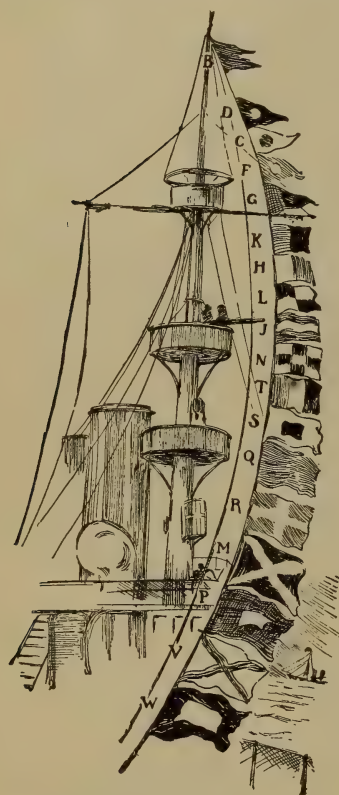
"Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear rumbling and feel the ship tremble. We were running without lights, and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran I touched off the explosives.

"At the same moment two torpedoes, fired by the Reina Mercedes,

struck the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder. As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and warships as the hold of the collier foundered, the

Spaniards thinking that the Merrimac was an American ship trying to enter the harbor.

"We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us, and a boat from the Reina Mercedes picked us up. It was then shortly after five o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than hour. We were taken aboard the Reina Mercedes and later were sent to Morro Castle. In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress, and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro. I could only hear the whistling of the shells and the noise they made when they struck, but I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.



INTERNATIONAL SIGNAL CODE. "After this" bombardment Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, protested, and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew, and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly fell ill, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice. Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us, and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done.

"As for myself, there is little to say. The Spanish were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but

after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners our treatment was better. Food was scarce in the city, and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

The next morning Hobson recounted his experiences more fully.

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, "as Ensign Powell in the launch supposed. I headed east until I got my bearings and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns on the hills, the Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joining in.

SOLDIERS ON THE CLIFFS FIRING WILDLY.

"Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed, and soldiers lined the foot of the cliffs firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button.

"Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"'Not a man must move,' I said, and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, and the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?' but I said, 'Wait till daylight.' It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on to the shore where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage

done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest, so I lay motionless.

"It was splendid the way those men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful. When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water. A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads sticking out of the water.

SAVED BY THE SPANISH ADMIRAL.

"Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles, and we were helped into the launch. Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle. It was a grand sight a few days later, to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in the hospital. From my window I could see the army moving, and it was terrible to see these poor lads moving across the open and being shot down by the Spaniards in the rifle pits in front of me."

Hobson was overjoyed at getting back. He looked well, though somewhat worn. On the whole, the Spaniards treated him better than might have been expected. Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, was tireless in his efforts to secure comfort for Hobson and his men. The young hero knew nothing about the destruction of Cervera's fleet until he reached the army line. He could not understand his promised exceptional promotion, but was overjoyed to learn the news that his bravery had been recognized by the people.

A few weeks after Hobson's famous exploit he received an overwhelming, enthusiastic welcome in New York. The Grand Opera House was crowded by an applauding audience, many of them government

officials and distinguished citizens. His speech was a remarkable narrative of his daring deed, as well as an eloquent tribute to the American sailor.

"Although I have been associated," he said, "with the sailor but a brief number of years, it has been long enough for me to learn to know him. My first experience with him—and his experiences are the only things a sailor can talk about—was on a cruise just after I left the Naval Academy. Several cadets had gone overboard to swim. Some of them were too venturesome and swam too far from the ship. One of them was seized with cramps. He cried out to those on board to send a boat to him. The sailors heard him. First one threw off his jacket, leaped overboard and started with strong strokes to save the cadet. Others began to jump overboard from the rail, from the gangways, from the boom, until finally the officer of the deck had to give the order through the bo'sun: 'Let no more men go overboard!'

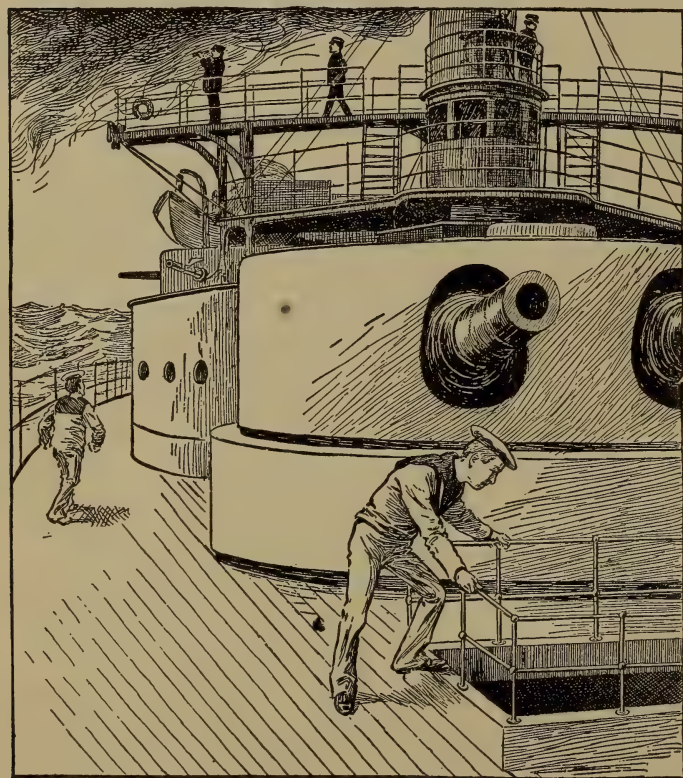
HEROIC CONDUCT OF AMERICAN SAILORS.

"I have seen the sailor show the same heroism in a storm at sea. A dear classmate of mine fell from the topmast and struck the water, apparently lifeless. The lifeboat crew was called away. Into it piled the men. It was lowered. The high sea capsized it, and there were seven struggling men in that angry sea instead of one to be rescued. The other lifeboat was called out. It was hardly necessary to give that order, though. The men were already at their posts and the boat was in the water before the words of command had been uttered. The struggling men in the water were all saved.

"Such was my introduction to Jacky. Do you wonder that I love and respect the sailor? Every experience I have had since has strengthened the opinions and impressions I first formed concerning him. I have had occasion to see Jacky when he was sorely tempted. I have always found him equal to such emergencies, a credit to himself and to the service. I feel that certain features of the recent incident in which Jacky played his part, and in which I had special opportunity for observing his conduct, should be referred to here. It is known that when the word was

sent out for volunteers to go into Santiago on the doomed Merrimac the sailors literally fell over each other to volunteer. The list on board the New York had run up to over one hundred, and the list signalled from the Iowa was 140 men, before the order was passed that no more volunteers were needed.

"When a few out of this number had been assigned to stations on



TURRET OF A UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP.

the Merrimac, the directions for them were to lie flat on their faces alongside of the post of duty until they had performed the deed which they were instructed to perform. Some stood by the gear, some were in the engine-room, some by the torpedoes, and so on. They were to remain where they were posted until the signal was given and they had done their part in making the expedition a success. The order was that no man should

pay attention to the fire of the enemy. He was not even to look back over his shoulder to see where the fire was coming from. It was also understood that if any man was wounded he should pay no attention to his wound nor call the attention of anybody else to it, but should place himself in a sitting, kneeling, or any other posture that he could, so that when the signal came he could perform the simple duty assigned him.

"And they carried out their instructions to the letter. They remained there on that ship, each man at his post, until their duty was performed. They laid there until five of the seven torpedoes had been shot away by the enemy's fire. The steering gear also had been shot away. The projectiles from the enemy's guns were coming so fast that it seemed as though they came more in a stream than singly. Yet those Jackies laid there to do their duty as instructed, and never flinched.

NOT A MAN DISOBEYED ANY ORDER.

"Again, when the work was done and the crew assembled again at the appointed place, and the Merrimac began to sink under them slowly, because only two of the seven torpedoes that were to sink had been fired; when for ten minutes that crew of Jackies lay there on their faces at the rendezvous, and the projectiles were exploding just in front of them, the simple order was given that no man should move until further orders. If there ever was a time and conditions when the principle of every man taking care of himself was justifiable, when men would have been excused for going overboard—going anywhere so long as they got away from where they were—it was on board the Merrimac those ten minutes. But not a man stirred. They waited for the order, feeling all the time the ship sinking beneath them, and seeing the shells exploding all around them.

"A few minutes later, when the same group of Jackies was in the water, clinging with their heads just above water to the rounded corners of the catamaran and the enemy's picket-boats came pouring in with their lanterns to find something living—then again the impulse was just as strong and as natural to get away from those picket-boats and to strike out for the shore. But the simple order was given that no man should move until further orders. There, clinging to that catamaran for nearly an hour, those men remained, every one of them, without a murmur.

"When, that afternoon—the same afternoon as the striking,—by command of the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish fleet, Admiral Cervera (hisses, which were smothered by loud cheering in which Lieut. Hobson joined), the personal effects of that crew of Jackies were

brought off from the ship to the prison in the boat that was sent to Admiral Sampson to tell of our safety, one of the men was allowed to come over to me while the distribution of our effects was being made. This man, who was the spokesman for all the rest, said, after referring to what they had just been through: 'We would do it over again to-night, sir.'

"The next day, when, for all those sailors knew, the remnants of the inquisition were to be applied to get information from the prisoners, those Jackies had another test. A Spanish major, backed by several soldiers, began to question them. As he did so, the Spanish soldiers made significant signs like this. (Lieut. Hobson drew his hand across his throat.) The Jackies simply laughed at them. When the Spanish major urged the question as to the object of bringing the Merrimac in in the way we did, George Charette, acting as spokesman, replied :

TYPES OF THE WHOLE AMERICAN NAVY.

"In the United States Navy, sir, it is not the custom for the seaman to know or to inquire the object of his superior officer.'

"Now, friends, if you will draw a proper deduction and regard these men of the Merrimac as simple types of the whole United States Navy, if you will properly look upon this little incident of the Merrimac as simply characteristic of the readiness of the men of the navy as a whole to do any duty that they are called upon to do, no matter how hazardous, you will have acquired a more or less complete and proper idea of the American Jacky."

We have read of the noble six hundred
Who rode to the gate of hell ;
How cannon roared right and left o. them,
And many a noble man fell.

They were ordered, and each did his duty ;
A soldier must always obey—
But the volunteer eight Yankee seaman
Have eclipsed the six hundred to-day.

There was death both below and above them,
Torpedoes and bullets and shell ;
They steamed from our fleet in the midst of it,
And their comrades wished them farewell.
God guarded these kings of the ocean,
He honored the brave and the true ;
The nation salutes to their honor ;
The enemy honored them, too.

Hobson is considered one of the ablest men who ever graduated from the Naval Academy. Like most geniuses he was regarded as peculiar. Men who were at the Naval Academy while he was there say his classmates at first attempted to make life miserable for the quiet, studious boy, but found that he could resent their actions in a way that made them desist before he had been in the academy very long. He was only fifteen years old when he went to Annapolis, and his most marked characteristic was his use of words seldom in the vocabulary of a youngster of his age. One of his classmates says that Hobson was hazed a great deal in his plebe year, and many a dignified officer had the honor of standing him on his head and making him do all sorts of ridiculous things. One day Hobson resented the annoyance to which he was subjected by older cadets in these words :

“ I do not desire, and neither will I tolerate, any more of your scurrilous contumely.”

PLODDERED AWAY AND GRADUATED SECOND IN HIS CLASS.

At another time, Hobson was fishing from the end of the old Santee wharf, and a passing classmate asked him what he was doing. “ Merely indulging in piscatorial pursuits,” said the future hero of the Merrimac exploit. But while other cadets had fun at his expense, Hobson plodded away and graduated from the academy second in his class.

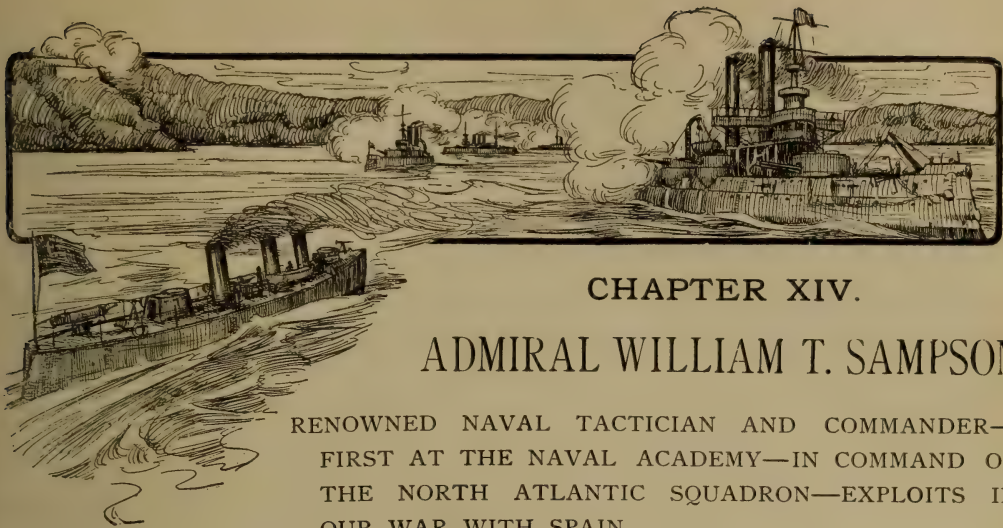
Many stories are told of Hobson, illustrating his grit and his defiance of custom. He is said to have no respect for red tape. An officer at San Francisco tells this tale of him :

“ When Hobson was in the fourth class year, an order was issued

that cadets in authority should be careful in reporting their classmates in the performance of any of their duties. Hobson was leader of a section and reported some of the members for some breach of discipline. Thereupon the class put Hobson in coventry; that is, he was ostracised. none of his class speaking to him or having anything to do with him, Hobson then buckled right down to his books, and by the end of his third class year was at the head of his class. Then they decided to revise their judgment, but Hobson said :

“ ‘No, gentlemen, you have got on without me these three years and I’ll manage to worry along without you for the remaining year,’ and he did. For four years this young man had not a social associate among any of the cadets at the academy. He never spoke to a cadet without addressing him as ‘mister,’ and insisted on the same treatment. In his first class year he was a four-striper, or the cadet in command of the battalion, and never before had there been a better drilled or more efficient lot of cadets.”

It was Mr. Hobson who proposed the establishment of a post graduate course at the Naval Academy for cadets who intended to enter the Construction Corps. Before that time all constructors were educated abroad. Mr. Hobson was placed in charge of the course, and through that means he found a way of going with Admiral Sampson’s squadron just before the war began. It was his idea that constructors should be assigned to sea duty in time of hostilities on account of their knowledge of construction of ships, which would enable them to point out the vital parts of an enemy’s vessel and thus assist commanding officers in conducting engagements. He also succeeded in having his class of construction students assigned to the squadrons engaged in operations.



CHAPTER XIV.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

RENOWNED NAVAL TACTICIAN AND COMMANDER—
FIRST AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY—IN COMMAND OF
THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON—EXPLOITS IN
OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

William Thomas Sampson was born February, 1840, near Palmyra, in the State of New York. The farm upon which Sampson was born is called Mormon Hill farm, owing to the fact that upon this property Joseph Smith, the Mormon chief, made the excavation which, he claimed, resulted in the discovery of the golden plates of the Book of Mormon. Unlike some of the officers in the American navy, Sampson does not come of distinguished naval lineage. He was of humble parentage, his father being a laborer, and his earliest education was picked up by desultory attendance at country schools. His ambition to learn, however, kept him at his books in the intervals of wood-cutting or similar occupations, and he diligently studied such text-books as were within his reach. He was an example of an ambitious country boy, who meant to make something of himself.

When the future admiral was seventeen he obtained, through the interest of Representative Morgan, an appointment as midshipman in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. After four years of study at this institution he graduated first in his class, just before the opening of the Civil War. At the outbreak of the latter Sampson was not old enough to obtain a command, so his first service in the navy was on board the frigate *Potomac* of the South Atlantic squadron, where he remained one year as master. During his first year at sea his services were so

acceptable to the superior officers that he was promoted second lieutenant. While participating in the evolutions of the South Atlantic squadron he served on board the John Adams and the Patapsco.

It was the fate of Lieutenant Sampson, then twenty-five years of age, to be acting as executive officer on board the iron-clad Patapsco, of the blockading fleet before Charleston, when that vessel was blown up in Charleston harbor by a torpedo and sank in fifteen seconds, on January 15, 1865. There were few of the younger officers in the navy at this time who had so good a record, and this incident in his career reflected credit on him for his striking coolness and nerve. He was senior officer on the monitor Patapsco, under Lieutenant-Commander S. P. Quackenbush, January 15, 1865. On the evening of the 15th the Patapsco and the Lehigh were sent up the channel to drag for torpedoes, and, if possible, to learn the nature and positions of any obstructions placed in the channel by the Confederates. Sampson was on the top of the turret, and the Patapsco was drifting slowly up the harbor, when suddenly a terrific explosion was heard that fairly stunned him.

ORDER GIVEN TO MAN THE BOATS.

"My first impression on hearing the report," he said in his official report, "was that a cannon-shot had struck the overhang just below the water; but the column of smoke and water which at the same instant shot upward convinced me of the real nature of the explosion. The order to start the pumps was immediately given by me down through the turret. So impracticable did the execution of the order appear the next instant that I did not repeat it. Immediately after the order was given to man the boats. Although these orders were issued in rapid succession, only the officer of the deck, who stepped from the turret into the boat, and one man had time to obey the last order before the boat was afloat at the davits.

"Owing to the wise precaution of having the picket boats near at hand, all those who were on deck at the time were saved. None escaped from below except the engineer and the fireman on watch, and one man

who passed through from the berth-deck into the fire-room and up the hatch.

"From my position on the ridge-rope round the turret, while steering the vessel, I was not able to avail myself of the order to man the boats. I was soon picked up by one of the picket launches, and immediately ordered the officer in command to pull up the harbor in the hope of picking up others, which was quickly done."

COOL INTREPIDITY IN DANGER.

In his report to the Secretary of the Navy the commanding officer said: "The cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant Sampson, my executive officer, deserves the highest praise." Sampson afterwards became known throughout the service for just such qualities as he displayed on board the *Patapsco*. In 1866, while serving on the *Colorado*, Sampson received his commission as lieutenant commander. From 1868 to 1871 he was at the Naval Academy as instructor, and in 1872 and the following year he was cruising in Europe and elsewhere on the *Congress*. In 1874 he reached the grade of commander, in which capacity he served on the *Alert*, a third-rate vessel. Subsequently he was despatched to the Asiatic station in command of the *Swatara*.

A turn of shore duty followed from 1876 to 1878 at the Naval Academy, and in 1882 he was stationed at the Naval Observatory—a position which he held till 1885. While stationed at the Naval Observatory he was sent as a delegate to the International Prime Meridian and Time Conference, held at Washington in 1884. He also acted as a member of the Board on Fortifications and Other Defences, which convened at Washington in 1885. From 1886 to 1890 he was superintendent of the Naval Academy. In 1889 he attained the rank of captain, and in that year was delegate from the United States to the International Maritime Conference held at Washington. He was next ordered to the Pacific coast to take command of the new United States cruiser *San Francisco*, and since the formation of the new navy Captain Sampson commanded the battleship *Iowa*, one of the most formidable of modern war vessels.

Subsequently he took charge of the Ordnance Bureau, ordnance matters and torpedo work having been for many years past Captain Sampson's special duty. On the 24th of March, 1898, Captain W. T. Sampson was promoted from the command of the battleship Iowa to succeed Admiral Sicard as commander of what was officially termed "The North Atlantic Squadron." Rear Admiral Sicard retired from this command on account of ill health. "The North Atlantic Squadron" consisted of the principal ships of the United States navy which had assembled off Key West in anticipation of war with Spain. On the 21st of April, 1898, the President authorized him to hoist the flag of a rear admiral, and thus made him the senior flag officer of the entire fleet of the United States war vessels on the Atlantic coast.

Admiral Sampson thus suddenly became the most prominent man of the hour in the United States navy in the approaching struggle with Spain. At the time of his appointment as rear-admiral, Captain Sampson was serving as president of the Maine Board of Inquiry, in which capacity he manifested on all occasions sound judgment and a high order of efficiency.

APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

His appointment as commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic naval station caused some surprise in naval circles. Captain Sampson was the fourth ranking captain in the service; but the choice was popular and was amply justified by after events. No doubt those qualities of coolness and deliberation which caused his selection as president of the Maine Court of Inquiry led to his being chosen to command the North Atlantic Squadron. While his career had run in comparatively quiet grooves, when compared with certain other officers in the service, his record is none the less brilliant and interesting. He graduated from the Naval Academy, as we have seen, first in his class and stood high in all subsequent examinations—as an officer, as a scientist, and as an engineer.

When the San Francisco was first put in commission under Captain

Sampson, he set the whole force on board to work so vigorously that all visitors on board the vessel, Americans and foreigners, pronounced her to be in the finest condition of any ship they had ever seen. In his duties he was careful and painstaking, and was a strict disciplinarian. In person Admiral Sampson was slight in figure, and possessed an earnest and handsome face. He was much loved and respected by those under him. While chief of the Ordnance Bureau, Captain Sampson's health suffered



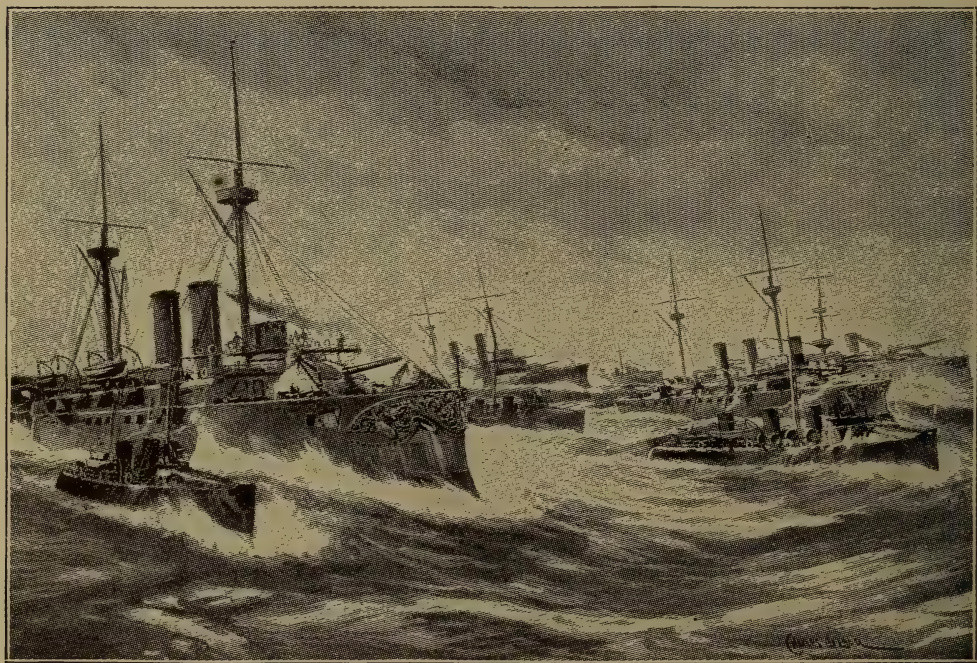
BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

severely from the close sedentary habits which his duties imposed, and he tried to counteract the bad effects by all sorts of athletic exercises at home. He had been twice married, and had two sons and four daughters.

On Sunday, July 3d, 1898, occurred the battle off Santiago de Cuba in which the Spanish fleet of Admiral Cervera was destroyed by the American blockading squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. At the eventful moment of the attempted escape of the Spanish fleet from the harbor Admiral Sampson was on the flagship New York, four miles east of the blockading station, and seven miles from the harbor entrance

where the battle took place. Admiral Sampson had intended to land at Siboney to consult with General Shafter, commander of the land forces in Cuba, to discuss the situation, as a more definite understanding between the operations proposed of the land and sea forces had been rendered necessary by the unexpectedly stubborn resistance of the Spanish garrison of Santiago.

While the American commander was thus absent the Spanish



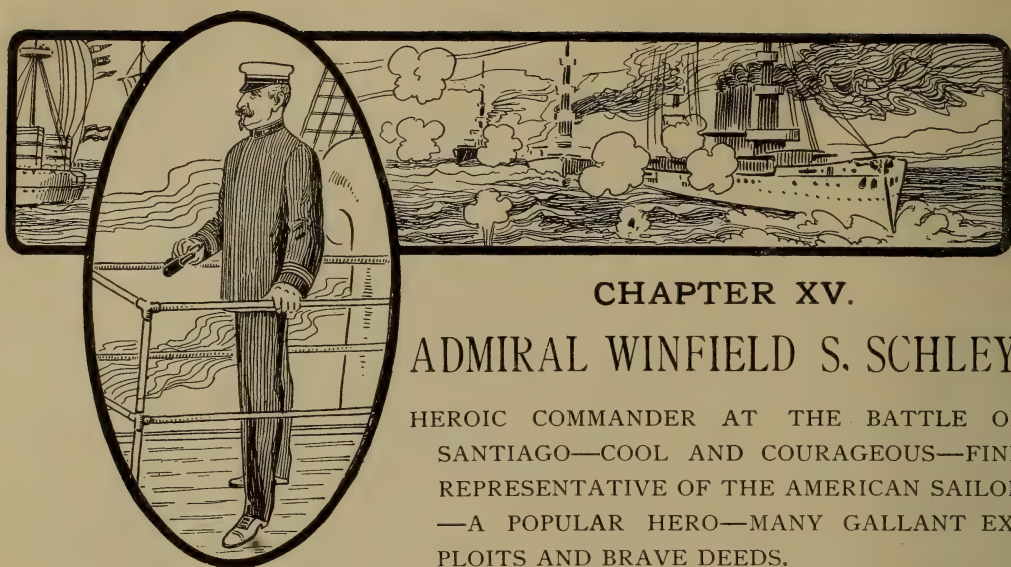
VESSELS OF THE SPANISH FLEET OFF SANTIAGO.

squadron appeared in the channel to make a dash through the line of blockade. The commander of the second division, Commodore Schley, took up the chase and led the fleet to victory until the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, came up, and the latter resumed command.

The expediency of Admiral Sampson's leaving the post of blockade at this time has given occasion for some adverse criticism. There is no question, however, that a meeting between the two leaders of the land and sea forces was necessary at this time for a better understanding of the joint mode of attack on Santiago. It was unfortunate, perhaps, for

Admiral Sampson that the Spanish fleet should have chosen just that particular hour for its attempted escape, but the result of the encounter could not have been more favorable to the American fleet than it was. It is therefore of little purpose to speculate on the conduct of the chief officer in charge. He had manifested his skill in manœuvring tactics on former occasions, and, as has been noted, there were excellent reasons in the existing situation why Admiral Sampson should seek a consultation with General Shafter. The battle of Santiago speaks highly for the skill and care of Admiral Sampson in maintaining the efficiency of his fleet, and for holding the officers and men under his charge in proper readiness for the work they were there to do. If the Admiral cannot be called a showy and dashing officer, he undoubtedly possessed high and equally admirable qualifications for his important command.

He died at Washington May 6, 1902, sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and admirers, all of whom were able to testify to his noble qualities as a man and his great ability as an officer.



CHAPTER XV.

ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY.

HEROIC COMMANDER AT THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—COOL AND COURAGEOUS—FINE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE AMERICAN SAILOR—A POPULAR HERO—MANY GALLANT EXPLOITS AND BRAVE DEEDS.

The desperate bravery of the Spaniards in our war with Spain was more than matched by our great commanders, one of whom was Winfield Scott Schley. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, October 9, 1839. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis at the age of fifteen, and two years later was appointed an acting midshipman. He graduated from the academy in 1860, and began his seafaring life by making the voyage to Japan on board the United States vessel which escorted the Japanese embassy back to their own country in that year.

He served on board the United States frigate Niagara in China and Japan, and remained abroad until the call to arms of the Civil War required the presence of all the United States forces, naval and military. The exigencies of the war at that time brought officers forward very rapidly, and Schley was promoted to be master early in 1861, and was ordered to the United States frigate Potomac. While serving in her his daring and gallantry secured him the first prize-ship of the war, the General Parkhill. He was present on board the Potomac at the occupation of Mexico, early in 1862, by the combined powers of England, France and Spain. He was next engaged with the Western Gulf Squadron, on the Potomac, in the blockade of Mobile Bay, where he took a prominent part in numerous adventures with the enemy's boats on the latter attempting to run the blockade.

When the Potomac was turned into a shore-ship, Schley was given command of the gunboat *Winona*, of the West Gulf blockading squadron. In her he patrolled the Mississippi River for a year, and during this time took part in many encounters. He made the original reconnoissance preparatory to the attack upon Port Hudson, at which time the *Winona* received ninety-eight shells in her hull and suffered the loss of eighteen men, though succeeding in evading capture. He was engaged in several operations with field batteries on the river, and afterwards took part in the various engagements which led to the capture of Port Hudson, in Louisiana, from March 16 to July 9, 1863. He participated in several skirmishes, and in cutting out, under heavy fire, two schooners engaged in conveying supplies to the Confederate forces.

NEVER OUT OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

After the assault upon Port Hudson, in which he took part, Schley remained six months longer on the river service occupied in preparations tending to reduce that stronghold. He was commissioned as lieutenant July 18, 1862, only two years after leaving the Naval Academy. During his service with the West Gulf squadron, Schley had served on the steam-sloop *Monongahela* and subsequently on the *Richmond*. At the close of the Civil War, Schley was ordered to the Pacific coast to serve in the Pacific squadron. From 1864 to 1866, he was attached to the steam gunboat *Wateree*, as executive officer, and performed various missions of a perilous character, being present at the bombardment of Valparaiso and Callao by the Spanish fleet, and during the same cruise he suppressed, at Middle Chincha Island and at La Union, Honduras, an insurrection among the Chinese coolies.

At the latter place he landed with one hundred men to protect the custom-house and United States consulate during the revolution. He was commissioned a lieutenant-commander in July, 1866, and, upon his return from the Pacific, was ordered to the United States Naval Academy, where he remained until 1869, as instructor. At the close of his period of shore service at the academy he was appointed lieutenant-commander of the

United States ship *Benicia*, and served in her on the Asiatic station until 1872. While on board the *Benicia*, Schley took part in an attack on the forces defending the fort on the Salee River, in Corea, wherein the Coreans were taught a lesson in regard to the power of the United States that they will probably long remember.

The Coreans had treacherously attacked and fired on the United States survey-boats in the Han River. After waiting some time for an apology or explanation from the Corean government, and as none was forthcoming, Lieutenant-Commander Schley was ordered to take charge of the land expedition of chastisement, consisting of 650 men and seven howitzers. The valor of the United States marines and the splendid marksmanship of the Dahlgren batteries on land greatly assisted Schley and his command, and the five fortifications were destroyed as fully as shell, sword, shovel, fire and sledge could do the work. After administering this punishment, Schley landed his forces safely on the decks again, and at an early opportunity thereafter the Coreans made a treaty of peace. On this occasion, as on all others requiring dash, courage and coolness, Schley did not lack the necessary qualities.

VOYAGE TO NORTH POLAR REGIONS.

When the Greely relief expedition was organized, in 1884, Schley was sent in command of it to the North Polar regions, and on June 22d, he rescued Lieut. Greely and six survivors off Cape Sabine, and brought them home with characteristic promptitude. Partly as a reward for his service he was promoted by President Arthur to be chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting in the Navy Department in which post he served until 1888. He was reappointed to the same position by President Cleveland, but resigned the office in 1889.

While in the Bureau he was promoted to a captaincy, and in leaving the position was in the same year given command of the new cruiser *Baltimore*, and served with her on the North Atlantic, European, and South Pacific stations. During his command of the *Baltimore*, he carried back to Stockholm, Sweden, the remains of the late John Ericsson, the

distinguished inventor of the Monitor. Schley was in command of the Baltimore during the complications and trouble with Valparaiso, Chile, in 1891. In 1893, he was called to do duty as lighthouse inspector of the third lighthouse district at Tompkinsville, New York. He was made chairman of the Lighthouse Board, April 15, 1897, and later served as president of the same board. It will be seen from this chronicle of duties and adventures that Commodore Schley is the hero of a particularly lively



TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET NEAR SANTIAGO.

career. He is a man of tireless activity and possesses a brain fertile in expedients.

In May, 1898, Schley was promoted to be commodore, and was given command of the Flying Squadron. On the third of July, 1898, occurred the memorable battle of Santiago de Cuba, one of the liveliest achievements in modern naval warfare. In the battle Commodore Schley was destined to perform the chief act of his life. In the temporary absence of Admiral Sampson, the command of the blockading fleet fell upon Commodore Schley, and he performed his duties with the highest credit

to himself and to his country. For the first time in history great battleships of modern construction were pitted against each other and the expected action off the coast of Cuba was looked forward to with great interest by all students of scientific naval warfare.

The Spanish fleet included four great war vessels, each of 7000 tons displacement. Their armament embraced a number of ten and eleven-inch guns, and though the American battleships were somewhat larger and heavier, and their armament included some thirteen-inch guns, it was not entirely due to the odds against Spain that her fleet was destroyed. It was due more to the level and decisive action of Schley and to his fine tactics in conjunction with the other captains of the American war vessels.

SUPERB COURAGE AND COOL HEAD.

Admiral Sampson was miles away on a reconnoitering cruise at the hour of Admiral Cervera's fatal attempt to dash out of the harbor at Santiago, and it was well for the American forces that the officer ranking next in command was one so competent as Commodore Schley. The destruction of the enemy's ships on the occasion could not have been more effectively accomplished and reflected great credit on Schley and the other commanders of the American vessels. The superb courage and resourceful brain of Commodore Schley on this occasion gained him the honor of leading the great fight which closed Spain's sea power in the New World. In all the history of naval warfare nothing like this result has been chronicled, and the crushing of Spain's fleet by Schley and his brave men gives to them a lasting place of honor among the heroes of great American sea fights.

The reader will be interested in the details of the battle at Santiago, in which our Jack Tars displayed such splendid valor.

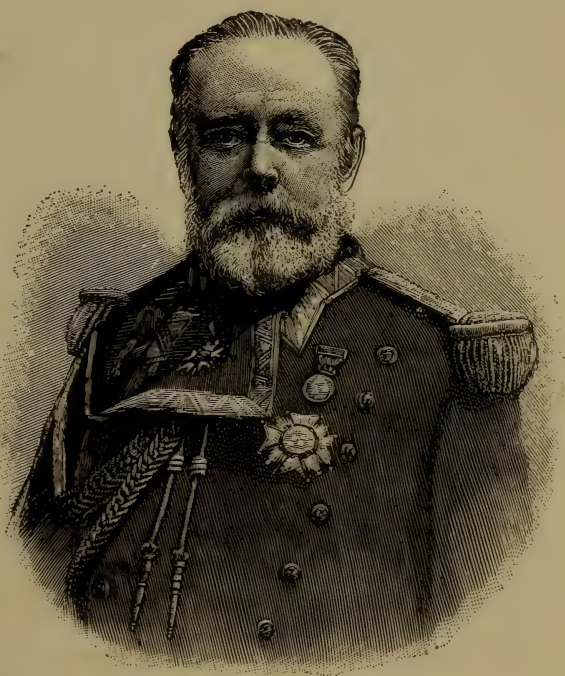
The fleet of Admiral Cervera had long been shut up in the harbor of Santiago, and during the two days' fighting gave effective aid to the Spanish infantry by throwing shells into the ranks of the Americans. Cervera's fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers Cristobal Colon, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya, and two torpedo-

boat destroyers, the *Furor* and the *Pluton*, which had been held in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba for six weeks by the combined squadrons of Rear-Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, was sent to the bottom of the Caribbean Sea off the southern coast of Cuba.

Admiral Cervera made as gallant a dash for liberty and for the preservation of his ships as has ever occurred in the history of naval warfare. In the face of overwhelming odds, with nothing before him but inevitable destruction or surrender if he remained any longer in the trap in which the American fleet held him, he made a bold dash from the harbor at the time the Americans least expected him to do so, and, fighting every inch of his way, even when his ship was ablaze and sinking, he tried to escape the doom which was written on the muzzle of every American gun trained upon his vessels.

The Americans saw him the moment he left the harbor and commenced their work of destruction immediately. For an hour or two they followed the flying Spaniards to the westward along the shore line, sending shot after shot into their blazing hulls, tearing great holes in their steel sides, and covering their decks with the blood of the killed and wounded who had fallen during the action.

At no time did the Spaniards show any indication that they intended to do otherwise than fight to the last. They displayed no signals to surrender even when their ships commenced to sink and the great, dark clouds of smoke pouring from their sides showed they were on fire. But



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

they turned their heads toward the shore, less than a mile away, and ran them on the beach and rocks, where their destruction was completed in an incredibly short space of time.

Heavy explosions of ammunition occurred every few minutes, sending curls of dense white smoke a hundred feet in the air and causing a shower of broken iron and steel to fall in the water on every side. The bluffs on the coast line echoed with the roar of every explosion, and the Spanish vessels sank deeper and deeper into the sand or else the rocks ground their hulls to pieces as they rolled or pitched forward or sideways with every wave that washed upon them from the open sea.

SENT BOAT TO SAVE SPANISH ADMIRAL.

Admiral Cervera escaped to the shore in a boat sent by the Gloucester to the assistance of the Infanta Maria Teresa, and as soon as he touched the beach he surrendered himself and his command to Lieutenant Morton and asked to be taken on board the Gloucester, which was the only American vessel near him at the time, with several of his officers, including the captain of the flagship. The Spanish admiral, who was wounded in the arm, was taken to the Gloucester, and was received at her gangway by her commander, Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright, who grasped the hand of the graybearded admiral and said to him :

"I congratulate you, sir, upon having made as gallant a fight as was ever witnessed on the sea."

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright then placed his cabin at the disposal of the Spanish officers. At that time the Spanish flagship and four other Spanish vessels had been aground and burning for two hours, and the only one of the escaping fleet which could not be seen at this point was the Cristobal Colon. But half a dozen curls of smoke far down on the western horizon showed the fate that was awaiting her.

The Cristobal Colon was the fastest of the Spanish ships, and she soon obtained a lead over the others after leaving the harbor, and escaped the effect of the shots which destroyed the other vessels. She

steamed away at great speed with the Oregon, New York, Brooklyn and several other ships in pursuit, all of them firing at her constantly and receiving fire themselves from her after guns. There seemed no possibility whatever for her escape, and while her fate was not definitely known for some time, it was predicted from the words of Captain Robley D. Evans, of the Iowa, who returned from the westward with 340 prisoners from the Vizcaya.

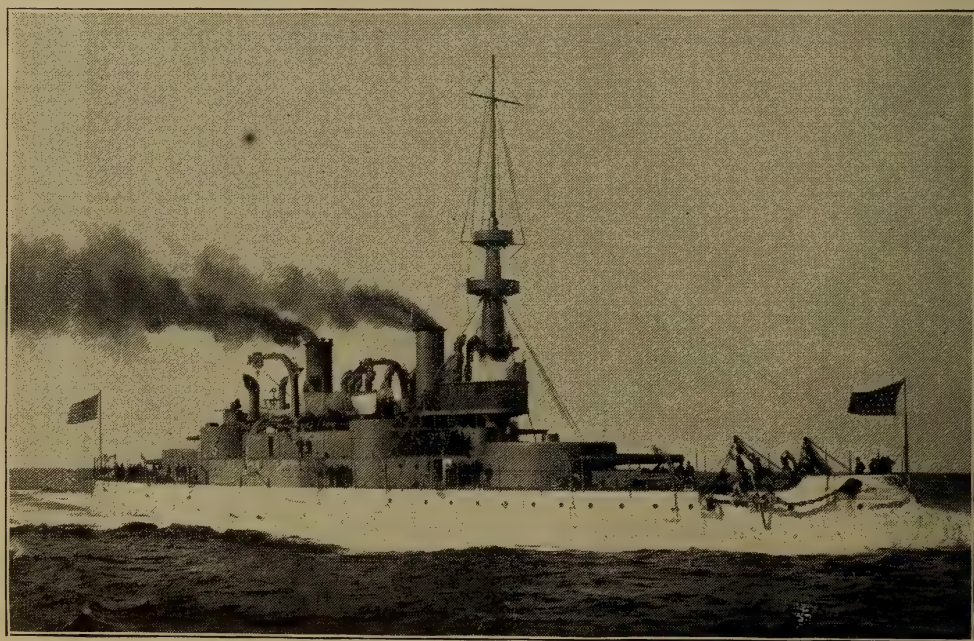
In answer to an inquiry, he shouted through the megaphone: "I left the Cristobal Colon far to the westward an hour ago, and the Oregon



THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

was giving her thunder. She has undoubtedly gone with the others, and we will have a Fourth of July celebration in Santiago to-morrow." Captain Evans, who had been in the thick of the engagement up to the time he took the Vizcaya's officers and crew from the shore, said that to the best of his knowledge not one American ship had been struck. The torpedo-boat Ericsson, which also returned from the westward at about the same time, made a similar report, saying it was believed no man was injured on board the American ships, though another report had it that one man was killed aboard the Brooklyn. This report was afterwards confirmed.

Another account by an eye-witness gives additional particulars of the great battle: "Three of the Spanish cruisers that were bottled up in Santiago harbor and two torpedo-boat destroyers were pounded into helpless hulks by the guns of Admiral Sampson's fleet on Sunday in a vain attempt to escape from the harbor. The vessels were beached in a last effort to save as many of the lives of the crews as possible. Admiral Cervera, on board the *Maria Teresa*, headed his fleet in the attempt to get away at about half-past 9 o'clock. So little were the Americans expect-



THE BATTLESHIP OREGON.

ing the dash that the flagship *New York* was cruising up the coast to the east and returned only in time to see the finish of the fight and to fire a shot or two at the torpedo-boat destroyers.

"The *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn* and the converted yacht *Gloucester*, formerly the *Corsair*, formed in position to give battle as soon as the *Colon* was sighted rounding the wreck of the *Merrimac*.

"The American vessels did not open fire at once; they waited until Cervera's ships were out of the range of Morro's guns before giving battle.

Cervera headed to the west, the Colon in the lead, followed by the Vizcaya and Oquendo and the destroyers, all firing rapidly.

"All of the American battleships opened fire at once, and the Spanish were soon in a hurricane of shot and shell, but the Teresa kept on bravely till when ten miles from the westward of Morro Castle, Admiral Cervera turned his vessel to the shore and beached her. She was blazing in a score of places, but her guns kept at work and the white flag never showed until she was completely disabled.

"The Oquendo and Vizcaya were opposed to the Iowa, Texas and Indiana, and went down to defeat with fearful swiftness, covering only about half the distance made by the Colon before their captains ran them ashore. Their crews fought with desperate bravery, but their courage was no match for the courage of our men, added to their superb gunnery. The Spanish shells went wild for the most part, but the American gunfire was marked by merciless precision. The two cruisers, both on fire, were beached not more than one-quarter of a mile apart."

The annihilation of the Spanish fleet was an absorbing topic among naval officials at Washington, and they gave most generous praise to Commodore Schley for the notable manner in which he directed the fight, when the immediate command fell to his lot. The Commodore's friends predicted that if he secured an opportunity he would render good account of the fighting ability of the American navy, and they were glad this opportunity was afforded.

It was one more, and perhaps the greatest achievement in a long line with which Commodore Schley's name has been associated; others included the relief of the Greely Arctic expedition and the command of the Baltimore at Valparaiso when war was imminent as a result of a mob attack on the American blue jackets. In recognition of his services he was made Admiral.



CHAPTER XVI. COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT.

ONE OF THE NAVAL HEROES OF SANTIAGO—
HIS LITTLE BOAT SINKS TWO SPANISH
VESSELS—RECEIVES THE SURRENDER OF
THE SPANISH ADMIRAL—A MODEL OFFICER
OF PEERLESS BRAVERY.

To the names of Dewey, Schley and other heroes of our navy, who distinguished themselves in the war with Spain, must be added that of Richard Wainwright. At the battle of Santiago he was in command of the Gloucester, a small vessel which was nothing more than a yacht that had been "converted," in other words, changed and fitted up for naval service.

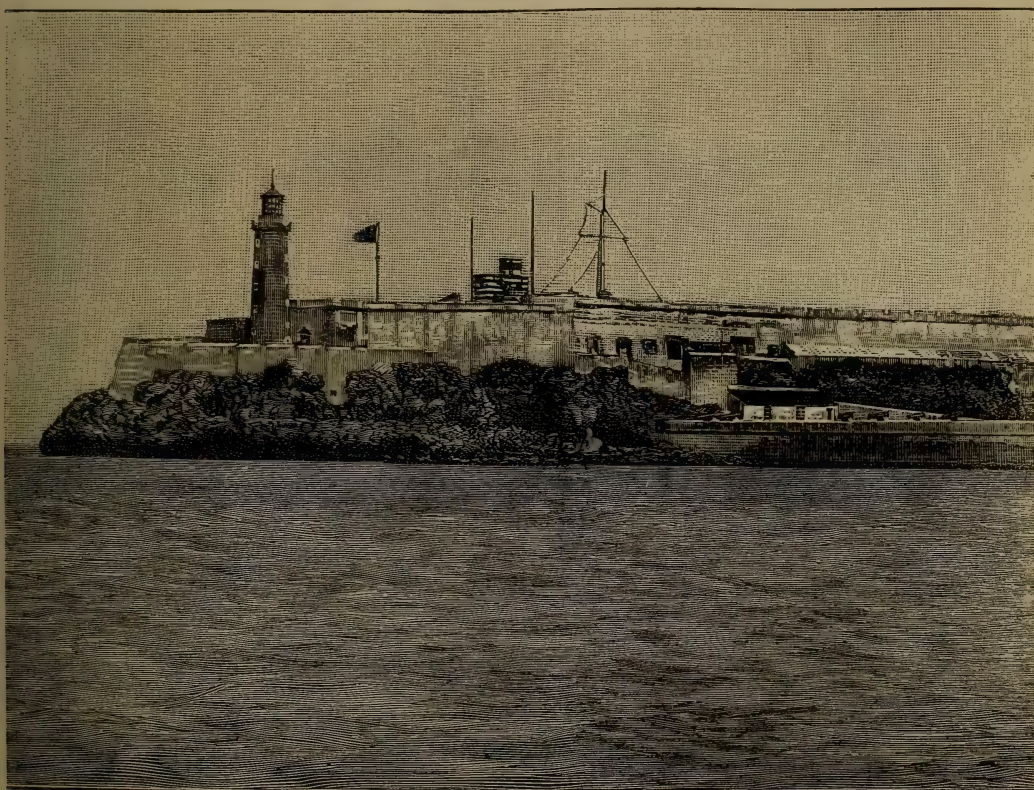
The gallantry displayed by Wainwright during the engagement and the heroic service he rendered with his plucky little craft were the wonder and admiration of our whole country. He showed himself to be not only a brave fighter, but a most gallant sailor and gentleman; and although a man of no dandy traits, but rather of rough and stern qualities, he proved that beneath this exterior garb he carried a noble and generous nature. His share is a large one in the glory of our victory over the Spanish fleet.

"Mark my words, if Dick Wainwright ever gets to close quarters with a Spanish ship there'll be a fight to the finish; and, sink or swim, Wainwright will make a name for himself that will live as long as there is a navy." The prediction was made only a short time before the war broke out by a naval officer in Key West; it was verified off Santiago.

From that awful moment when Wainwright stood beside his captain on the sinking quarter-deck of the Maine, when this ship was blown up

in the harbor of Havana, and gave the order to lower away the boats, he looked forward to some such opportunity as that which has now linked his name with the Gloucester in the memorable battle that was so disastrous to the warships of Spain.

No man knew better than he the ghastly horrors that followed that



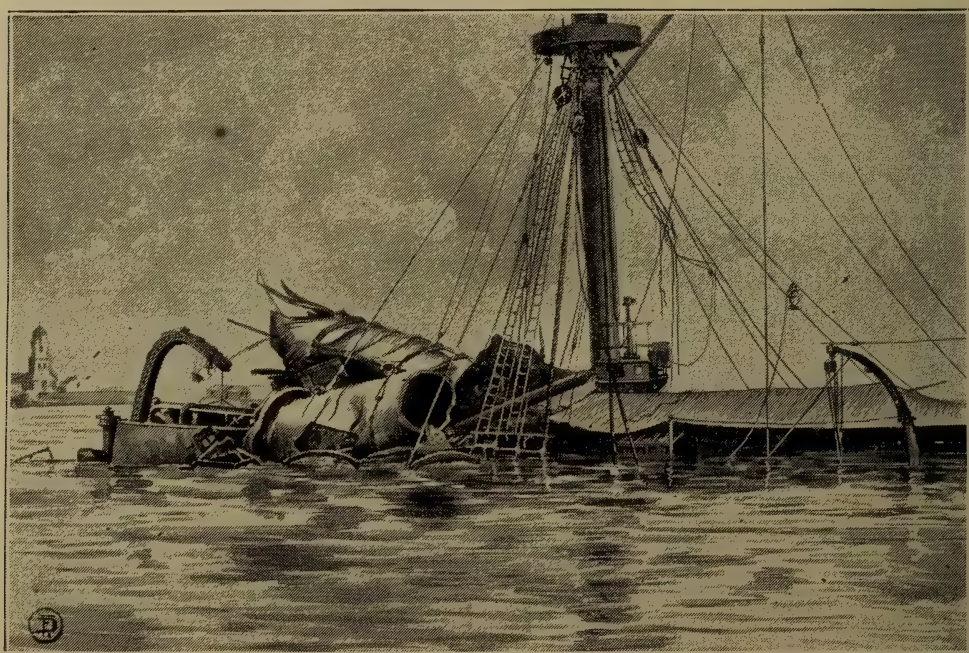
MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA, CUBA.

night in Havana harbor. No man was more certain than he that the Maine disaster was not an accident, and none was better qualified to reach a just conclusion. During all the long weeks following the disaster it was Wainwright who toiled beside the wreck and above it, from dawn till dark, directing the divers' work, recovering the bodies of the dead, familiar with every development of evidence, the confidant of every grim secret brought to light by the submarine research.

Long after Captain Sigsbee and all his other subordinates had been

relieved of their painful task, Wainwright, the sole surviving officer of the *Maine* left in Havana harbor, pulled down the weather-stained flag that had floated day and night from the shrouds of the wrecked battleship. When Wainwright left Havana the United States Government relinquished its sovereignty over the *Maine*.

The personality of the man who, with his battery of little six-pounders, braved the fire of Spain's dreaded destroyers, and sent the *Pluton* and the *Furor* ashore ablaze and riddled, is of no more than



WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER MAINE IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

passing interest. Wainwright is a sailor to the core. Six feet tall or more, but a trifle too lean to look athletic, he is, nevertheless, a man for action. He is one of those men whose anatomy seems all brains and bone and sinew. Still on the junior side of middle life, he is old enough to have a face that impresses one as serious, until the keen blue eyes light up with merriment or, it may be, with scorn.

As he appeared after the wreck of the *Maine*, his skin was bronzed to the color of leather by exposure to the tropical sun. He always wore

a weather-beaten undress naval coat, much the worse for wear. Indeed, he had no other left from the wreck than the one he had on his back. He was the busiest man in Havana except, perchance, the good chaplain, Father Chidwick, and the undertaker, but he always had time for a smiling greeting and a firm hand grasp, and was ever ready to talk except when questions intruded on forbidden ground. No man in the service observed more faithfully than he the department's injunction of secrecy on all topics pertaining to the sinking of the *Maine*. Yet Wainwright's views were no great secret. You could read them in his rigid face and hard set jaw as he went about his gruesome work.

ONLY WAITED HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Captain Sigsbee betrayed no secret when he said, speaking of his executive officer: "Wainwright felt very vindictive about the *Maine* disaster, and was always longing for a chance to get at the Spanish. I used to laugh at his bellicosity, it was so extreme. It was not the kind, however, which expends itself wholly in talk."

Verily, if ever a man remembered the *Maine*, Dick Wainwright did. Big-hearted, as are most brave men, the death of 266 of his gallant subordinates left a wound that would not heal. He was as popular with them as with his fellow-officers. Though a strict disciplinarian, the *Maine*'s executive officer during the two months he had been attached to the ship in that capacity had won his way to their hearts.

Lacking somewhat the charming personality, the magnetism and the rare conversational powers of his chief, Captain Sigsbee, Wainwright had endeared himself by his sterling, manly qualities and unassuming manner. He was prompt always in action, a master of the duties of his profession, firm, without severity, strict, but not a martinet; dignified always, but haughty never—in short, an almost perfect type of the trained American seaman. Quarter-deck and fore-castle alike voted him a thoroughbred officer.

Small wonder the hero of the *Gloucester* felt that he had a long score to settle when he plunged his little pleasure yacht into the thick of

the fight and pumped his baby battery against the ribs of every Spanish craft in sight. But Wainwright was a generous foe. As Bayard Taylor has said, "The bravest are the tenderest." When the gray-haired admiral of Spain was brought, a prisoner of war, aboard the Gloucester, broken in spirit and wounded in body, Wainwright received him at the gangway with outstretched hand:

"I congratulate you, sir, upon having made as gallant a fight as was ever witnessed on the sea." Generous, chivalric words, these, and we can well imagine the cordial hand grasp that attended them, and the unstudied courtesy with which the commander of the victorious Gloucester turned over the privacy of his own cabin, while the defeated admiral was left alone with his grief. Wainwright's taciturn face is a stranger to tears, but he could understand the sorrow of one who weeps for his slaughtered comrades and his stricken ship.

FIGHTING NOT A SAFE BUSINESS.

Commander Wainwright, among other officers, was detailed to write a treatise discussing the following question: "If about to go into action, what disposition would you make of your small boats with a view of securing the greatest safety of your men?"

Wainwright's reply was an able one. The pith of it, however, was substantially contained in the following: "If about to go into action in comparatively shallow water, I should, if time permitted, strip the vessel clear of her small boats and moor them safely at a distance until after the fight. If pressed for time, I should simply put them adrift. If about to go into action in deep water, I should set my boats adrift anyhow, leaving the ship and her officers and crew to take the chances of war. Fighting cannot be made a safe business."

Mr. Wainwright probably inherits his fighting instinct. He is a son of old Commodore Wainwright, and comes of good fighting stock. His appointment to the Naval Academy was from the District of Columbia, and during his course he attended strictly to his studies, was always ready for any duty assigned him, and, although not regarded as a bril-

liant cadet, it was predicted that he would prove his solid worth and show strong qualities if the opportunity for doing so ever came to him.

His heroism will appear from the accounts given of the battle at Santiago. The Spanish ships came out of the harbor, not with any thought that our fleet could be defeated, but with the hope of escaping. The lookout on the American vessels, which were lying five to ten miles off the entrance to the harbor, sighted them immediately. Most of the American cruisers were at the usual Sunday morning quarters without thought of anything as surprising as the Spanish fleet making its appearance.

There was great excitement at once, and very rapid action all along the American lines. The signal for "full speed ahead" was running from bridge to engine room of every ship, and the entire fleet commenced to move in shore towards the Spanish, and the great twelve and thirteen-inch guns of the battleships and the smaller batteries on the other vessels fired shot after shot at long range, striving to get near the foe.

A DESPERATE RACE FOR SAFETY.

As the ships ran in toward the shore it soon became evident that the Spaniards had not come out to make an aggressive fight, for they turned to the westward as soon as they had cleared the harbor, and started on their race for safety, at the same time sending answering shots at the American ships as fast as the men could load and fire the guns. The Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Oregon and Iowa were nearer the Spaniards than any others of the American vessels, but still most of them were too far away to get an effective range. They crowded on all steam, however, in preparation for the chase, never stopping their fire for one moment.

The Gloucester, a fast little yacht that could not boast of any heavier battery than several six-pounders and three-pounders, was lying off Aguadores, three miles east of Morro, when the Spaniards came out. At first she joined in the attack upon a large vessel and then held off, Captain Wainwright concluding to reserve his efforts for the two torpedo

boat destroyers in the rear. The Gloucester steamed after them when they appeared, and chased them to a point five miles west of Morro pouring shot after shot into them all the time. Her efforts bore abundant fruit, for to her belongs the credit for the destruction of both of the destroyers. She fired 1400 shots during the chase, and it was not long before both destroyers were on fire and plainly disabled.

Notwithstanding this, they both returned the Gloucester's fire, and a shower of small shells fell all around the yacht. The Furor evidently determined that she would not stand the fire any longer, and she put about and headed back for Santiago. Then the Gloucester simply smothered her with shots from her rapid-fire guns, and running like the wind, forced her to turn and again head westward.

CREW TOOK TO THEIR BOATS.

Smoke commenced to rise from the Furor's sides, and she put in towards the shore. Before she had gone far, what was left of her crew abandoned her and took to the boats, reaching the shore later. By that time she was a mass of flame, and was drifting about helplessly. The Pluton was in the same distressed condition, and was also headed for the shore, running up alongside of a low bluff, where she soon pounded to pieces and finally broke in two completely. It was a most dangerous landing place for her crew, and but about half of them reached the shore alive.

The Gloucester did not go any further west, but lay off shore and sent a boat to the assistance of the crews of the destroyers. It did not take the flames long to reach the Furor's magazine, and there were two terrific explosions, probably of the gun-cotton aboard of her, which blew holes in her bottom. Her stern sunk immediately, and as it settled in the water her bow rose straight in the air and she went to the bottom in perpetual oblivion, giving out a hissing, scalding sound as she disappeared below the surface.

From his position on the bridge of the Gloucester Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright watched the flames and smoke roaring through the

decks of the three greatest warships of the Spanish navy, which were soon to be reduced to nothing but shattered masts and twisted smoke-stacks protruding above the water. It was not strange, therefore, that he remarked to his brother officers beside him: "The Maine is avenged!"

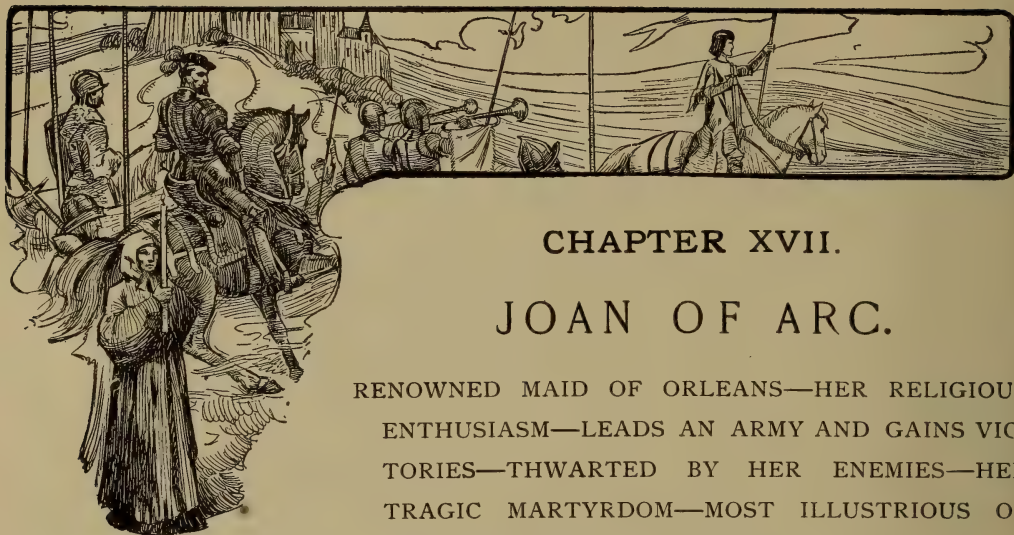
When the Pluton and the Furor sank the Gloucester's boat picked up as many of the survivors as she could find on the shore. The prisoners of war included the captains of both boats. None offered any resistance, and all were glad to go to the Gloucester, as they feared an attack from the Cubans.

SAD FATE OF THE SPANISH ADMIRAL.

Soon after Admiral Cervera reached the shore and surrendered he was taken to the Gloucester at his own request. There was no mistaking the heartbroken expression upon his face as he took the proffered hand of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and was shown to the latter's cabin, but he made every effort to bear bravely the bitter defeat that had come to him. He thanked the captain of the Gloucester for the words of congratulation offered on the gallant fight, and then spoke earnestly of his solicitude for the safety of his men on shore.

An eye-witness of the engagement says: "A most dramatic feature of the battle was the contest between the torpedo-boat destroyers and the Gloucester. The latter was struck several times, and is the only American vessel reported damaged. At first the Gloucester fired upon them with her six pounders, but they ran past her and engaged the battleships. Finding the fire too hot, they turned and attacked the Gloucester again until both destroyers were afire and had to be beached. Their crews threw themselves into the surf to save their lives. Just before this the New York came up and assisted in giving the finishing blow to the destroyers. There was explosion after explosion from the beached vessels."

Wainwright not only proved himself to be a dauntless fighter, but a considerate and generous conqueror, and with a heart as tender as that of a woman.



CHAPTER XVII.

JOAN OF ARC.

RENOWNED MAID OF ORLEANS—HER RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM—LEADS AN ARMY AND GAINS VICTORIES—THWARTED BY HER ENEMIES—HER TRAGIC MARTYRDOM—MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE HEROINES OF HISTORY.

The writer of this history has often met the female peasants in the south of France riding to market, in a manner which may perhaps amuse the reader. They were dressed in white muslin caps, with very broad and full borders, flying back from the face. With these they wore long, gay-colored calico mantles, floating behind them in the wind.

They were mounted on immense shaggy horses, stretching forth a stout limb horizontally from the pack-saddle on which they sat, along each side of the horse's neck. The feet and ankles were defended from the weather by wooden shoes and short scarlet stockings, the latter closely gartered round the calves of the legs, while the hem of the petticoat was tucked carefully under the garters, so as to secure the warmth of the knees, which must otherwise have remained uncovered.

How these equestriennes could keep their seats in this awkward and insecure position while their horses trotted briskly along was matter of astonishment to the writer, until one of them good-humoredly explained the mystery by remarking that "habit makes all things easy."

It is asserted that in former days females of every rank rode on horseback in a similar manner, and that it was not then considered either unfeminine or ungraceful. Whether this be true or not there was, at the period of which we write, one female, at least, whose

dexterity on horseback excited universal admiration, and became well worthy of record. She was a young peasant girl of the province of Lorraine, who, to assist in supporting her parents, had hired with the proprietor of a small inn at a village called Domremy, where her chief employment was leading and sometimes riding, the horses of the inn-keeper to water. She was of perfectly irreproachable life and amiable character, possessing a degree of intellect which those around her had not acuteness to perceive, although it in general attracted the notice of travelers.

A CONTEST BETWEEN KINGS.

Her occupation, which afforded little or no scope for the improvement of her mind, had of late procured her hourly opportunities of hearing the current news of the day, and of learning all the reports which were at this time carried to and from the city of Orleans. Her ardent mind became inflamed with sentiments of pity for Charles VII., and interest in the siege on which his fate depended. At this time the rival factions of the Orleanists and Burgundians desolated France by their wars—the former supporting Charles VII. for the throne, and the latter Henry V., of England.

The sufferings of the brave and loyal defenders of the town, and, above all, the distresses of their monarch, filled the maiden's thoughts by day, and influenced her dreams by night. She was seized with an enthusiastic desire to aid her sovereign in this, his extremity, and felt that, since hope was abandoned by all others, the voice of even such an humble individual as herself might possibly rouse the universal feeling of pity into a spirit of active exertion, calculated to serve his cause. At all events, her making the attempt could, she thought, do no injury.

“ A mouse once set a lion free ;
A slave a king ;—then why not she ? ”

So argued this simple peasant girl, who probably imagined, like many wiser persons, that “ all things are possible to those who think them so.” What is there that an eager mind will not attempt ? and what is

there, indeed, which it may not achieve, if its ardor is wisely directed? What pity, then, that wisdom and enthusiasm are so seldom found working together, hand in hand. The young person of whom we speak, from constantly ruminating on the subject of her sovereign's wrongs, at length began to feel that the desire with which her soul was filled had been kindled by divine inspiration, and that she was destined to become the means of effecting the deliverance of Charles VII.

SETS OUT ON HER PERILOUS EXPEDITION.

She foresaw all the peril that must attend her attempt, whether it should prove successful or otherwise; but she felt within herself a degree of courage and intrepidity that told her she could, in such a cause, encounter any danger, endure any fatigue, and submit to every hardship and privation. She therefore cast away the diffidence attendant on her low station, as well as the timidity naturally belonging to her character, and, unknown to any person, set out from Domremy, whence, making her way to Vaucouleurs, the nearest town of any note, she at once demanded an interview with the governor.

Compliance with the demand was at first rudely refused, and the denial was positively and frequently repeated; but she expected difficulty and was not discouraged. Her unceasing and importunate solicitations at length obtained admission to the mayor, from whom she instantly entreated a safe conduct to the presence of her king, saying she had information to communicate to his private ear, which would reverse his present evil fortune, and place him securely on the throne of his ancestors.

The governor, when at length induced to hearken to her strange assertion, perceiving that such an idea, however wild and visionary, might prove beneficial to Charles, by raising a superstitious confidence amongst his subjects, gave her, after some hesitation, the escort she required, and Joan d'Arc (for so the maid was called) forthwith set out, attended by a guard of soldiers, to the residence of the prince. Charles was then living in retirement at Chinon, where a note being delivered to him

from the governor of Vaucouleurs, instantly procured our heroine admission to his presence.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the king on seeing a young peasant girl ushered into his apartment, who stood for some time silently scrutinizing the company. So soon as she could summon courage to speak she fixed her eyes on Charles, and said that she was come by the appointment of Heaven to assist in raising the siege of Orleans, and that she would, when that achievement was effected, conduct him to the city of Rheims, there to be crowned and anointed king of France. There was something in the dauntless manner, humble appearance, but still more in the wild assertion of this young person, that made it impossible for Charles, or those around him, to refuse her their attention; nor could they, after she had withdrawn, dismiss from their minds the subject of her conversation.

PRONOUNCED BY CLERGY A TRUE PROPHETESS.

Knowing the character of the French people, they were struck with a conviction of the good effects which might result from her strange predictions if, at the present momentous crisis of affairs, they should awaken hope, and inspire the disheartened soldiers with renewed courage. That greater publicity might be given to her prophecy, they expressed an entire disbelief of all she had uttered, but convened a council of learned clergy to examine her predictions, and declare whether or not she was to be considered a false prophetess, or one on whom the nation might with safety rely.

The council immediately met, and found it to their interest to say she was a true prophetess; and as stratagems are unhappily thought allowable in war, they publicly avowed their opinion that she was divinely inspired; asserting that she had known the king amongst a number of other persons, although she had never before beheld him, and that she had mentioned several circumstances concerning his private life, such as she could only have discovered by inspiration. This put the question beyond doubt in the minds of the ignorant; but besides,

she had, it was reported, commanded to be brought to her from the Church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, a certain sword which had lain there unobserved for centuries, describing its marks and tokens, exactly as it was found, and declaring that with that miraculous weapon she would lead the French to victory.

Crowds of grave and learned men, who came to attend the council, left Chinon, either believing or pretending to believe, that she was an instrument in the hand of Heaven, destined to work out the deliverance of France.

The people, hearing the rumors which were afloat concerning the prophetess of Domremy, flocked to the king's standard, anxious to share in the glory of her enterprise. French and English, besieging and besieged, were alike excited and astonished by the story ; but while it encouraged the followers of Charles, it damped the ardor of the British soldiers ; and their commander saw with indignation and alarm, a spirit of superstitious dread taking place of the dauntless bravery, for which his troops had been hitherto distinguished.

GAVE ORDERS IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN.

Meantime Joan d'Arc was preparing alike for combat and conquest. Her first act was to send a letter to the generals who command the besieging army, ordering them, in the name of the Great Being who held the fate of nations in His hands, to raise the siege of Orleans, and march quickly out of the kingdom, as the only method of saving themselves from divine wrath.

The Duke of Bedford, commander of the British, and his officers, professed to deride, alike the maid, her letter, and her predictions ; saying, the affairs of Charles must be reduced to a low ebb, indeed, when he could confide in the assistance of such a champion. Some, however, amongst them, as well as the greater number of their soldiers, appeared strongly impressed with an idea that this extraordinary woman was appointed by Providence to place Charles on the throne. Bedford, alone, continued to repel the supposition, and felt incensed by the probability

that it might finally lead to the defeat of his troops, and to the destruction of all those conquests which he had so nearly completed. He evinced the utmost contempt for the superstitious credulity, which appeared to be rapidly turning an army of veteran warriors into a herd of timorous serfs ; and continued his schemes and operations exactly as if the maid of Domremy were not in existence.

But our heroine felt similar contempt for his derision, and dauntlessly hastened forward the work which she had begun.

APPEARED ON A BEAUTIFUL BLACK HORSE.

The friends and relatives, with recruits of every description, who daily crowded around her, were marshalled among the regular troops, numbering in all 6,000, and on an appointed day, attended by two of her brothers, she appeared at their head, mounted on a beautiful black charger, ready to review them in person, in presence of the king. She was clad in the military costume of a knight, bearing in her hand the consecrated sword before mentioned ; and displaying such skill and dexterity in manœuvring her soldiers, and managing her war horse that shouts of enthusiastic applause rent the air, as she passed before the people.

Having ordered her men to confess themselves, according to the Catholic faith, before their departure on the intended enterprise, she set out on her march, towards the town of Blois, attended by her attached brothers, who never afterwards forsook her. At this town a convoy, with provisions for the suffering inhabitants of Orleans, had been long waiting for some leader, possessed of sufficient hardihood to conduct it past the redoubts of the besieging army. But the convoy, it is believed, might have remained there until now (so great was the terror of the English arms) had not the heroine, with her miraculous sword and consecrated standard arrived, and volunteered to lead it forward.

Meantime the people within the walls were reduced to a state of famine, which made a speedy death, even by the sword of their enemies, appear preferable to the lingering tortures they had long endured.

Numbers had sunk under disease and want, and the day, nay the hour, was approaching, when the exhausted survivors must be compelled to open their gates, and throw themselves on the mercy of their conquerors. Rumors now, however, reached them through some chance stragglers who had escaped the vigilance of their foes, telling of a mysterious prophethess, who was coming herself to set them free. The dreaded hour of capitulation was, therefore, delayed. The watchmen on the towers forgot the agonizing pangs of hunger, whilst, gazing beyond the redoubts of the enemy, they hoped to descry some signs of the promised deliverer ; but days passed on, and no such liberator appeared.

At length, on one side of the city, were heard sounds of war ; and at a short distance from their outposts, the English observed a formidable force, hastening to attack them.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

As many troops as could be spared were immediately collected by Bedford, from the bridge, and from all the surrounding intrenchments, and every preparation was quickly made for battle. The attack commenced, and was received by the English with their accustomed bravery, which, through the exertions of their general, appeared likely to be crowned with complete victory ; but whilst the anxious inhabitants watched from the ramparts the issue of this engagement, terrified by the rapid success of their foes, they descried a body of French troops approaching the town from an opposite quarter, covering a small squadron of boats, which stole quietly up the river, almost within gunshot of the fortifications on the bridge.

The detachment by whom the little fleet was guarded, placed itself in battle array on the river's bank ; whilst a female, standing erect in the foremost boat, carrying in one hand a glittering sword, and with the other waving a standard before her followers, conducted her little train of vessels to the opposite shore ; and even within sight of the enemy, boldly disembarked her troops and provisions.

The garrison, within the towers of the bridge, looked with astonish-

ment on the scene; and reduced as they were in number, dared not quit the fortifications which the French stood ready to seize, should their troops move forward to intercept the supplies.

Even Lord Suffolk himself, the hitherto intrepid and successful defender of the bridge, viewed with surprise, not unmingled with admiration, the progress of this little party and the dauntless bearing of its female leader; appearing to be at length struck with the common belief, that she was led forward under divine guidance. The passage of the river was made good. The troops and provisions disembarked, and then headed by their inspired conductress, the detachment marched straight forward to the city and appeared ready to enter.

MARCHED THROUGH THE GATES IN SAFETY.

Those gates which the inhabitants apprehended must be opened to admit the enemy, were now, in trembling silence, cautiously unbarred, and the Maid of Orleans, for so from this moment she was named, with her entire convoy, entered in safety. The gates were once more closed, the bars drawn, and, as they shut in the last soldier of the escort, a shout of exultation burst like a peal of thunder, within the walls; even the sick and dying lending their feeble voices to assist in that triumphant cry, the sound of which brought hope and joy to each and every desponding heart. Every bell in the city was instantly in motion, and the tumultuous clang of triumph and rejoicing was carried even to the ears of the besiegers, increasing their mortification, and seeming to assure them that their day of victory was hastening to its close.

The provisions, which had been introduced to the town, would now, they knew, enable the garrison to hold out for a protracted length of time; and their augmented terror confirmed their belief that the enchantress, who had hitherto achieved such wonders, was raised up for the utter destruction of the English. The relief to the inhabitants of Orleans, therefore, was doubly advantageous to the cause of the French king; and even the supply of provisions was lightly regarded by the

famishing garrison, in comparison with the joy of having their miraculous protectress safely enclosed within their walls.

From this moment the state of the contending parties appeared reversed; and already the former conquerors were looked upon as conquered. But there was still much to be done; and our bold enthusiast, hourly confirmed in the belief that she was protected by the hand of Heaven, felt eager to meet her enemies in the field.

She delayed only for a short time to let the garrison gather strength; and then, collecting around her all who were able for the enterprise, made a vigorous sally from the walls, and bravely attacked the English intrenchments. One of the strongest forts was seized without resistance, the terrified soldiers having scarcely ventured to strike a blow in their own defence, and the garrison was brought captive to Orleans, increasing the exultation of its inhabitants.

CAME TO REGARD HER AS INVINCIBLE.

After these repeated successes, both the followers and adversaries of the warlike maiden considered her invincible; and the strength and courage of the English diminished as rapidly as that of the French increased.

Her next exploit was to attack the fortifications on the bridge, as possession of that pass was indispensable to her final success. These were, therefore, boldly assailed, but not so easily captured. The Duke of Bedford before obeying a new and mortifying summons to depart for England, had hastened to the spot, and endeavored to revive the drooping courage of his troops, by promising to lead them in person once more to victory. Through his exertions, the French were driven back, and their valiant conductress forced for a short time to retire; but, knowing that the slightest reverse of fortune would cancel all her claims to invincibility, she returned; and standing alone, waving her sacred banner in the air, besought her flying troops to renew the charge. Her glowing countenance, animated gestures, and vehement exhortations, recalled the renegades; they renewed the attack; and emulating the courage of their



JOAN OF ARC AT THE STORMING OF ORLEANS.

all-conquering leader, rushed with such impetuosity upon the English, that they were on the point of carrying the day when an arrow, which had been aimed at Joan by one of the English archers, struck her in the neck and compelled her to stay her course.

All seemed now lost ! Those who observed the disaster stood still in despair ; but, seeming completely to despise the accident, she commanded the officers who stood near her to advance and lead their companions to victory, declaring she would make but an instant's delay, and speedily overtake them. She then retired a few paces, pulled out the arrow with her own hand, had the blood staunch'd, and, remounting her horse, galloped back to her troops, just in time to plant her sacred standard on the ramparts of the captured fortress, which now afforded all the friends of Charles free access to the town.

RAPTURE AT THE DECISIVE VICTORY.

How shall we describe the rapture of the citizens at this decisive victory ? The Duke of Bedford conquered in person, the bridge laid open, the town no longer surrounded, and its inhabitants free ! It was not with shouts of applause that Joan was welcomed back at this her third entrance ; it was rather with the silent homage of reverential awe, which they considered due to a supernatural power.

The English had lost in these engagements above six thousand men ; and what was still more fatal to their cause, the survivors appeared entirely deprived of that intrepid hardihood for which they had been so long renowned. None of the generals had the slightest power to revive their courage, except the Duke of Bedford himself ; and, as if to sink the troops still deeper in despondency, he was, at this moment of their utmost need, called away from them to England on some frivolous pretense.

Lord Suffolk, who was left in the command, whilst endeavoring to combat their credulity, felt unable to deny the various proofs which his men brought forward, of the maiden being guided by supernatural power. Nor did his declaration that, if so, she must be aided by a diabolical, not

a divine spirit, tend to restore their courage or dispel their superstitious forebodings; since they naturally replied that the chastenings of a benevolent being would be greatly preferable to the persecutions of a malicious one.

Perceiving that it was vain any longer to oppose a feeling which was likely to bring destruction on the entire army, Suffolk determined to raise the siege, and, in the dead of night, commenced a retreat.

GATES OPEN AND ENEMY IN FULL RETREAT.

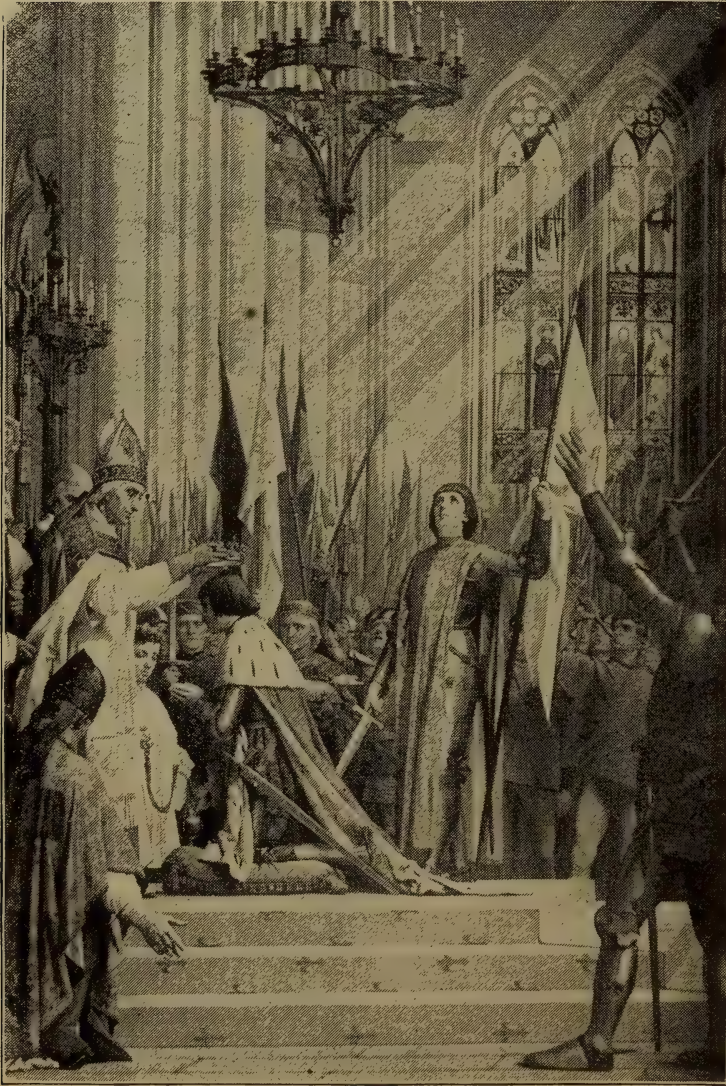
He was immediately followed, and driven from the walls by the maid of Domremy. "Behold my first prophesy fulfilled!" she exclaimed, on returning with her victorious forces, after chasing the besiegers to a considerable distance. "Did I not say that I would raise this siege, and put to flight the enemies of my country? Now, if there be no unnecessary delay, I will with equal certainty fulfil my second prediction, and have my prince crowned at the city of Rheims with the honors due to a sovereign of France."

But improbable as the recapture of Orleans had once appeared, this new undertaking seemed still less probable; for Rheims, which stood at a considerable distance, was in the hands of an exasperated enemy, who occupied the entire country, and could with ease defend every road or pass which led to it against the comparatively small force which Joan commanded. Nothing, however, seemed to her now impossible. She immediately urged Charles to commence the enterprise, and he being resolved to follow her wishes in all respects, very soon set forward on the expedition. Their army consisted of twelve thousand men, who were prepared to fight their passage through every danger and difficulty. But difficulty and danger seemed to fly before them.

On approaching the first garrison town, which they had intended to besiege, it instantly threw open the gates and surrendered to Charles as its lawful sovereign. All the cities along their line of march followed this example, and long before his arrival at Rheims, ambassadors came to inform him that the gates were open, that his enemies had fled, and

that every preparation was already made for his coronation in that sacred place.

Arrived in safety within its walls, the ceremony was in a short time completed.



CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.

During its performance the Maid of Orleans stood by the side of her youthful monarch, clad in a shining armor, and still bearing the sacred standard, which she at times triumphantly waved over his head, attracting, by her gestures and appearance, more attention than was bestowed on the sovereign himself.

The spectators, as they surveyed this scene, which had been produced by such a train of wonders, rent the air with acclamations, and believed

that no recompense would be too great for her who had achieved them; but nothing was further from her own thoughts than the idea of reward. The awful and impressive ceremony had scarcely ended, when, the natural

feelings of her sex overcoming her assumed character, she burst into a violent flood of tears.

Flinging herself on the ground, and embracing her sovereign's knees, she thanked Heaven that her prophecy had been so happily accomplished, and that she had been made instrumental in its fulfilment, declaring that since her wishes for his success were now fully achieved, she had no other desire than to return to her family and resume her former humble and peaceful mode of life. Having in this manner taken leave of Charles and solicited permission to depart, she withdrew from the assembly and prepared with her brothers to rejoin their affectionate and anxious parents.

PENSION AND PATENT OF NOBILITY.

But the newly crowned king, desiring that she should remain in his camp to establish the throne on which she had placed him, persuaded her to accept a large pension and patent of nobility for herself and family, and continue in his service. All generous and noble-minded persons rejoiced at her having obtained a reward, which they considered due to her important services; but the generals of the army, and many persons of rank and distinction in the country, began to wish that the renown of their achievements had equalled that of this poor peasant girl, and to envy her, not only the fame of her exploits, which had now spread over every country of Europe, but also the fortune which her merits had procured.

The British continued the conflict and the Duke of Bedford had Henry V. crowned king at Paris. Following the advice of Joan, Charles marched his army to the entrance of the metropolis, and stopped on the heights of Montmartre to demand admission, offering at the same time, in return for the expected compliance, a free pardon to the inhabitants for all former offences against his crown. But the friendly summons was unheeded, and the king was unwillingly obliged to commence an attack. After four hours of unsuccessful assault, Charles, feeling mortified and disappointed at meeting with such determined resistance where he had

expected immediate submission, once more withdrew his troops into a place of safety.

In retiring it was observed that Joan was nowhere to be found, and it was now reported that she had not been seen since the commencement of the attack. Search was made for her and at length she was discovered, lying dangerously wounded in one of the trenches where she had remained unheeded during the entire battle, having been knocked down by the first fire and left to her perilous fate.

SOON RECOVERED FROM HER WOUND.

She was carried safely to Bourges, a town in the neighborhood where the king resolved to pass the winter ; and where she soon recovered from her wound ; but her influence over the soldiery was greatly diminished. They had latterly observed that she was liable to misfortunes, and subject to mistakes and errors like other persons. Her former services, therefore, began to be undervalued and forgotten. Each soldier, on looking back to past events, recollected some share of merit which he thought he might claim to himself, and the generals especially felt an hourly increasing jealousy of the fame which Joan had acquired. To try, however, what use could still be made of her remaining influence over distant parts of the army, Charles, by the advice of his most experienced officers, sent her to the relief of Compeigne, a town then closely besieged by the Duke of Burgundy and already in such extremity that it was daily expected to surrender. Here, it was hoped, she might still exert some influence ; and on her approach to the city, the inhabitants, finding that she was coming to their succor, felt sure of deliverance. She hastened forward unperceived to one of the outposts of the town expecting to take it by surprise, but just as she imagined herself on the point of effecting her purpose, she was in her turn surprised by a party of the besiegers, who assailed her troops with such determined spirit that the whole body, including her hitherto intrepid brothers, were quickly put to flight.

Her officers, jealous of her fame, made, it was believed, no exertion to

recall their men; but Joan, desperate from the near prospect of defeat, stood to her post, bravely urging the troops to turn on their pursuers. Her efforts were, however, vain. An archer, seeing her stand alone in her bold attempt to rally, rushed forward and made her prisoner. Having seized her horse by the bridle, he rudely pulled her to the ground and carried her to the tent of his commanding officer. At sight of her capture, the triumphant shouts of the whole besieging army announced to the besieged that their expected deliverer was a captive.

The Duke of Bedford, as stated in a former chapter, had for a length of time eagerly desired to make the Maid of Orleans his prisoner. The unfortunate captive was purchased by him from the officer, into whose hand she had fallen; and was kept in close confinement for several weeks, whilst debates were held throughout the army as to the manner in which it would be expedient to treat her.

HER SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS.

What her feelings must have been during that period, may easily be imagined. At one moment, reflecting on all that she had achieved for her king and country, she felt aware that if ever monarch had been indebted to a subject for his crown, Charles VII. was that king. She had roused his people from their terror of the English arms, had taught them to conquer, and had established the kingdom firmly in his hands even when that kingdom had seemed irretrievably lost. Surely, then, not only he, but the nation at large, would purchase her redemption at any price. Months, however, passed away, and no ransom was offered; no effort made to set her at liberty; no exertion attempted even to soften the severity of her confinement, until, at length, it became evident that she was already forgotten.

"Now that my services have accomplished their object," sighed she in the solitude of her prison, "I am no longer needed, no longer thought of. The French commanders, with their new monarch at their head, felt perhaps well pleased to have a low-born peasant girl confined, where her actions can never again tarnish the glory of their achievements."

Then followed a hopeless desire to see the two beloved brothers who had attended and protected her through all the snares and dangers of her military career ; to behold once more her humble home, to embrace her affectionate parents ! What would she not now have given that she had gone back to them at the moment when her conscience first warned her to pursue that course. Why, why had she not fled from temptation and returned to her home, happy in the accomplishment of her first project ? But regrets were now unavailing ; neither brother nor parent could gain admittance to her prison, and it was plain that she was inten-

tionally left to her fate.

What that fate was likely to become was a question which now rose with intense anxiety to her mind.

An opinion that the king, on whom she had conferred so many benefits, would not in the end forsake her, and that the nation would never leave her to perish, took possession of her imagination.

Again, she was assailed

with the desire of inspiring a belief that she was divinely taught. When questioned on the subject in her prison, she continued to assert that she was indeed an appointed minister of the Almighty, and that she had been often favored in her solitary cell by visits from his angels, who brought her the revelations of his will.

The Bishop of Beauvois, her own countryman, who was in league with the British, on pretence that she had used the arts of magical incantation, falsehood, and enchantment within his diocese, presented a petition to the Duke of Bedford, desiring to have his prisoner tried as a sorceress. A council of inquiry was immediately opened in the city of



CASTLE OF ROUEN.

Rouen, where the little English king then held his court, at which a great number of French prelates, together with one English bishop, whose name we should blush to mention, were appointed to act as her accusers and judges.

Far from being dismayed at these proceedings, the Maid of Orleans



ROUEN, THE OLD CAPITAL OF NORMANDY.

now hoped that the hour of her emancipation was drawing rapidly near. What, she exclaimed, had she to fear? If justice had its course, there was no possible chance of her being condemned, since the entire tenor of her conduct towards France merited reward, not punishment. Under this impression the enthusiast hailed rather than lamented the approach of the day which was announced for the commencement of her trial.

The day of trial at length arrived, and multitudes of both French

and English assembled to hear the examination and witness the deportment of the Maid of Orleans. The court was seated, and all things solemnly prepared; guards were sent to the prison, with directions to clothe the prisoner in the male attire which she had herself voluntarily adopted, and to bring her in armor, but loaded with chains, through the public streets for the purpose of letting the populace behold her degradation.

The court was in session sixteen days. On the charge of wearing male attire, and other offences equally frivolous, as well as on the charge of profaneness and hypocrisy in declaring she was divinely commissioned to de-



MARTYRDOM OF JOAN OF ARC.

deliver her country, she was convicted and sentenced to be executed. Her queenly bearing and invincible courage made no impression on her foes, who had prejudged her, and, in their own minds, had already pronounced her a heretic. As such, her fate was decreed.

Her answers to the charges brought against her were laid before the University of Paris, and condemnation was pronounced against her as a servant of the evil spirit, who by impious inventions and pretended revelations had deluded the people and injured the cause of religion. For these foul crimes, as her warrant said, she was sentenced by the Romish Church to be burned at the stake in the market square of Rouen.

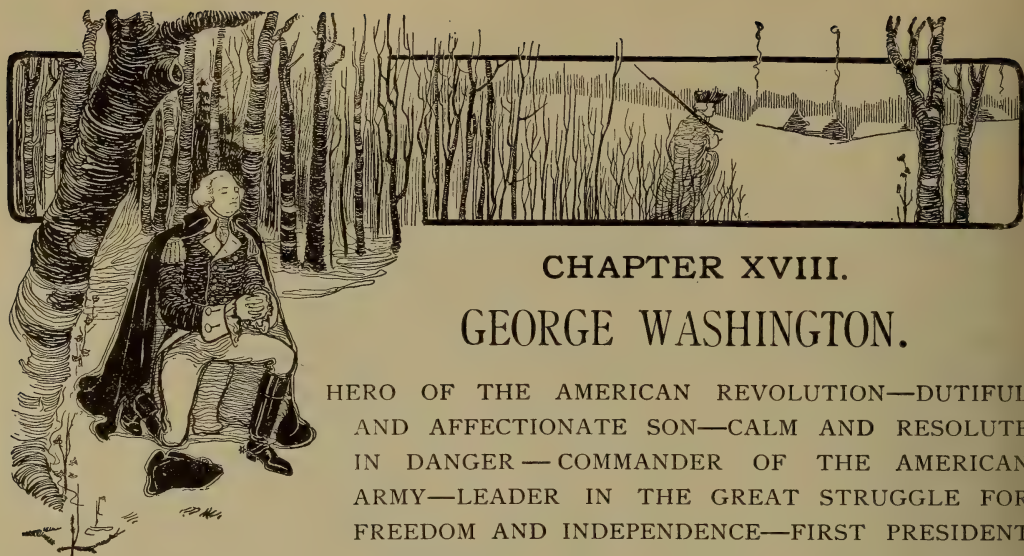
The fanciful persuasion of her being an inspired person again took possession of her mind. Even when she was led forth from the prison to the place of execution, and saw the awful preparations complete, and the people whom she had delivered assembled in crowds to witness her death, the certain expectation that a heavenly deliverer would be sent to her rescue upheld and comforted her to the last; thus in some degree frustrating the determined malice of her enemies.

CALM AND RESOLUTE WHEN BOUND TO THE STAKE.

Though bound to the stake she was mild and quiescent as a lamb from the same happy belief; and it was not until the flames began to envelope her person that she became sensible of her situation. At length they gathered closely around her, and at that awful moment the spectators heard her, while she grasped her crucifix, calling fervently on her Redeemer for intercession and pardon.

Amongst the friends and relatives of the Maid of Orleans, sorrow for her untimely loss seems to have been swallowed up by grief and shame at the stigma affixed upon her memory, and by indignation at her unmerited condemnation and inhuman execution. Her brothers and her widowed mother loudly appealed against the decision of the University of Paris, and never relaxed their efforts at Rome until the case was brought before the Ecclesiastical Court for reconsideration. Twenty-five years after her execution, Calixtus re-examined the charges on which she had been condemned, when the judgment was reversed, and the injustice of the sentence under which she had suffered openly declared.

Joan was born in 1411, and was crowned a martyr May 31st, 1431.



CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HERO OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—DUTIFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SON—CALM AND RESOLUTE IN DANGER—COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY—LEADER IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE—FIRST PRESIDENT—FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

George Washington was born in Virginia, at the family homestead on Bridges Creek, on the 22d of February in the year 1732. He was the second son of Augustine and Mary Washington. George was the eldest son of his mother, but there had been two children by his father's first wife: Laurence and Agustine. Many of Washington's biographers have written scores of pages to show that he was descended from a line of noble knights and gallant cavaliers. But the truth is that very little has been certainly proved, except that his family had been of some consequence in England, and that two brothers, John and Andreas Washington, bought land and settled in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1657.

The boy George had as good schooling as could be obtained in the neighborhood, and at an early age acquired a fair knowledge of the usual branches of learning to be obtained at a common school. Laurence, his elder brother, had been educated in England, and notwithstanding the disparity in their ages they became very fond of each other. Laurence accompanied the English Admiral Vernon on an expedition to the West India Islands. He had a position as captain in the army, and behaved very creditably both in camp and under fire. It is possible that his brother's service as a soldier may have influenced George's future

career. Still it required no prompting to make a man a soldier in the stirring times in which the young Washington lived.

It was fortunate not only for George Washington, but for his country, that at his father's death he was left, in common with the other children, to the exclusive care and control of his mother, Mary. Never had a son a better mother. As he was now about eleven, he was just at an age in which the seeds of rectitude and religion could well be planted in his heart, and his good parent had both the ability and the disposition to prepare him to fill any station in life with honor. The intention of the family was to give George such an education as would enable him to occupy the position of a first-class man of affairs. Consequently, a collegiate course was not attempted; but as far as reading, arithmetic, writing, and other branches in the line of the useful were concerned, he was thoroughly instructed and was fully competent.

EDUCATION SUCH AS HE NEEDED.

Indeed the knowledge of accounts, of bookkeeping, commercial letter-writing, and similar lines were of vast use to him when he came to scan the bills of paymasters, commissaries, and the like. Through his brother, Laurence, who held both a business and a social relation to the rich Fairfax family of Virginia, George became quite intimate with its various members, who lived in princely style at their seat of Belvoir, on the River Potomac, at a little distance from the since famous Mount Vernon.

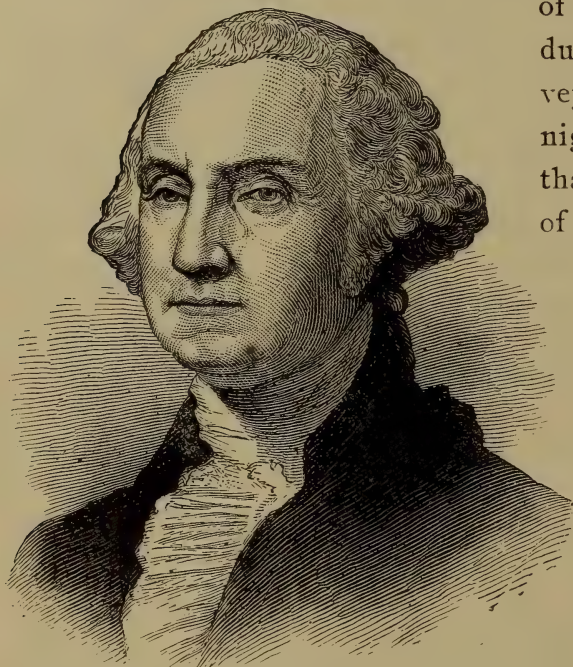
The youthful Washington made himself perfect in the art of surveying land. From the wild, inaccurate way in which patents of thousands of acres of rich land had been given or sold, it had become very important that metes and bounds should be set; consequently, the services of a competent and reliable surveyor were in great demand, and he obtained a profitable situation as surveyor and manager to the opulent William Fairfax.

Soon, too, Lord Fairfax, becoming cognizant of his ability and integrity, employed him in surveying his extensive estates on the far side

of the Blue Ridge, as that persevering race, the American squatter, was already making a home in the rich domain. This was his earliest plunge into the forest wilds. Although not yet in his eighteenth year, he so successfully carried out his instructions that on his return he received pay at the rate of sixteen dollars a day.

No youth was better fitted for the dangerous, exacting, but, to one

of his nature, pleasantly exciting duties, than was the young surveyor. Day after day, and often night after night, he traversed that goodly land, now the abode of material wealth and great populations; then sparsely inhabited by a few solitary hunters or wandering savages. Often for hundreds of miles he had to blaze a path for himself if he wished to return the same way. Sometimes for hours, or maybe for whole days, he would be ascending mountains, or almost sliding down declivities, or



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

swimming rivers "where ford there was none," living on the plainest and scantiest fare.

Occasionally the hard climbing would be varied by wading through morasses, or breaking a way through tangled briars and thorns. When night came his fitful slumbers would be rudely broken by the screech of the wild cat, or the blood-curdling cry of the panther, or the weird and mournful shriek of the great owl. Often it would be impossible to get even the semblance of repose; for at times darkness and storms would overtake the undaunted young surveyor where the wet soil would render it impossible to get dry branches to make even a pretence for a

bed. Then, when to advance was dangerous, and to retrace his steps impossible, he would fall into restless slumbers, leaning on the shoulders of his tractable and faithful horse, until the first streak of dawn would sufficiently lighten the gloomy hemlocks to enable him to continue on his pathless course. Not one man in ten thousand would have persevered in such a career. Scarcely ever did twenty-four hours pass in which he was not face to face with death.

But even then, in his almost boyish days, he had one talismanic word, "Duty," and to that he conformed. Little he thought, in these long, solitary marches, of the high destinies that awaited him in the by no means distant future. But that Providence which "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," was doubtless even then toughening the sinews and hardening the muscles that were to stand the strain of the battles of Long Island and Monmouth. He was about this time appointed a public surveyor, a position at once of trust and profit.

A MASTER OF MILITARY STRATEGY.

While still quite young his native province had called for his martial services, and he had cheerfully responded, and while acting as aide-de-camp to the British general he evinced such a knowledge of strategy as is seldom found in so youthful an officer. Before the action he gave his gallant but over-courageous commander such advice as would have saved, had it been heeded, the army from defeat and the general from death. Washington recommended that the woods in front of them should be carefully searched by scouts before the main advance of the army entered them. This wholesome advice was disregarded, with the fatal result that the large vanguard of the British was suddenly assailed by a fierce shower of bullets from the muskets of the French and their numerous Indian allies.

General Braddock and a large number of his officers and men were slain, as they were thus surprised and thrown into disorder. Indeed, that the defeat had not been turned into a total rout was mainly owing to the skill, bravery, and judgment displayed by the young Virginian,

who covered the retreat with his provincials, and occasionally turned upon the pursuing French troops. This battle occurred in the year 1755, when Washington was but twenty-three years of age.

In the year 1752, Laurence Washington died, having in vain tried the West Indies to cure him of consumption. George had accompanied his brother on the voyage, but having to return to Virginia, he left Laurence, who proceeded to the island of Bermuda, but soon returned,



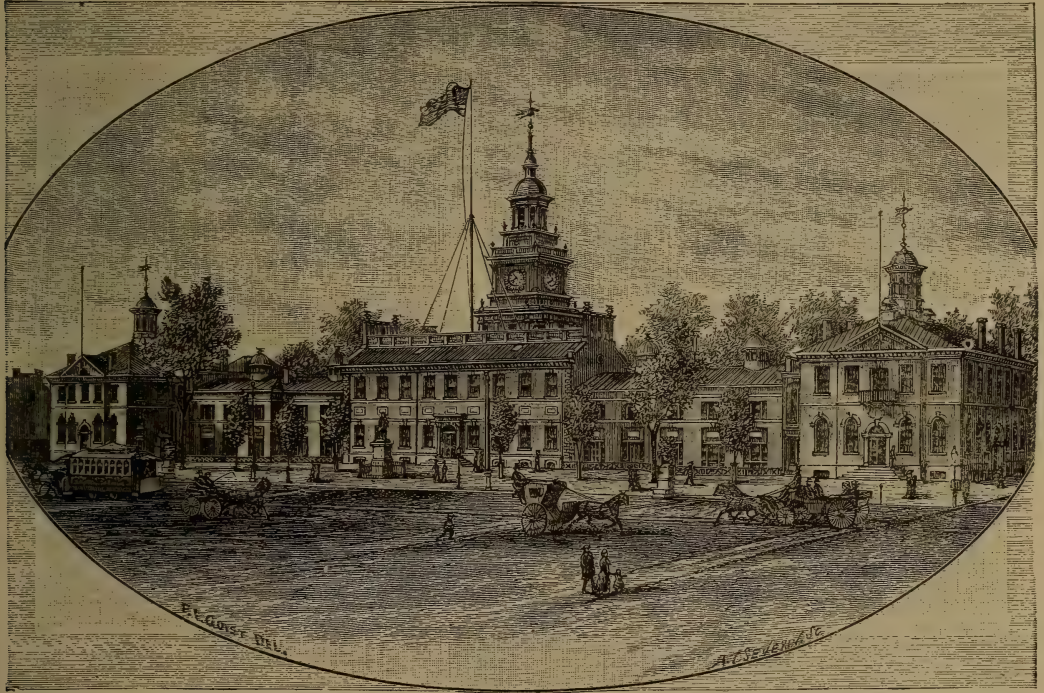
DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

to die at home, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He left his wife and only daughter to the care of George. His will directed that Mount Vernon should, in case of the demise of the daughter before she was of age, go to his widow, and at her death become the property of George. Although he had but just passed his majority he fulfilled his task as executor with great judgment and fidelity.

A singular incident, exemplifying the modest nature of this great man, occurred when he first entered the House of Burgesses, the title given to the popular assembly in Virginia. Mr. Speaker rose, and in

the name of the House thanked him for the eminent services he had performed for his province. Reluctantly rising the brave soldier, who could calmly face a blazing battery, stuttered, blushing like a young maid, and in vain essayed to utter a word. The Speaker happily remarked : "Mr. Washington, please be seated. Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

On the 10th of May, 1775, the second Continental Congress met at



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

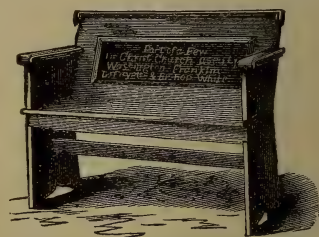
Philadelphia. The proceedings of this body were moderate and deliberate. A petition to the king was drawn up and forwarded to England, denying any intention to separate from Great Britain, and asking only for redress of the wrongs of which the colonies complained. A federal union of the colonies was formed, and Congress assumed and exercised the general government of the country. Measures were taken to establish an army, to procure military supplies, and to provide a navy. A loan of \$2,000,000 was authorized, and the faith of the "united colonies "

pledged for its redemption. The troops before Boston were organized as a Continental army and were placed under the control of Congress. Washington, then a member of Congress, was appointed commander-in-chief of this army. As soon as he received his commission he set out for the army.

Washington reached the army before Boston a few days after the battle of Bunker Hill, and at once assumed the command. By extraordinary exertions he succeeded in bringing the force to a tolerably effective condition. Boston was regularly invested, and the siege was pressed with vigor. On the 4th of March, 1776, Washington seized and fortified Dorchester Heights, overlooking and commanding the town and harbor from the south. The city being thus rendered untenable, the British were forced to evacuate it, which they did on the 17th of March, and sailed for Halifax.

In the meantime a force had been sent to invade Canada from two points, under General Richard Montgomery and Colonel Benedict Arnold. The principal event of the invasion was an attack upon Quebec by the forces of Montgomery and Arnold. It was unsuccessful. Montgomery was killed, and Arnold, who succeeded to the command, was wounded and was forced to retreat. The expedition accomplished nothing of permanent value, and was compelled to return to the colonies after suffering great losses and many hardships.

A British fleet attacked and burned Falmouth (now Portland), in Maine, and committed many outrages on the coast of Virginia. A powerful fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, attacked Fort Moultrie, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, for the purpose of forcing its way to that city. It was repulsed with heavy loss, June 28th, 1776. During the year 1776 the Americans sent out several cruisers, which captured a number of British vessels laden with stores for their army. These captures enabled Washington to do much towards equipping the force under his command.

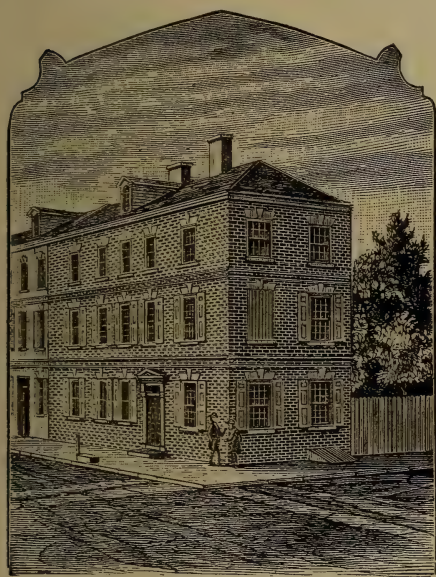


WASHINGTON'S PEW IN CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Congress took measures for the active prosecution of the war. Supplies were drawn from the West Indies; powder mills and cannon foundries were provided for on a small scale; thirteen frigates were ordered to be constructed (a few of which eventually got to sea); a committee of war, one of finance and a secret committee, to which was intrusted the negotiations of the colonies with foreign powers and persons abroad friendly to the cause, were appointed. Finally, on the 4th of July, 1776, Congress adopted, on behalf of the colonies, a declaration

of independence of the British crown. The colonies now took their stand as free and independent States. At the same time a plan for the general government of the United States, known as the Articles of Confederation, was adopted.

As he supposed that the British would attack New York, Washington transferred his army to that place immediately after his occupation of Boston. He had not long to wait, for General Howe soon arrived in New York bay with his army, and in June was joined by his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, with reinforcements and a strong fleet.



HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The British army now numbered 30,000 men, a large part of whom were Hessian troops, hired from the government of Hesse-Cassel, in Germany, by the king of England. The troops were landed on Staten Island, and preparations were made for attacking the city of New York. Before proceeding to hostilities Lord Howe issued a proclamation to the people of America, offering a free pardon to all who would lay down their arms and accept the king's clemency. The proclamation produced no effect whatever, for the Americans were convinced that they could expect but a poor regard for their rights and liberties at the hands of King George.

Washington's force was vastly inferior to that of the enemy. He

was compelled to divide it, and to place a portion of it on Long Island, in order to cover the approaches to New York City. The force on Long Island was attacked and defeated by the British on the 27th of August, 1776. By a skilful retreat on the night of the 29th, Washington withdrew his troops from Long Island to New York. Howe was greatly mortified at the escape of the Americans, and prepared to shut them up and capture them in New York, but Washington withdrew from that city and retreated to the mainland. After some indecisive encounters, the American army crossed the Hudson into New Jersey. The British followed up their success, and Washington was obliged to abandon the Hudson and retreat across New Jersey to the Delaware, which he crossed near Trenton. He halted in Pennsylvania, and the British made no effort to pass the river, unwilling to risk the chances.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE NOW GLOOMY.

The American cause now seemed gloomy indeed. New York and New Jersey were lost to the patriots, and Washington had with him in Pennsylvania only 4000 half starved and badly clothed men. The British had by this time taken possession of the island of Rhode Island, and had made a descent upon Baskingridge, New Jersey, and had captured General Charles Lee. By December, 1776, the cause of the colonies seemed so desperate that the people generally began to abandon the hope of success, and many of them commenced to make their peace with the royal authorities.

At this hour, when everything was so gloomy, Washington was calm and hopeful. He had expected reverses, and they did not dismay him. He was resolved to maintain the struggle to the last possible moment, and exerted himself to cheer the little band of heroes who remained faithful to the cause. Feeling that the situation of affairs demanded some decisive action on his part, he determined to attack and drive back the Hessians who constituted the advanced guard of the British army, and who occupied an exposed position on the Delaware, between Trenton and Burlington. He crossed the Delaware with a

portion of his army, in open boats, in the midst of snow and floating ice, on the night of December 25th, 1776, and about eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th attacked the Hessians at Trenton and defeated



WASHINGTON CALLS ON COLONEL RAHL.

them. He took 1000 prisoners, 1000 stand of arms, six brass cannon and four standards.

On the night of the 26th, he recrossed the Delaware and returned to his camp in Pennsylvania. A few days later, having received a small reinforcement, Washington crossed the Delaware once more, and took

position at Trenton. General Howe hurried a force of 7000 men, under Lord Cornwallis, towards Trenton to crush Washington's army. By a brilliant march around the British left, Washington eluded Cornwallis and hurried towards New Brunswick to seize the stores of the British army. On the third of January, 1777, while on the march, he defeated a strong British force at Princeton. He abandoned his



WASHINGTON'S QUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

movement on New Brunswick, and marched to Morristown, where he went into winter quarters with his army. He was so active during the winter that the British confined themselves to the shores of Raritan bay, and did not venture again into the interior of the State.

The victories of the American army were so brilliant and audacious that they not only startled the British, who had believed the war virtually over in the north, but aroused as if by magic the drooping spirits of the American people, and did much for the cause in the eyes

of foreign nations. Congress now invested Washington with dictatorial powers for a specified time; troops were enlisted for three years instead of one year, which was the original term; and agents were sent to



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

foreign countries to procure the recognition of the independence of the United States, and assistance in the prosecution of the war.

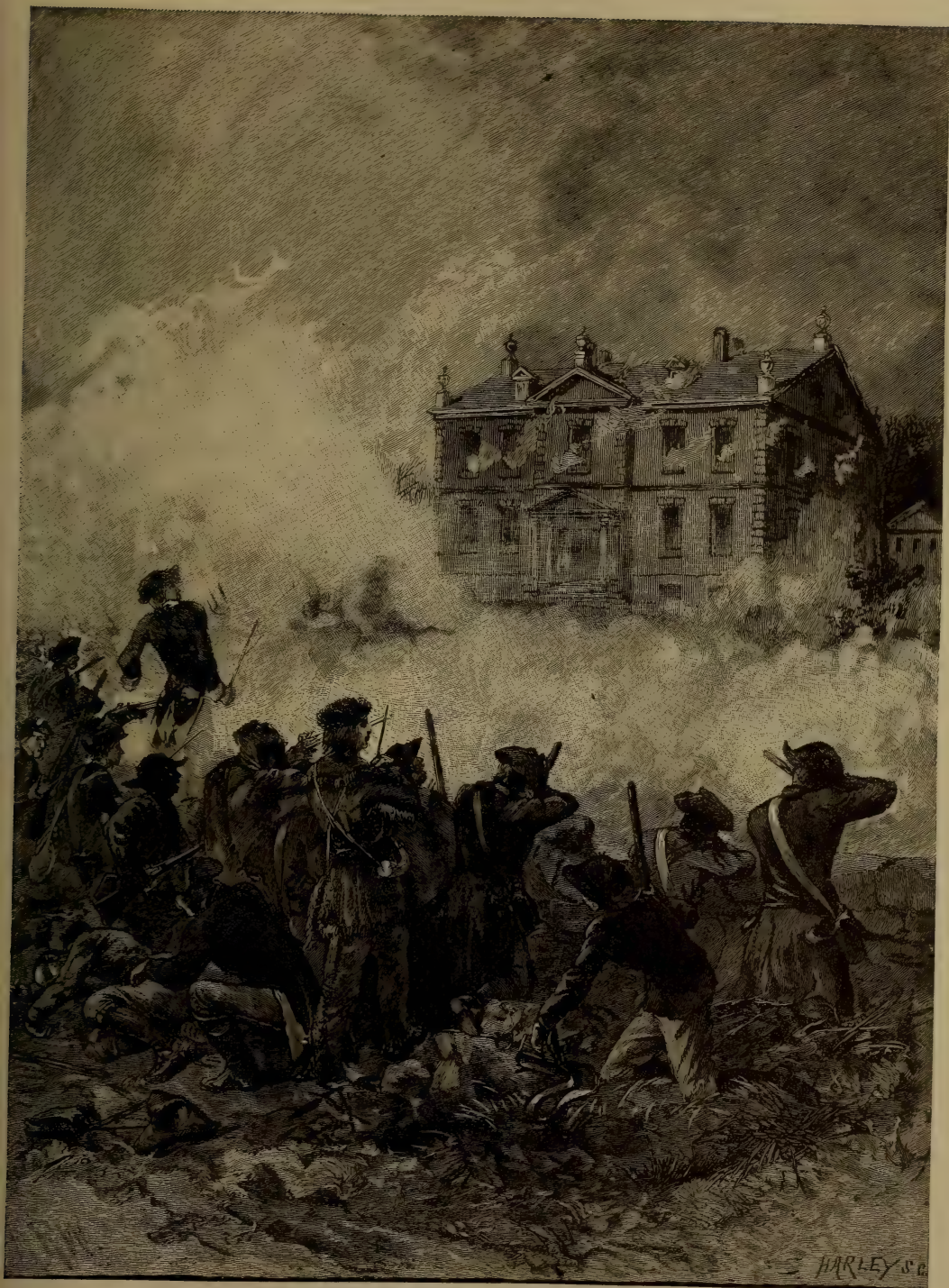
When the campaign of 1777 opened, the prospects of the country

had so far improved that Washington found himself at the head of an army of 7000 men. Sir William Howe made repeated efforts to draw him into a general engagement, but Washington completely outgeneraled him, and Howe withdrew his army from New Jersey to Staten Island. Soon after this he sailed with 16,000 men to the Chesapeake, which he ascended to Elkton, in Maryland, where he landed his forces and advanced through Delaware towards Philadelphia, which was the seat of the federal government.

DISASTER OF THE BRANDYWINE.

Washington, who had moved south of the Schuylkill, in anticipation of this attempt, endeavored to check Howe's advance at the passage of the Brandywine, on the 11th of September, but was defeated with the loss of 1,000 men. Congress withdrew from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and then to York, Pennsylvania. The British occupied Philadelphia a few days after the battle. On the 4th of October the American army made a vigorous attack upon the British force at Germantown, seven miles from Philadelphia, but was repulsed.

In the north the American forces were more successful. General Burgoyne, with a force of 7,000 British and German regulars, and a considerable body of Canadians and Indians, entered New York from Canada by way of Lake Champlain, during the summer of 1777. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were evacuated by the Americans, and Burgoyne pushed on in triumph as far as Fort Edward, on the Hudson. From this point he sent a strong detachment to Bennington, in Vermont, to destroy the stores collected there by the Americans. This force was routed with heavy loss by the militia of Vermont and New Hampshire under General Stark, near Bennington, on the 16th of August, 1777. General Gates was now appointed to the command of the American army confronting Burgoyne, and his force grew larger every day by reinforcements of militia from New England and New York. Burgoyne attacked him on the 19th of September at Behmus' Heights, and a severe but indecisive battle occurred. A second and more decisive engagement was



ATTACK ON CHEW'S HOUSE AT THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

fought on the 7th of October. Burgoyne was considerably worsted and endeavored to retreat, but upon reaching the vicinity of the town of Saratoga, was surrounded and forced to surrender his entire army on the 17th of October. This was one great step nearer the end.

GRAND VICTORY FOR THE AMERICAN ARMS.

This victory, the most important of the war, greatly elated the Americans and cheered their friends in Europe. It advanced the bills of the Continental Congress, which had become greatly depreciated, and had the effect of inducing the French government, which had secretly encouraged and aided the colonies from the first, to recognize the independence of the States. In February, 1778, a treaty of friendship, commerce and alliance was signed at Paris between the United States and France. Great Britain seemed to realize now, for the first time, that she was about to lose her colonies, and endeavored to repair her mistakes. On the 11th of March, 1778, Parliament repealed the acts that had been so obnoxious to the Americans, and subsequently sent three commissioners to settle the differences between the two countries. As these commissioners had no authority to treat with the United States as an independent nation, Congress refused to enter into any negotiations with them.

Washington's army passed the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. The troops suffered terribly from hunger, exposure, and the dreadful privations to which they were subjected, but remained with their colors through it all. Their devotion was rewarded in the spring by the news of the alliance with France, which reached them in May, 1778, and was greeted with demonstrations of the liveliest joy.

The real crisis in the war had now come. The resources of the colonists were about exhausted, and however bold courage may be, it cannot subsist on empty air. An army must be fed and clothed. Although the alliance with France was of no great material benefit to us, it did help to encourage our troops.

Sir William Howe's course did not give satisfaction at home, and he was removed from his command in America, and was succeeded by Sir Henry Clinton, who was ordered by his government to evacuate Philadelphia and concentrate his forces at New York, as the French fleet might be expected in the Delaware at any moment. On the 18th of June, Clinton withdrew his forces from Philadelphia, and set out across New Jersey for New York. Washington pursued him promptly, and came up with him at Monmouth Court House.

A severe but indecisive engagement occurred between the two armies. At its close Clinton resumed his retreat to New York, and remained there for



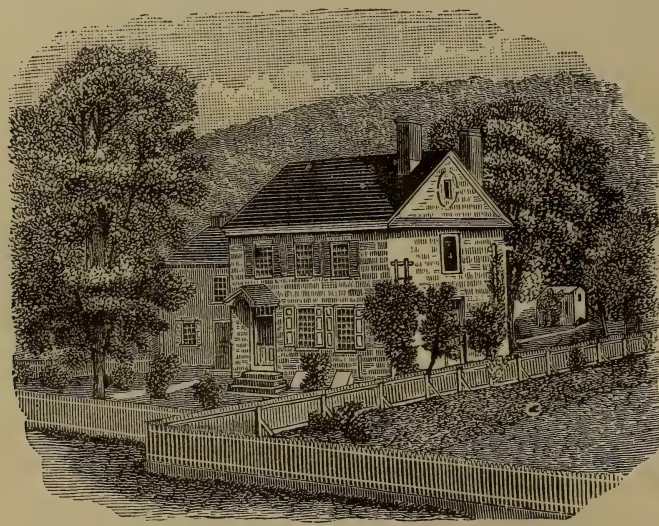
VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA, WHERE WASHINGTON'S ARMY
WENT INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

the rest of the summer, without seeking to renew hostilities with Washington. A few days after Clinton's evacuation of Philadelphia, the French fleet under Count D'Estaing arrived in the Delaware. Finding his enemy gone, the French admiral sailed for New York. The British fleet took refuge in Raritan bay, whither the larger vessels of the French were unable to follow them. In August the Americans made an attempt, in concert with the French fleet, to capture the British force at Newport, R. I. The French afforded so little aid that the enterprise failed. D'Estaing withdrew from the coast soon after this, and sailed to the West Indies, having rendered little practical aid.

The finances of the country were in the greatest confusion. Fortunately the wisdom and unshrinking patriotism of Robert Morris, an eminent merchant and member of Congress from Philadelphia, saved them from ruin. When the public credit failed, he borrowed large sums of money for the use of Congress, for the payment of which he pledged his own credit. On the whole, however, the cause of the States was much improved. Besides the alliance with France, they had the secret encouragement of Spain. They had confined the British to the territory

held by that army in 1776, and their own army was larger and better disciplined than it had ever been.

In 1779 the principal military operations were transferred to the South. Savannah had already been captured on the 29th of December, 1778, by an expedition sent from New York by Sir Henry Clinton; and by the summer



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

of 1779, the whole State of Georgia was in the hands of the British. In September, 1779, the French fleet and the American army, under General Lincoln, attempted to recover Savannah, but were repulsed with a loss of 1000 men.

On the 16th of June, 1779, Spain declared war against England, and in the summer of that year the French king, influenced by the appeals of Lafayette, who had visited France for that purpose, agreed to send another fleet and a strong body of troops to the aid of the Americans. The cruisers of the United States did great damage to the British commerce at sea, and in British waters, and John Paul Jones, with a squadron of three ships, fought and won one of the most desperate

and sanguinary battles in naval history, within plain sight of the English coast.

Sir Henry Clinton, in obedience to instructions received from England, now withdrew the detachment from Newport, and concentrated his army at New York. Early in 1780, leaving a strong garrison under General Knyphausen to hold New York, he sailed with the bulk of his army to the South, and laid siege to Charleston, which was held by General Lincoln with a force of about 7,000 Continentals and militia. After a gallant defence the city and the garrison were surrendered to Clinton on the 17th of May, 1780. By the 1st of June, the British had overrun the better part of South Carolina, and Clinton was so well convinced of the completeness of its subjugation that he went back to New York, leaving the command in the South to Lord Cornwallis.



Small bands of WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

partisan troops, under Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, and other leaders, now sprang up in various parts of South Carolina, and maintained a vigorous guerrilla warfare, from which the enemy suffered greatly. Congress soon after sent General Gates to command the forces in the South. Gates' success at Saratoga had made him the idol of the hour, and it had even been suggested by a few discontented persons that he should supersede Washington himself. His northern laurels were soon "changed to southern willows." Cornwallis met him at Camden on the 16th of August, routed him with the loss of 1,000 men, and drove him into North Carolina. By the close of the summer, the only

American force left in South Carolina was the little band under Marion.

Cornwallis, feeling that his communications with Charleston were

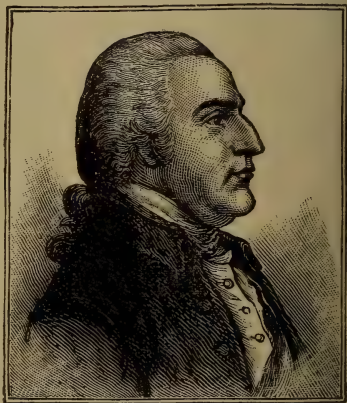


SPECIMEN OF CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

safe followed Gates' beaten army into North Carolina, about the middle of September intending to continue his advance into Virginia. On the 7th of October, a strong detachment of his army was totally defeated with heavy loss, at King's Mountain, in North Carolina, by the militia of that State. This was a severe blow to the British commander, and checked his advance. Marion and Pickens about the same time renewed their operations in South Carolina with such activity that Cornwallis became alarmed for his communications, and fell back to Winnsborough, South Carolina.

In the North the British commander vainly endeavored to draw Washington into a general engagement, in which he felt confident that his vast preponderance of numbers would give him the victory. Washington warily avoided being caught in the trap, and on the 23d of June, General Greene inflicted such a stinging defeat upon a British force at Springfield, N. J., that Clinton withdrew to New York, and remained there for the balance of the year. After the battle of Camden, General Greene was sent to the Carolinas to succeed Gates in the command of the Southern army.

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Bened. Arnold

On the 10th of July, 1780, a French fleet and 6,000 troops under the Count de Rochambeau, reached Newport, R. I. In September, during the absence of Washington at Hartford, Conn., whither he had gone to arrange a plan of operations with the French commander, it was discovered that General Benedict Arnold, one of the most brilliant officers of the Continental army, had agreed to deliver into the hands of the British the important fortress of West Point, which he commanded at that time.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

The discovery of the plot put an end to the danger with which it threatened the cause. The traitor Arnold escaped, but Major Andre, a British officer, through whom Arnold had conducted his negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton, and whose capture had revealed the plot, was hanged as a spy.

Towards the close of the year, Great Britain having discovered that the United States and Holland were secretly negotiating a treaty, declared war against the Dutch. The campaign of 1781 opened with the brilliant victory of the Cowpens, won over the British under Colonel Tarleton,

by General Morgan, on the 17th of January. On the 15th of March the battle of Guilford Court House was fought in North Carolina, and resulted in a victory for the British. Cornwallis was unable to follow up his victory, and withdrew to Wilmington on the coast. On September 8th, the British forces under Colonel Stewart were defeated in the bloody battle of Eutaw Springs by General Greene, and were compelled to retire



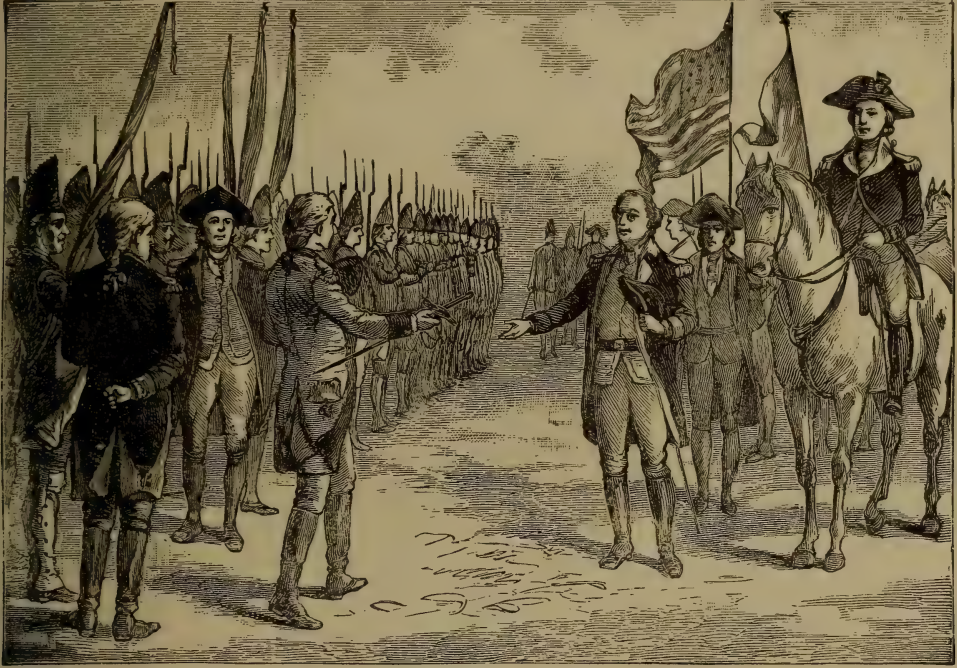
VIEW OF YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.

to the neighborhood of Charleston, to which they were confined during the remainder of the war.

Meanwhile Cornwallis, after resting and recruiting his army at Wilmington, had advanced into Virginia, driving before him the handful of troops under Lafayette, Wayne and Steuben, who sought to stay his march. While in Virginia he occupied himself chiefly in destroying private property, and at length, in August, 1781, in obedience to orders from Sir Henry Clinton to occupy a strong defensive position in Vir-

ginia, intrenched himself at Yorktown, near the entrance of York river into the Chesapeake bay.

Washington, whose army had been reinforced on the Hudson by the French troops under the Count de Rochambeau, was anxious to attack New York, and preparations were made for a com-



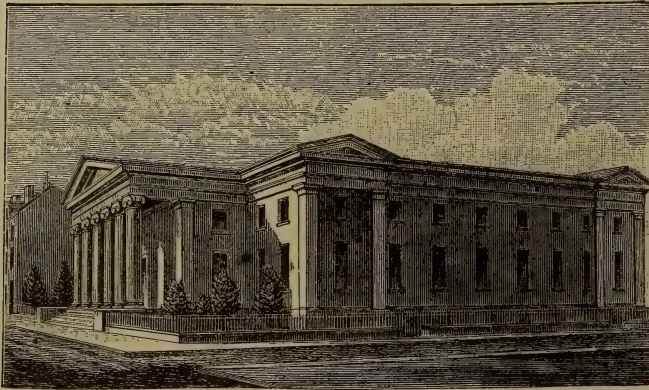
SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

joined attack on that city. A message was received at this juncture from the Count de Grasse, the French admiral in the West Indies, who announced that he had sailed for the Chesapeake. This led to an immediate change in the plan of operations determined upon by Washington, and he resolved to transfer his army at once to Virginia and attempt the capture of Cornwallis. Skilfully deceiving Sir Henry Clinton into the belief that New York was the threatened point, and thus preventing him from sending assistance to Cornwallis, Washington moved rapidly to Virginia, and arrived before the British works at Yorktown with an army of 16,000 men on the 28th of September, 1781. The enemy's position was at once invested by land, and the French fleet

cut off all chance of escape by water. The siege was prosecuted with vigor, and on the 19th of October Cornwallis, having exhausted all his resources, surrendered his army of 7,000 troops with all his stores, cannon, and several ships-of-war.

This victory virtually closed the war. It produced the wildest joy in America, and compelled a change of ministers in England. Lord North and his cabinet retired from office on the 20th of March, 1782, and the new administration, perceiving the hopelessness of the struggle, re-

solved to make peace. Commissioners for that purpose were appointed, and orders were sent to the British commanders in America to desist from further hostilities. A preliminary treaty of peace was signed at Paris between the United States and Great Britain, on the



UNITED STATES MINT, PHILADELPHIA.

30th of November, 1782, and a formal treaty on the 3d of September, 1783, all the nations concerned in the war, taking part in this treaty. By this treaty Great Britain acknowledged her former colonies to be free, sovereign, and independent States, and withdrew her troops from New York on the 25th of November 1782. Savannah and Charleston were evacuated in the following month.

The great war was now over, and the republic took its place in the family of nations; but it was terribly weakened by its efforts. Its finances were in the most pitiful condition, and it had not the money to pay the troops it was about to disband, and who were really suffering for want of money. Considerable trouble arose on this account, but Washington succeeded in effecting an arrangement to the satisfaction of the soldiers. The army was disbanded immediately after the close of the war, and on the 23d of December, 1783, Washington resigned his com-



INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON AS FIRST PRESIDENT.

mission into the hands of Congress, and retired to his home, at Mount Vernon.

It was found that the articles of confederation were inadequate to



WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA.

the necessities of the republic, and after much discussion a new constitution was framed by a federal convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, and was adopted by the States. It went into operation on the 4th of March, 1789. The city of New York was designated as the seat of government.

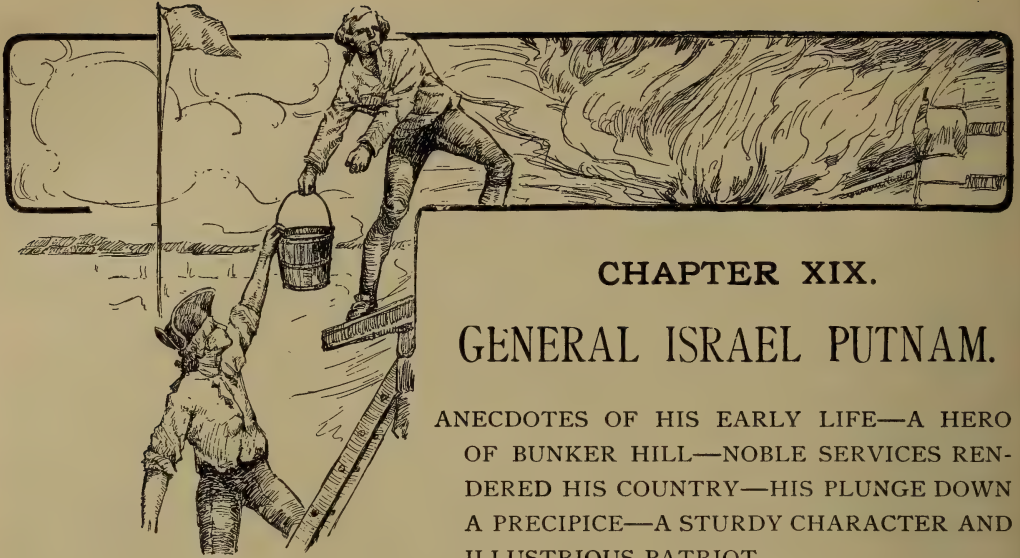
Washington was unanimously chosen the first President of the United States, and John Adams Vice-president. They went into office on the 30th of April, 1789. The first measures of Washington's administration greatly restored the confidence of the people in the government.

Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, inaugurated a series of reforms, which were eminently beneficial. The debts of the old confederate government and of the States themselves were all assumed by the United States; a bank of the United States (which went into operation in February, 1794), was incorporated, and a national mint was established at Philadelphia. An Indian war in the West was prosecuted to a successful termination, and the neutrality of the republic with regard to the parties engaged in the wars springing out of the French revolution was faithfully maintained.

Washington and Adams were re-elected in 1792. The French republic made great efforts to embroil the United States in a war with England, but they were met with firmness by Washington, who demanded the recall of M. Genet, the French Minister. The demand was complied with by France. In 1794, a treaty was negotiated with England, in settlement of the questions left unsettled by the revolution. In 1792 a formidable outbreak, in opposition to the excise law, known as the whiskey insurrection, occurred in Western Pennsylvania. It was suppressed by the federal government in 1794. Three new States were admitted into the Union during Washington's administration—Vermont, in 1791; Kentucky, in 1792, and Tennessee, in 1796.

Washington was urgently importuned to be a candidate for a third presidential term, but declined a re-election, although it was certain there would be no opposition to him. His action in this respect has become the settled policy of the government. In September, 1796, he issued a "Farewell Address" to his countrymen, warning them of the dangers to which their new system was exposed, and urging them to adhere firmly to the principles of the Constitution as their only hope of liberty and happiness.

Such, in brief, was the glorious career of the immortal "Father of his Country."



CHAPTER XIX.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ANECDOTES OF HIS EARLY LIFE—A HERO OF BUNKER HILL—NOBLE SERVICES RENDERED HIS COUNTRY—HIS PLUNGE DOWN A PRECIPICE—A STURDY CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIOT.

Almost every popular favorite has his nickname. They called General Jackson, "Old Hickory;" General Taylor was known everywhere through the camp by the name of "Old Zack"; and, not to interpose too many instances between our own times and his, General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary memory, was better known by the whole army under the familiar title of "Old Put" than either by the military rank he had honestly earned or the simple Scriptural name his father and mother gave him.

Israel Putnam was born in Salem, Mass., on the 7th day of January, 1718. His mother had twelve children, of whom he was the eleventh in order. The house still stands in which he was born, and is exactly half way, on the turnpike, between Newburyport and Boston. He was courageous, and sometimes reckless, when a boy, but his disposition was not quarrelsome. When he was assailed, he stood his ground without flinching; but he was not in the habit of picking quarrels with any one.

When he went up to Boston for the first time in his life, one of the young town-fellows, a great deal older and bigger than himself, saw him coming along the street in his dress of plain homespun, staring at the signs and the windows, and taken up, as almost every true rustic is, at least once, with what he saw and heard around him, and, thinking, to

have some fun out of the country fellow, he taunted him with his dress, his gait, his manners, and his general appearance. Young Putnam bore it as well and as long as he could. He looked around and saw that a crowd had collected, who seemed to be enjoying themselves at his expense. His blood rose at length, and he determined to submit no longer. Suddenly he turned upon the ill-mannered city youth, and gave him such a thorough flogging on the spot as not only silenced his impudence, but likewise drew forth the instant admiration of the crowd who were, but a moment before, so willing to enjoy his own humiliation. This single little affair was wholly characteristic of the man, as he afterwards showed himself on a wider theatre. He was twenty-one years old when he was married, which event occurred in the year 1739. His wife was Miss Hannah Pope, whose father—Mr. John Pope—lived in Salem also; and their family afterwards counted four sons and six daughters. The year after he married he emigrated from Salem to the town of Pomfret, in Connecticut, where he had bought a tract of land for the purpose. There was no better farmer in his day, the whole country round, than young Mr. Israel Putnam proved himself to be.

ONE OF THE LARGEST WOOL GROWERS.

He found that his land was especially adapted to the raising of sheep, and, accordingly, he bent his energies to the production of wool. So successful was he in this enterprise in a brief period of time, that he was popularly reckoned one the largest wool growers of the country, and his profits accumulated at a rate that soon put him in circumstances beyond the possible reach of poverty or want.

It was owing altogether to his having taken so extensive an interest in the raising of sheep that his adventure with the wolf became a piece of history. During several seasons he seemed to have suffered from rather hard luck, both in his crops and his live stock; what with drought, and dry rot, and hard winters, he felt that his losses, continued through several ensuing years, were quite as large as he was able to submit to. But when it came to the losses in his sheep fold, which were

more and more severe every winter, he roused himself to see if the mischief could not by some means be stopped where it was. It was pretty conclusively proved that the work of slaughter was performed by a single she wolf, who, with her new family of whelps every year, came from a long distance to get her regular winter's living off the fatlings of his hillsides and pastures. Nor was he the only sufferer by her bold depredations. Nearly all the neighboring farmers were forced to submit to these losses, as well as himself, and they were quite ready to undertake, with him, the destruction of the ravenous creature who was committing such a general havoc in the neighborhood.

A VERY SLY OLD WOLF.

This she wolf was an old jade, and very sly and shrewd withal. Almost every year the hunters, with their dogs, had fallen in with some of her whelps, and made an end of them on the spot; but they never could manage to come upon her in a position from which she did not possess the cunning to somehow escape. Once they had succeeded in getting her to put her foot into a steel trap; but rather than wait for them to come to a final settlement with her for her many crimes, she concluded she had better lose her toes and make the best of her way off without them. She preferred to sacrifice these, and so save her skin whole.

Putnam got together five of his neighbors, therefore, and laid before them his proposal to hunt the old wolf down; not to give her any further rest or peace until they got her into a place from which there could be no escape. The arrangement was that they were to take turns at the business, two at a time, and follow her up day and night till she was traced to her den, unless they might have the good luck to destroy her before she reached it. It was early in the winter when the pursuit began, and, as it happened, a light snow had fallen to aid them in their design. The clipped toes of the creature's feet, too, would assist the hunters in following her track, of which fact they were not slow to take advantage.

At an early hour on the second morning after setting out, they had succeeded in driving her into her den in a rocky ledge, situated some three miles to the north from Putnam's house, and within the limits of the town of Pomfret. She was carefully watched by one of the men, while the other went to give the alarm to the farmers around. It was not long before the woods in the vicinity of the cave were swarming with the male inhabitants of the town, including a pretty large sprinkling of boys.

After a council of war had been held, and a close scrutiny of the retreat chosen by their crafty enemy had been indulged in, it was generally concluded that the wolf was not such a great fool in going into this cavity as they might have thought her. She was, to all intents and purposes, in her fortress. How should they go to work to get her out? At first they tried tantalization, — sending in their dogs, who came out again yelping and crying, with



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

lacerated skins, and torn and bloody noses, showing how skilfully she had used her claws in her own defence. They could not prevail on the dogs that had tried the entrance once to go in the second time.

So they next hit upon the plan to stuff in lighted bundles of straw, sprinkled liberally with sulphur, hoping thus to smoke her out. They very truly argued that, if she could stand that, she must be too much for *them* to think of attacking. Accordingly, the straw was piled in, and set on fire. The dense volumes of smoke rose and rolled slowly into the cave, and they thought they were going to secure their game this time

without any further trouble. But they looked, and continued to look, in vain for the appearance of anything like a wolf. The smoke could not have reached her, or, if it did, it failed to have the effect upon her they had calculated.

Time was wearing on in this way, and nothing seemed likely to come of all their labor at last. It wanted now but about a couple of hours to midnight. They were not willing to go home and leave their dreaded enemy where she was, unharmed, and free to repeat her bloody mischief.

PUTNAM CRAWLS INTO THE WOLF'S DEN.

Finally it became difficult to endure this state of suspense any longer, and Putnam took his resolution. It was a bold, and no doubt a very reckless, one; but when he considered, in a flash of his thought, the amount of the losses incurred by his neighbors, as well as himself, from the depredations of this ravenous wild beast, he wondered how it was possible for any one to hesitate. He declared he would go down and meet the old wolf himself. The farmers were overwhelmed with astonishment, and tried to dissuade him from carrying out his rash purpose. But all they could say had no effect whatever upon him. He was determined to put an end to the existence of the wolf, and to do it on that very night.

Well aware of the fear inspired in a wild animal by the sight of fire, he provided himself with a large quantity of birch bark, torn into shreds, before going into the cave, and lighted a sufficient number for his immediate purpose. These furnished all the light he had by which to guide himself along the winding passages of the rocky cavern. Stripping off his coat and waistcoat, with a lighted torch in one hand he entered the dark aperture at near midnight, crawling slowly upon his hands and knees.

The mouth of the wolf's den was about two feet square. From this point it proceeds downwards about fifteen feet, then it runs horizontally for some ten feet more, and afterwards it ascends very easily for sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of the cave are of solid rock, and quite smooth; the top and bottom are of the same material; it is

but three feet in width, and in no part can a man stand upright. Putnam groped his way along by the aid of his flaring and smoking torches.

All was still as a tomb, and his feeble torchlight was able to penetrate but a little distance into the surrounding gloom. He was obliged to advance slowly, and every few moments it became necessary for him to renew his torch, which he did with the greatest care, lest it might go out in the lighting, and he be left in the profoundest darkness.

ARRESTED BY THE BEAST'S GLARING EYES.

After creeping over the ten feet of the level portion of the cave, he came to the ascent. Onward he dragged his slow and toilsome way, till his progress was suddenly arrested by the sight of a pair of glaring eyeballs at the very extremity of the cavern. There sat the old wolf herself; and, as she saw the flash of the torch he carried in his hand, she gnashed her teeth and uttered a low and threatening growl. The brave and venturesome young farmer took a hasty view of things in the cave, and then gave a kick at the rope which his friends had tied about one of his legs before he made the descent, by way of precaution.

Fearing that the worst had befallen him, they pulled more excitedly at the rope than was necessary; and, before he could have protested against rough treatment, he found himself dragged out upon the ground before the mouth of the cave, with "his shirt stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated." They had heard the growl of the wolf outside, and feared that he was involved in a struggle with her for life or death. Besides, it was known that he had carried no weapons into the cave with him, and they were more solicitous on that account.

This time, however, he loaded his gun, took more torches, and went down better prepared for the encounter. He knew his way along, of course, better than before; but he was now burdened with his musket. When he came in sight of the wolf again, she was in the same place and position, but appeared a great deal more dissatisfied with his company.

The account of his early biographer and personal friend states that she wore an aspect of great fierceness—"howling, rolling her eyes,

snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs. She was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at her assailant. At that critical moment he levelled his piece, aiming directly at her head, and fired. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke of the powder, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave." But this time his friends took a little more care not to strip his shirt over his shoulders, nor to tear his skin against the jagged edges of the rock, as they had done before.

LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE.

He allowed a few moments for the smoke to escape from the chambers of the cavern, and then went in again to secure his prize. On examination he found his old enemy lying dead on the floor of the cave at its further extremity, in a pool of blood. He had taken aim to some purpose. In order to satisfy himself that she was really dead, he applied his torch to her nose; she made no signs of life. Accordingly, he seized her by her ears, gave the rope around his leg an exulting kick, and out he went, with his precious prize dragging after him, into the midst of the crowd at the mouth of the cavern, who showered their praises and congratulations upon him without stint. They set up a shout of delight that filled the wintry woods with its echoes. Their arch enemy at length lay stretched out stark and stiff at their feet.

From that hour Israel Putnam was a hero in the eyes and mouth of everybody. He came very soon to be known far and wide as the slayer of the old she-wolf that had made such havoc with the farmers' folds, and people loved to repeat a story that had such decided elements of daring in it; for it excited them quite as much in the telling as it did others in the hearing. The story grew, too, as it travelled, and Putnam's fame, of course, grew along with it. He was known among the officers of the army with whom he fought during the Seven Years' War as "the Old Wolf."

A dozen years after this incident the French and Indian War broke out, and Putnam entered the service of his country. This he did from

the purest and most noble motives. Where he was most needed, there he was most always found. He distinguished himself in the French war by his reckless courage and adventurous spirit, and, being captured by the Indians near Ticonderoga, in 1758, he had a narrow escape from death. Two hundred of them were conducting him to Ticonderoga, and soon came into what seemed the very heart of the wilderness. Here



INDIANS TORTURING A WHITE CAPTIVE.

they stopped and held a consultation. It was resolved at length to take their prisoner and roast him to death by a slow fire! Such fiendish torture was exactly suited to their savage instincts. Accordingly they stripped him of his clothes, bound him to a tree, and piled faggots and brushwood around him. He looked on in courageous silence, and prepared his thoughts for the end that seemed near at hand.

His tormentors began to yell and dance around him. The fire was kindled and the flames began slowly to creep up towards him. The

savages screamed in wild delight. The fire grew hotter and hotter, and the suffering victim, writhing and twisting, turned himself from side to side. The first time the fire was kindled a sudden fall of rain quenched it, but after the second trial it burnt with great rapidity. The more he writhed in his speechless agony, the louder the savages yelled in their



INDIAN SCALP DANCE AFTER A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

wild delight, and the more frantic became their motions in their barbaric dances. He fixed his thoughts on the loved ones at home, and made ready to die whenever the last moment should come.

Suddenly a French officer came dashing up through the crowd, kicked away the burning faggots and branches, cut the thongs by which he was tied to the tree, and released him. He had heard of these

inhuman barbarities of the Indians towards their distinguished captive, and hastened on to save him from the fate which he knew awaited him. Had he come a few minutes later, it would probably have been all over with. He passionately upbraided the Indians for their cruelty, and took the prisoner under his own charge for the rest of the journey.

Putnam suffered excessively all the way to Ticonderoga, although he was treated with kindness and courtesy. When he reached that

fortress he was presented a prisoner to Marquis Montcalm, the French commander, by whom he was soon after sent under a proper escort to Montreal. Col. Peter Schuyler was a prisoner there with others at the time, and he paid Putnam great attention and civility. It was through his influence that he was finally exchanged for a French



PUTNAM LEAVING THE PLOW FOR BUNKER HILL.

prisoner, captured by Col. Bradstreet at the assault on Frontenac, now Kingston, in upper Canada. In Montreal, too, Major Putnam became acquainted with a lovely prisoner, Mrs. Howe, whom he escorted back in safety to her friends in New England. His final release was hailed with joy by his numerous friends throughout the combined English and Provincial army. They had never expected to see him alive again.

After this Putnam led a quiet life at home for ten years, during which time he made his farmhouse into an inn and became very prominent among a society called the Sons of Liberty, the object of which was to

further the cause of American Independence. In 1775, after the battle of Concord, he was given the command of the forces of Connecticut. He was at work in the field when he heard that he was wanted to resist the British invasion; he left his plow standing and hurried to join the army. At the battle of Bunker Hill, which was one of the first battles of the Revolution and was fought just across the bay from Boston, he was the highest officer in command, although he offered that position to General Warren. He was a marked figure everywhere."

"WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES."

A brief account of the battle will show Putnam's intrepid bravery. Not a word was spoken, apparently, as the splendid army of Great Britain slowly toiled up the hill in the hot sun. The Americans kept out of sight, and waited almost impatiently for the enemy's approach. There were now fifteen hundred brave hearts within those intrenchments, eager to engage with the foe. Putnam told the men, as he passed hastily along the lines, dusty and perspiring, not to waste their fire, for powder was very scarce. "Wait", said he, "till you see the whites of their eyes, and then take aim at their waistbands! Fire low—and pick off the commanders, with the handsome coats". Prescott gave the same orders to those within the redoubt. So did the other officers all along the lines, behind the breastworks and the rail-fence.

The moment the front ranks of the enemy came near enough, the word was given to fire. The execution was beyond description. Not a single shot seemed to have been wasted. The British fell down in solid ranks, like grass before the scythe of the mower. Another volley followed from behind the intrenchments, and then another, each doing as terrible work as the first; and instantly the whole body of the British were struck with terror and broke and ran like sheep down the hill. Some of the Americans were so overjoyed to behold the result that they leaped over the rail fence, and would have pursued them down to the water's edge; but they were prudently held in check by their officers.

It was not long before Gen. Howe succeeded in rallying his defeated

troops once more, and bringing them up to the attack as before. The Americans made ready for them as rapidly as they could. Putnam had ridden in hot haste across to Bunker Hill, and tried in vain to bring back the additional troops—fragments of regiments—posted there, so that they might take part in the battle. When the British came up to the



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

attack the second time, there were no more Americans in the engagement than before. Four hundred men arrived from Boston, under command of Major Small. Gen. Howe led the way this time, telling his men they need not go a foot further than he was willing to go himself. This time they played their artillery with considerable effect. They were obliged to march over the dead bodies of their companions, which lay in rows all around them on the hillside.

The Americans behind their intrenchments waited until they came within the prescribed distance, and then poured in a volley that did even more murderous work than they had done before. Whole ranks of officers and men alike were swept down before this resistless fire. Gen. Howe found himself at one time standing almost entirely alone. The troops were filled with direst confusion. It was more than their officers could do to hold them together. The broken ranks could not be closed up and made whole with the help of any exertions. No threats had the least effect upon the panic-stricken regulars. Alarmed and dispirited, and overwhelmed with double confusion, they turned their backs in a body and ran off down the hill, beyond the reach of the Provincials' deadly musketry, and tried to find a place of safety.

BRITISH GENERAL BECOMES DESPERATE.

General Clinton, the British commander, saw the rout that had been created by the stubborn Provincial militia, and felt mortified and chagrined; so much so that he hastily threw himself into a boat, and, some five hundred more following, crossed over with the reckless resolution of serving as a volunteer. A part of the British officers protested against marching up the hill again, to meet with certain destruction; but Howe had by this time found out where the weakest points in the works lay—between the breastworks and the rail fence—and determined to make one final effort to carry it. It is also related that some careless soldier within the redoubt was heard to say something about the scarcity of the ammunition; and this fact, when reported to the officers, gave a little more encouragement to the enemy.

General Howe, therefore, led the third attack against the American left, especially against the point on the slope between the breastworks and the rail fence. General Pigot, aided by General Clinton and his forces, marched up to attack the redoubt, aiming also to turn the American right. The orders to the British soldiers were to take the fire of the Americans, and then to charge bayonets and scale the works. This is what they should have done in the first place; and what they

would have done, had they known how short the Americans were of ammunition.

On came the British, at length, for the third time. The Americans stood firm and resolute in their lines, prepared to receive them. The British artillery soon turned the breastworks, however, sweeping the whole line of their interior. The Americans were of course thus driven within the redoubt, the breastwork being abandoned. But they had taken sure aim before they left, and brought down many a proud British officer. General Howe himself was wounded in the foot. There was but one round apiece to the Provincials now, and when they had expended their first fire they knew they must make a hand-to-hand fight of it. Hence they fired with just as great precision as before, every shot bringing down its man and creating fearful havoc.

A FIGHT WITH FIXED BAYONETS.

Then it was that they were put to their true mettle. From that moment it was every man for himself. The British came jumping over the walls of earth, with fixed bayonets. They were received with showers of stones in their faces, with muskets used like clubs over their heads, and with resistance in every possible style. The fight was man against man. Every inch of ground was stoutly contested. The redoubt was already fast filling up with the enemy, and the Americans saw that nothing was left them but to retreat.

Putnam covered their retreat in person, and was not more than twelve rods distant from the enemy, and fully exposed to their fire. He came to one of the field-pieces that had been deserted, which he roundly swore should not be given up to the enemy. Only one man could be found to remain with him; and he was in another moment shot down at his side, and the rapid advance of the British with fixed bayonets drove him from the cannon also. Colonel Trumbull, the painter of the Revolution, has represented Putnam, in his great battle piece at the National Capitol, in the act of defending this field-piece and covering the retreating militia.

The painter has attired him in a splendid blue and scarlet uniform, whereas his dress on that day was strikingly different from that, and more truly befitted the character of the man and the nature of the work he was engaged in. An old soldier, who was in the fight on that day, has told us exactly how the General was clad, and how he looked. He says that he rode about the hill, and across the neck between Charlestown and Cambridge, in order to report to General Ward,—“without any coat, in his shirt sleeves, and with an old felt hat on his head.” This was certainly more a dress for useful than for ornamental purposes, and would not be likely to encumber or embarrass any one who had hard and hasty work to do. He was stripped for battle.

“OLD PUT” COVERS HIMSELF WITH GLORY.

In this famous battle Putnam covered himself with glory. Against a desperate foe he and his brave yeomanry fought with surpassing desperation and bravery. “Old Put.” was the very life and hero of Bunker Hill. He was next appointed by Congress a Major-General, and held command of the troops at New York, and in August, 1776, at Brooklyn Heights, where he was defeated by the British General Howe. This did not discourage him, but he went right on as if nothing had happened, feeling sure that success would come later.

He afterwards held various commands, and in 1777 was appointed to the defense of the Highlands of the Hudson. While at Peekskill a lieutenant in a British regiment was captured as a spy and condemned to death. Sir Henry Clinton, a British commanding officer, sent a flag of truce to Putnam threatening vengeance if the sentence was carried out. Putnam wrote a brief reply that Sir Henry could understand without much trouble. It was as follows :

“Headquarters, 7th August, 1777. Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy’s service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines ; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. Israel Putnam. P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.”

In 1778, Putnam made his famous escape from Governor Tryon's dragoons in Western Connecticut by riding down the stone steps at a place called Horseneck.

Tryon marched with a detachment of fifteen hundred men from King's Bridge over to Horseneck, or what is now known as West Greenwich. Gen. Putnam was there at Horseneck with a small force of only a hundred and fifty men to oppose the advancing enemy. He was stationed on the brow of a steep hill, and had but two iron cannon with him, but without drag ropes or horses. He determined, however, to show the enemy that he would not run as long as there was a chance to harass them, or do them any mischief.

The field pieces were loaded and fired several times at them as they came up, performing considerable execution. Resolved to put a stop to such a proceeding at once, the British General ordered a party of dragoons, supported by the infantry, to charge upon the cause of the mischief. Seeing what they were determined to do, and feeling certain that there was no use in trying to oppose his little handful of men to the large body of the enemy at hand, Gen. Putnam told his soldiers to retreat at the top of their speed into a swamp near by, where the cavalry could not enter to molest them.

He then waited himself till the men had all got off safely, and when the dragoons had come almost within a sword's length of him in their impetuous chase, he took a mad plunge down the precipice, while their horses recoiled and the riders looked on with a feeling of astonishment



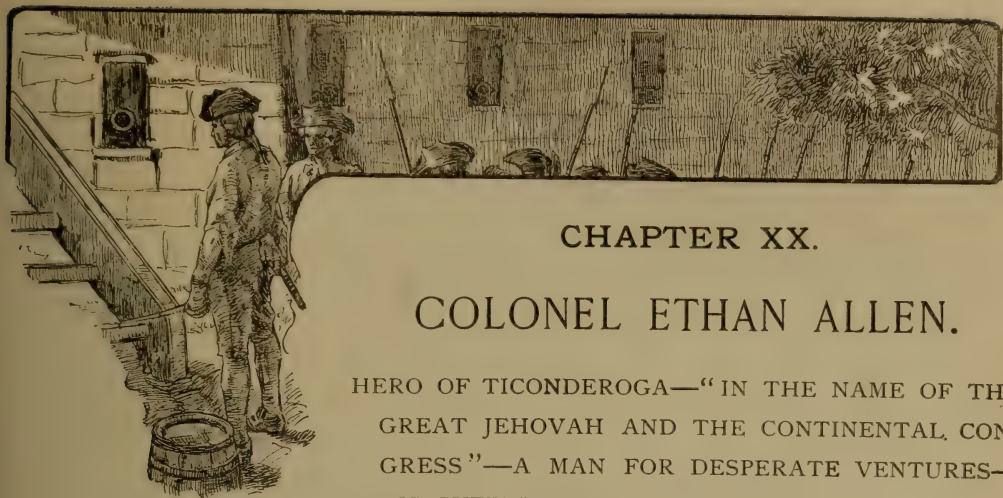
THE MINUTE MAN.

that almost amounted to horror. They dared not continue the pursuit, so fearfully precipitous was the descent over the rocks and stones. It was a feat of reckless daring, especially for a man well along in years, that was quite worthy of one who, in his younger days, went down alone into a cave after a hunted wolf at midnight.

The road led round the hill, but he was far beyond their reach before they could recover themselves sufficiently to set out after him by that way. They hastily sent a volley of bullets in pursuit of him, as he plunged down the rocky steep; one of them went through his hat, but not a hair of his head was injured. There were from seventy-five to one hundred rude stone steps laid on this declivity to assist the people from below in climbing the hill to the ordinary services on Sunday at the church on the brow of the same. Putnam's horse took him in a zig-zag direction down these steps and landed him safely in the plain.

And thus one of the brightest pages in our American annals is illumed by the heroic spirit, the sturdy honesty and religious character, the thrilling deeds and splendid example of "Old Put." He died May 19, 1790, having served his country nobly.

Let all who read these pages remember the daring achievements and willing sacrifices of those old heroes of the Revolution. They did not count their lives dear to them, and when their country called them to the defence of American independence they sprang into the breach and risked everything for their great cause. It is something to belong to a nation that has such a thrilling and illustrious history. We believe the sons of the present generation are worthy of the sires who gained our liberties.



CHAPTER XX.

COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

HERO OF TICONDEROGA—"IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS"—A MAN FOR DESPERATE VENTURES—HIS SUFFERINGS IN CAPTIVITY.

It is well-nigh impossible for us, at this day, fully to realize the intense and burning indignation which was aroused throughout the length and breadth of the land by the news of the battle at Lexington, in the beginning of the American Revolution. Blood had been shed; and the blood of murdered brethren cried from the ground for vengeance. Volunteers immediately abandoned their occupations and hastened on towards the scene of action, and within a few days Boston was besieged by the outraged people.

The gallant Stark, of New Hampshire, ten minutes after the news reached him, was on his way to join the patriot force. Israel Putnam, of Connecticut, sixty years of age, was peacefully occupied in ploughing when the tidings of the battle arrived, and he left his plough in the field, and without even going to his house, sped on his way to the camp. All Virginia was aroused. Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, attempted to seize upon military stores, which caused great excitement, and nothing but timely concession on the part of the governor prevented bloodshed.

In New York, in Philadelphia, and farther south, the spirit of the people showed how deeply they sympathized with their countrymen in Massachusetts. It was felt everywhere that the sword had been drawn, and that now the contest must be decided by the sword. "Unhappy is

it," said Washington, writing to Fairfax, in England, a nobleman and friend of the first President, in regard to the deplorable commencement of hostilities at Lexington, "to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

The Massachusetts Congress was in session at the time, and immediately took measures for sending depositions to England, to prove—as was no doubt the case—that the British troops were the aggressors. They also, while professing undiminished loyalty to the king, "appealed to heaven for the justice of their cause, and determined to die or be free." The forts, magazines and arsenals were speedily seized upon by the people in all directions, and preparations were made for war.

TWENTY THOUSAND MEN AT BOSTON.

Troops were raised, and a new issue of paper money made. Boston was soon besieged by a force of twenty thousand men, who formed a line of encampment from Roxbury to the River Mystic. Artemas Ward was appointed captain-general of the troops thus brought together from the neighboring colonies, who promptly determined to sustain Massachusetts in the impending struggle.

Some bold spirits, perceiving clearly that war was at hand, had conceived a plan for capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Ethan Allen, with his Green Mountain Boys, less than three hundred in number, assembled at Castleton, May 2d, and were there joined by Benedict Arnold, who had also set out on the same errand. Arnold had a colonel's commission from Massachusetts, and claimed the command; but the Vermonters refused flatly, and he was forced to serve as volunteer or not at all.

The party arrived at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, on the night of the 9th of May. Never dreaming of such a thing as an attack, the vigilance of the garrison was quite relaxed. Having obtained a boy,

named Nathan Beman, as a guide, Allen and Arnold crossed over during the night with only eighty-three of their men, the rest being unable to follow them for want of a supply of boats. Landed under the walls of the fort, they found their position extremely critical; the dawn was beginning to break, and unless they could succeed in instantly surprising the garrison, they ran themselves the most imminent risk of capture.

Ethan Allen did not hesitate a moment, but, drawing up his men, briefly explained to them the position of affairs, and then, with Arnold



CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA BY ETHAN ALLEN.

by his side, hurried up immediately to the sally-port. The sentinel snapped his fusee at them, and, rushing into the fort, the Americans followed close at his heels, and, entering the open parade, awoke the sleeping garrison with three hearty cheers. The English soldiers started from their beds, and, rushing below, were immediately taken prisoners.

Meanwhile Allen, attended by his guide, hurried up to the chamber of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was in bed, and, knocking at his door with the hilt of his huge sword, ordered him in a stentorian voice to make his instant appearance, or the entire garrison should immediately be put to death. The commandant appeared at his door, half-

dressed, "the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulders." Gazing in bewildered astonishment at Allen, he exclaimed, "By whose authority do you act?" "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" replied Allen, with a flourish of his long sword, and, we are sorry to say, with an oath following it.

There was no alternative and Delaplace surrendered. Two days afterwards, Crown Point was surprised and taken. More than two hundred pieces of artillery and a large and valuable supply of powder, which was greatly needed, fell into the hands of the Americans. By these daring



VIEW OF MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

movements, the command of Lakes George and Champlain was won, and the great highway to Canada was thrown open.

Before the close of 1775, British authority had been overthrown in

all the colonies. The royal governors were compelled to espouse the cause of the home country or give way to those that would. The Americans made the mistake, which has been repeated more than once since, of believing that Canada would make common cause with them against Great Britain. While the long siege of Boston was pressed, an expedition was made into that province. When it became known that General Carleton, governor of Canada, was preparing to re-occupy Crown Point and Ticonderoga, General Philip Schuyler was ordered to proceed without delay to Ticonderoga, thence to advance into Canada and take possession of Montreal and St. John's. While the boats for the transport of the

troops were building, Schuyler sent parties across the border to learn the sentiments of the people, and to gather needed information. On their return they reported that the people were friendly, and that the militia, which did not number more than seven hundred, refused to serve under French officers.

Schuyler's second in command was Richard Montgomery, formerly an officer in the British army, and a daring Irish leader who had done valiant service. Schuyler falling ill, the command devolved on the Irishman. An armed camp was formed on the Isle Aux Noix, and a boom thrown across the channel to prevent passage by the enemy's sloop-of-war. In several small conflicts that followed, the Americans showed such insubordination and cowardice that Montgomery was filled with rage, and expressed regret that he had ever undertaken to lead them. Nevertheless he invested St. John's with all possible vigor, while Schuyler at Albany did his utmost to forward men and supplies.

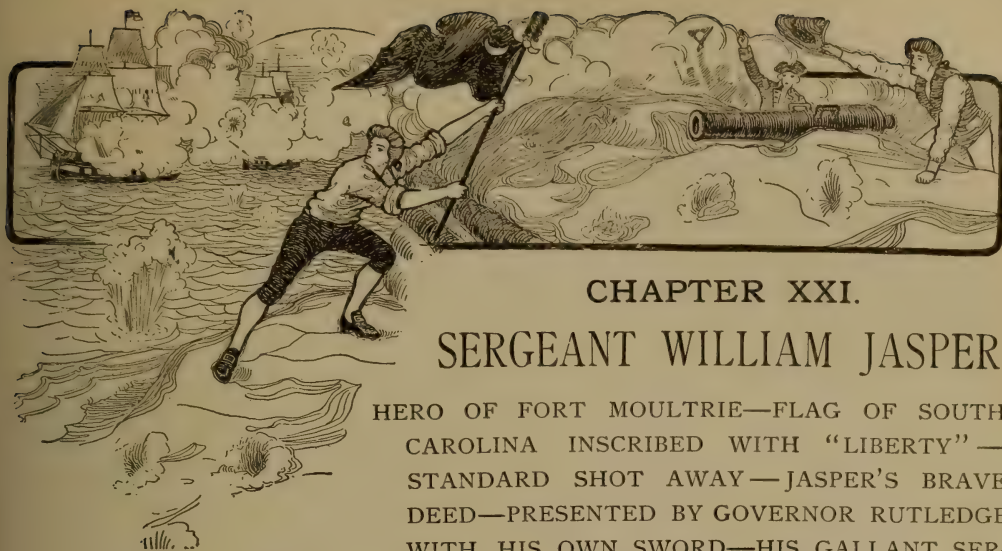
CAPTURED AND HEAVILY IRONED.

One of Montgomery's officers was Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga. With the wild courage natural to him, he went to Chambly to raise a force of Canadians. Having recruited eighty he united them with thirty Americans, and set out to capture Montreal. He left Longueuil on the night of September 24th, and hastened to Long Point. Reinforcements had been promised him there, but did not appear. He could not retreat, and, therefore, made the bravest defense possible against a force four times as large as his own, but was finally compelled to surrender, with all his men who could not escape. He was heavily ironed and sent to England, where he remained a prisoner for some time.

Thence he was sent to New York, where he remained a year and a half, before he was exchanged for Colonel Campbell. His health having been greatly impaired, he returned to Vermont, where he was appointed to command the militia. His patriotism was firm, and he indignantly rejected the bribes offered by the British. He died suddenly, at his estate at Colchester, February 13, 1789.

Ethan Allen was a good type of the heroic souls who won our independence. He was an utter stranger to hardship and danger, taking no account of the sacrifices demanded in the service of his country. His three hundred "Green Mountain Boys" were like himself; his spirit animated them, and they were ready for any call, even at the risk of life. His capture of Ticonderoga has always been spoken of as one of the thrilling incidents of the Revolution, and every historian of our great struggle has awarded him merited praise and honor.

If anything can be said to his detriment, it is that he was too venturesome. He was the kind of man who never stopped to consider consequences. His personal bravery made him a most formidable foe, and if the enemy were ten times as strong as his own force, he still rushed into the storm of battle. He was the sturdy champion of whatever he believed to be right, being a man of strong convictions, resolute in maintaining them, and never yielding a hair's breadth to expediency or fear. He had that personal magnetism which belongs to all great leaders, and with better opportunities would have left behind him even a more brilliant name as a patriot and hero.



CHAPTER XXI.

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER.

HERO OF FORT MOULTRIE—FLAG OF SOUTH CAROLINA INSCRIBED WITH "LIBERTY"—STANDARD SHOT AWAY—JASPER'S BRAVE DEED—PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE WITH HIS OWN SWORD—HIS GALLANT SERVICES UNDER MARION.

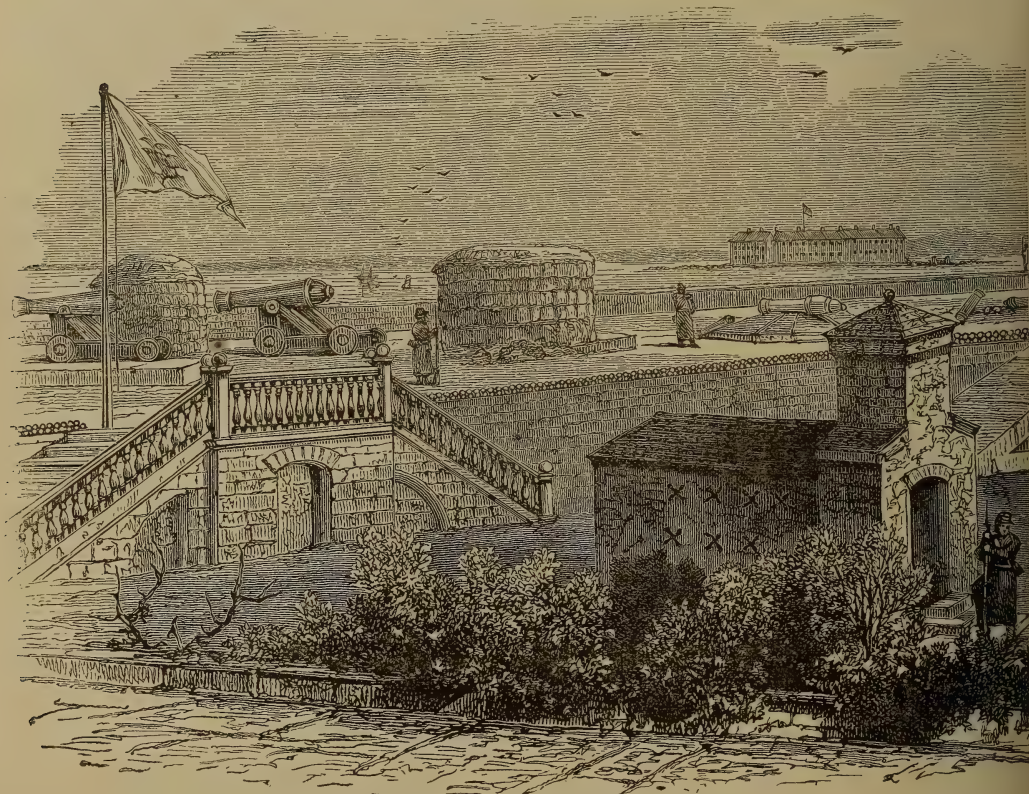
You must bear in mind that not only were the patriots in our Revolution forced to combat with the British invaders of their country, but that they had enemies at home. These were men who believed it wrong to fight for their independence, and who thought the rule of King George III. the best that the colonies could have. Many of the Tories were cruel and treacherous, and while their patriotic neighbors were away from home fighting for liberty, injured their property, sometimes burning their houses and shooting the members of their families. When brave enough to face danger they would either join the British invaders or form companies of their own to fight against their fellow-citizens. It is probable that some of the Tories were honest in their belief, but no one can justify their brutalities.

There was a severe conflict in North Carolina between the patriots and Tories, in which the latter were defeated with a heavy loss. So completely were the traitors crushed, that for a time it was hard work to find one in that part of the country.

The British commanders, Clinton, Cornwallis and Parker, showed no great eagerness to engage in their work. The first-named general having reached Wilmington, awaited the arrival of the fleet and reinforcements. The ships came in one by one, the first arriving on the

third of May, 1776, with Admiral Parker. This delay gave the Continentals good opportunity to prepare themselves for the attack.

Christopher Gadsen was colonel of the first patriot regiment, and William Moultrie commanded the second. There was also a regiment of riflemen, all famous marksmen, while their colonel, William Thompson, was the best shot of all. Tories were plentiful in South Carolina,



FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

but they were pretty well scared, and when North Carolina sent a regiment to her neighbor's help, all danger to the patriots from the rear was removed.

It was easy to see the importance of Charleston. The British General Clinton could do nothing without the help of his fleet, and that fleet was powerless until it had possession of Charleston harbor. The South Carolinians saw this from the first, and did not wait until the

danger was upon them before preparing for it. Scarcely was the news of Lexington known when they began fortifying the harbor. They knew their turn would soon come, and they did not mean to be caught napping.

On the north side of the entrance to the harbor lay Sullivan's Island—low, marshy and wooded—while on the south side was James Island, much larger. Gadsen was intrenched on the latter, and Moultrie and Thompson were on Sullivan's Island, which is six miles distant from Charleston. The streets of the town were barricaded and a large force was kept under arms to resist the assault that was sure to come, in case the outer defenses were carried. The most important of these was the fort erected by Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, opposite the place where the channel ran closest to the shore. No vessel could reach Charleston without passing that fort, and as long as the vessels were held at bay Charleston was safe, and the inhabitants felt at ease.

A CURIOUS FORT.

The walls of the fort were made of palmetto logs, and the spaces between filled with sand, so that the walls were over a dozen feet in thickness. The middle of the fort was a swamp. The work was not finished when called upon to resist the tremendous assault of the fleet. The front was completed, and thirty-one guns were mounted on it. There was room for a thousand men, but the garrison numbered only four hundred.

Copies of the royal proclamation offering pardon to such as would lay down their arms were sent to the patriots, but of course that work was thrown away. General Lee, the commanding American officer, watched the preparations making by Moultrie and shook his head.

"It is impossible with these defenses to keep back the fleet," he said, with the positiveness of one who was sure he was right. "I do not believe you can hold out half an hour. The fort will be knocked all to pieces."

"Then we'll lie behind the ruins," replied Moultrie, "and keep at it."

"You have no means of retreat," added Lee. "If you are defeated the slaughter will be dreadful."

"We're not going to be defeated, general."

This was brave talk, but it did not quiet the fears of the commanding officer. He was in favor of abandoning the place, or at least of building a bridge of boats from the island to the mainland, but Colonel Moultrie was so urgent that Lee gave him his own way.

Clinton and Cornwallis agreed that the best plan was to land on a sandbank, and then pass to Sullivan's Island by means of a certain ford said to exist at low water. On the 17th of June, twenty-five hundred British disembarked on this patch of sand, only to be tormented by mosquitoes, the blazing sun and a lack of good water. It was the worst time of the year for people unused to the flaming skies of the south. And now, when the invaders came to examine the supposed ford it was found to be fully seven feet deep at low water. It looked as if the only way to get across was for the soldiers to walk on stilts, to ride on each other's shoulders, or to swim. None of these methods could be adopted, and there was little prospect, therefore, of Clinton giving help to the fleet.

BREASTWORKS GUARDED BY RIFLEMEN.

After repeated delays, the attack was opened on the 28th of June, 1776. Parker was confident he could reduce the fort and defeat the large body of Continentals encamped on the island in the rear of the fort. The Americans had an advanced post at one extremity of the island, where the men were protected by sand-hills and myrtle bushes, with breastworks thrown up in the rear, and guarded by a large number of riflemen. On the left was a morass, and on the right a couple of guns commanded the spot where it was expected Clinton would land his men.

About the middle of the forenoon of that hot June day, the British fleet, numbering ten men-of-war, and carrying two hundred and fifty-four guns, sailed up the channel, the Bristol, flying Admiral Parker's pennant, being third in line. Over the fort fluttered the flag of South Carolina, blue in color, with a silver crescent and a single word, "Liberty."

The garrison grimly awaited the approach of the ponderous hulls, slowly sweeping forward, with a wealth of bellying canvas above. As they swung one after another into range, Moultrie sent a few cannon balls whistling towards them, but the ships made no reply until they had dropped anchor in position before the fort. Then their "thunders shook the mighty deep." Spouts of flame shot from the throats of hundreds of cannon, and tons of metal went hurtling over the water towards the fort. When the smoke cleared away, Admiral Parker and his officers expected to see the fortifications splintered and



AMERICAN MARKSMAN IN A TREE.

shattered as if by a myriad of thunderbolts. General Lee and a vast crowd, many with glasses, intently watched the result from Charleston. There was scarcely a sign that the fort had been struck. The

palmetto logs were the best material that could have been used. They are spongy and fibrous, and when struck by a cannon ball the wood does not splinter, but seems to absorb the metal. Of course, the heavy balls did



SERGEANT JASPER RECOVERS THE FLAG AMIDST A FIERY STORM OF SHOT AND SHELL.

some damage, and the sand often flew aloft in showers; but the result was highly pleasing to the Americans and equally disappointing to the British. Admiral Parker, however, concluded that it would merely take him a little longer than was anticipated to demolish the defenses that disputed his passage to the city.

Most of the shells that curved over into the fort fell into the marsh in the centre, where

they were quenched by the water and mud, and sputtered out without harming anyone. No one could have shown more coolness and bravery than Colonel Moultrie. He smoked his pipe, growled now and then

as a twinge of gout shot through his leg, and, limping back and forth inspired all with his own courage. The weather was excessively hot, and banks of sulphurous vapor almost suffocated the defenders, as they fought half naked. Their well-aimed shots crashed through the rigging and hulls of the ships with tremendous effect.

Suddenly the flag at the southeast bastion fell to the beach. The flagstaff had been cut in two by a ball from one of the vessels. Sergeant William Jasper bounded through one of the embrasures, seized the ensign, climbed the wall amid a furious fire, waved the flag defiantly at the enemy, and securing it on a pike, coolly fixed it in place, and jumped down among his comrades. It was a magnificent deed of valor.

AMERICAN SHOTS VERY DESTRUCTIVE.

The British showed great bravery, but they could not equal the damage inflicted by the American shots, aimed with so much skill. Everybody on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship Bristol was either killed or wounded; and, for a time, Admiral Parker was the only one who stood there unhurt. Captain Morris was struck in the neck, and shortly after his right arm was shattered by a chain shot. He passed quietly below, had his arm amputated and dressed, after which he returned to the quarter-deck, where he continued to direct the action of the ship until a shot passed through his body and his voice was hushed forever.

Toward the latter part of the day, the hopes of the assailants were raised by the slackening of the American fire. It looked as if the fleet was about to prevail, and the faces of the spectators in far away Charleston paled with anxiety. But Colonel Moultrie never dreamed of yielding. He filled his pipe again, and sent word to General Lee that his ammunition was low, and that he must have more at once. At that time only enough was left for the musketry, in case the British landed.

Moultrie had asked for ammunition earlier in the day. Now, when he saw how bravely his men were fighting while he hobbled painfully about, it is not strange that he lost patience and used some vigorous language, because his request for a time was unheeded. When he first

applied to Lee, the general was not inclined to grant his request, replying that if the ammunition was expended he should spike his guns and retreat. Governor Rutledge, who was in Charleston, forwarded five hundred pounds of powder to Moultrie with the request that he should not be quite so free with his cannon, and two hundred pounds were received from a schooner lying at the back of the fort.

During the afternoon some reinforcements were sent by Lee with orders to support the advance guard under Thompson, at the east end of the island. A little later, General Lee went over to Moultrie and sighted several of the cannon. Struck with the skill and courage of the patriots, he said with a smile: "I don't think I am needed here, colonel; I will go back to town and tell the folks how well you are getting along."

EXPEDITION AGAINST CHARLESTON ABANDONED.

Lee took his departure. The day was very long, but when the sun went down, and darkness crept over the harbor and city, the fire still continued. The thousands that were gazing in the direction of the combatants could see only the red flash of the ships' broadsides and the answering crimson jet from the walls of the fort, and could hear, after long intervals, the resounding boom of the cannon.

It was nine o'clock when Admiral Parker, who was slightly wounded, decided to withdraw. The ships slipped their cables, and the expedition against Charleston was abandoned. The British had lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, while of the Americans ten were killed and twenty-nine wounded. Three of the vessels had grounded on a sand bank. Two of them were got off during the night, and the third was fired and abandoned by the crew. While she was burning, a number of Americans boarded her, captured her colors, fired some of the guns at Parker's squadron, filled three boats with her sails and stores, and got safely away before she blew up.

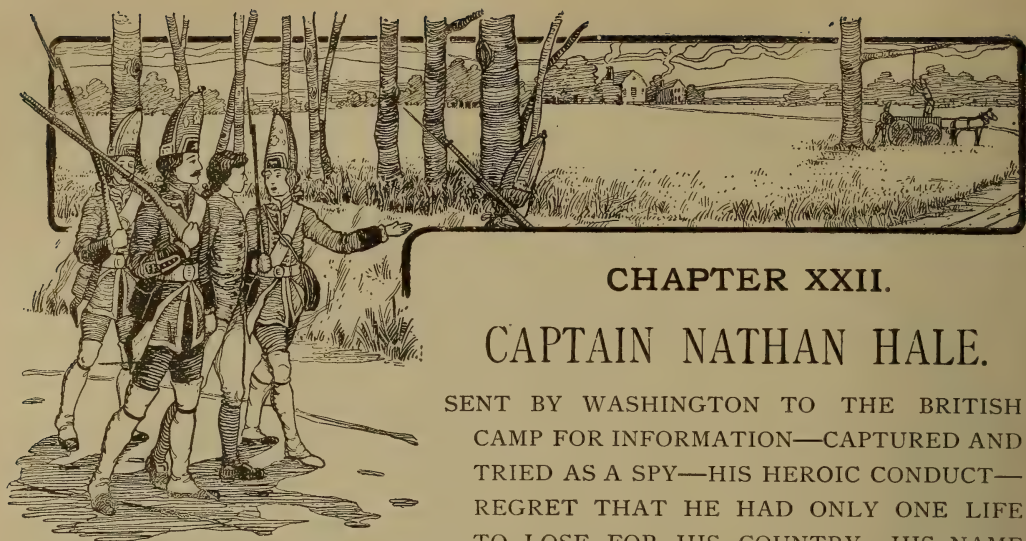
Nothing could be more complete than was the triumph of the Americans. The key to the south, as it may be called, had been held against the utmost efforts of the British army and fleet, and that section

of our country was safe for the time. General Lee wrote to Washington that he was "captured" by the coolness and bravery of the defenders under twelve hours' fire. Had Colonel Moultrie been a young and vain man he would have been ruined by the praises he received. The fort was named for him, his regiment was presented with two beautiful banners, and congratulations poured on him from every quarter. All Charleston flocked to the fort after the departure of the fleet. General Lee admitted his mistake as to the strength of the defenses. He reviewed the regiment on the 30th of June, the date of the presentation of colors by the ladies of Charleston. Governor Rutledge visited the garrison on the 4th of July, and expressed the gratitude of South Carolina. Congress, at a later date, voted its thanks to Lee, Moultrie and Thompson, and to the officers and soldiers under their command. Governor Rutledge presented Sergeant Jasper his own sword and a lieutenant's commission, but he modestly declined the latter on the ground that he could neither read nor write.

Had not his education in his boyhood been neglected he might, by his native force of character and daring bravery, have risen to a high command in the army. He will always be remembered, however, for his courageous act in rescuing the lost flag and planting it again in the face of the foe, despite the hot hail of battle that raged around him and threatened him every moment with death.

One cannot read the history of the Revolution without coming upon the valiant deeds of such brave spirits as Sergeant Jasper, yet it is safe to say that a multitude of heroes have never been commemorated, and the story of their heroism has never been told. The best part of history may be buried in obscurity. Without any thought of future fame, those old-time patriots stood nobly at the post of duty, and many of them died "unhonored and unsung."

If we delve in the obscurity that shrouds the achievements of the heroic souls who won our liberties, we should find names, all unknown, that are as shining as any now blazoned on the pages of history.



CHAPTER XXII.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

SENT BY WASHINGTON TO THE BRITISH CAMP FOR INFORMATION—CAPTURED AND TRIED AS A SPY—HIS HEROIC CONDUCT—REGRET THAT HE HAD ONLY ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR HIS COUNTRY—HIS NAME AND MEMORY HELD IN HIGHEST HONOR.

The greenest of laurels should be placed on the head of the patriot who suffers for his country, and no one whom history has eulogized is more worthy of such honor than the young and noble hero, Nathan Hale. He was born of fine old Puritan stock in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6th, 1755.

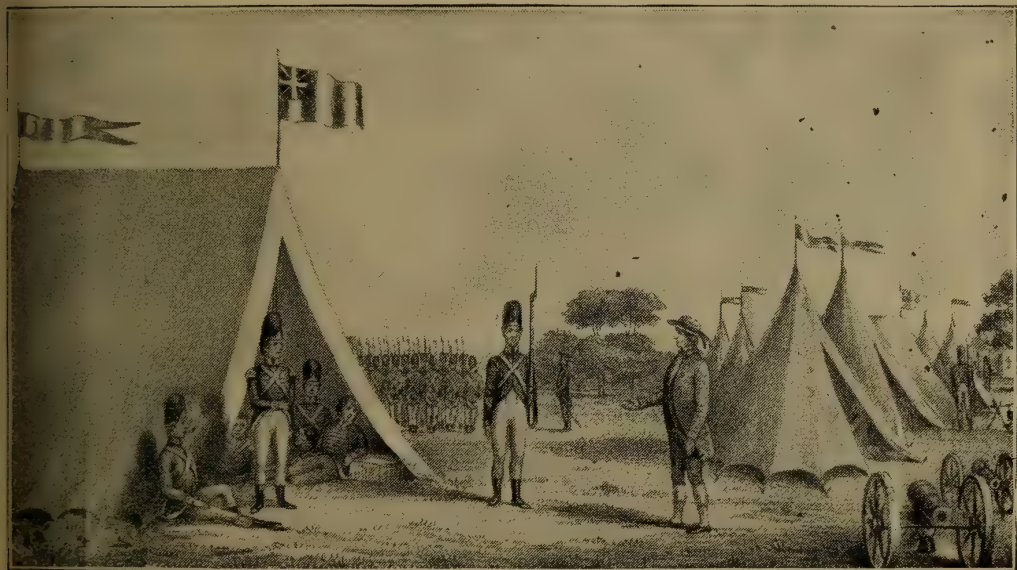
When the first guns of the Revolution sounded over the hills and vales of New England, Hale gave up his position as school teacher and was made captain in the patriot army under Washington. He immediately became noted for his manliness, courage, obedience to duty, and bravery in the face of danger.

The battle of Long Island had been fought, and Washington's dispirited army was scattered up and down Manhattan Island. He was in complete ignorance of the movements of the enemy, who were commanded by General Howe and were encamped on Long Island, holding possession of the shore along the East River for several miles. Washington was eager to obtain information concerning their number and next probable movements. Upon such information depended his own movements and the fate of his army.

His appeals to American officers, and to a French sergeant in the army to undertake the hazardous exploit of entering the British lines as

a spy brought no response. No one was willing to undertake so perilous an expedition. At this critical moment Captain Nathan Hale stepped forward and volunteered to go. His services were immediately accepted. He well knew the dangerous nature of his mission, but did not shrink from it; he was not the man to consult his own safety when duty called.

Hale passed in disguise to the British camp, but on his return was apprehended and carried before Lord William Howe, by whom he was



HALE, IN DISGUISE, ENTERS THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

ordered for execution the next morning. He was denied a Bible and the aid of a clergyman. The letters full of fortitude and resignation which he had written to his mother and sister, were destroyed.

As a spy, his execution would, of course, be public—we know that it was so—would be attended with the ordinary formalities—all that were calculated to strike terror—and with many in addition, for the purpose of accumulating disgrace—and in the case under consideration, we know, was accompanied with every contrivance which brutality could suggest to wound the sensibilities of the victim.

His arms then, probably, pinioned close behind him—over his body a coarse white gown or jacket trimmed with black, the winding sheet of

the scaffold—on his head a cap of white, trimmed too with black—near him a box of rough pine boards, his coffin, borne in a cart, or upon the shoulders of attendants—before him a guard leading the way—behind him another guard with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets—in the rear of these Cunningham, Provost Marshal, with other officers, as formal witnesses of the event—and near, mulatto Richmond, the common hangman of the Provost, bearing a ladder, and with a coil of rope about his neck—such were the circumstances, it may fairly be presumed, under which Hale moved to the place of his execution—there where some tree sent out from its ill-omened trunk a rigid horizontal limb, or where from among the bones of those already dead, two straight poles, supporting a cross beam in their crotches, shot into the air—and where, just beneath, a heap of earth, thrown freshly out, marked a new-made grave.

CURIOUS CROWD SEES EXECUTION.

Early morning as it was, the sun hardly risen, yet quite a crowd was collected around the spot—many whom the fire in the city had kept out of their beds all night—men and women—a few American wagoners, who, impressed from Long Island into the British forage service, happened to be in town—some soldiers and officers of the royal army, and among these last that officer of the British Commissariat Department, whose narrative is one of our chief sources of information.

But in all that crowd there was not one face familiar to Hale—not one voice to whisper a word of consolation to his dying agony. Yet though without a friend whom he knew—though denied that privilege granted usually to the meanest criminal, the attendance of a chaplain—though degraded by every external mark of ignominy—yet did his spirit not give way. His gait, as he approached the gallows, in spite of his pinioned arms, was upright and steady. No offending soldier to whom the choicer penalty has been assigned to receive the shot of his comrades, ever, in the midst of sympathy, and with the consciousness that he was allowed at least a soldier's death, marched more firmly to kneel upon his coffin than did Hale to meet the felon's doom.

Through all the horror of his situation he maintained a deportment so dignified, a resolution so calm, a spirit so exalted by Christian readiness to meet his fate, and by the consciousness of duty done, and done in the holy cause of his country, that his face, we cannot but think, must have worn almost the aspect of a seraph's—lifted as it was at frequent intervals to heaven, and so radiant with hope, heroism, and resignation.

REGRETS HE HAS ONLY ONE LIFE.

Thus looking, he stood at last—the few simple preparations being ended—elevated on one of the rounds of the gallows ladder—ready for the fatal fall. The coarse voice of Cunningham, whose eye watched every arrangement, was now heard scoffingly demanding from his victim his dying speech and confession—as if hoping that the chaos of Hale's soul at that awful moment would lead him to utter some remark, strange or ridiculous, which might serve to glut the curiosity of the crowd, or be remembered as a kind of self-made epitaph by a “rebel captain.”

Never was torturer more cheated of his purpose—never a victim endowed with utterance more sublime! One glance, it is said, at Cunningham—one slight momentary contraction of his features into contempt—and he turned his look, filled again with holy energy and sweetness upon the spectators—now impressed, most of them, with solemn awe—and some of them, the females, not forbearing to sob aloud.

With a voice full, distinct, slow—which came mournfully thrilling from the very depths of his being—in words which patriotism will forever enshrine, and every monument to Hale's memory sink deepest into its stone, and every temple of liberty blazon highest on its entablature—at the very moment when the tightening knotted cord was to crush the life from his young body forever—he ejaculated—as the last immortal testament of his heroic soul to the world he was leaving—“I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!”

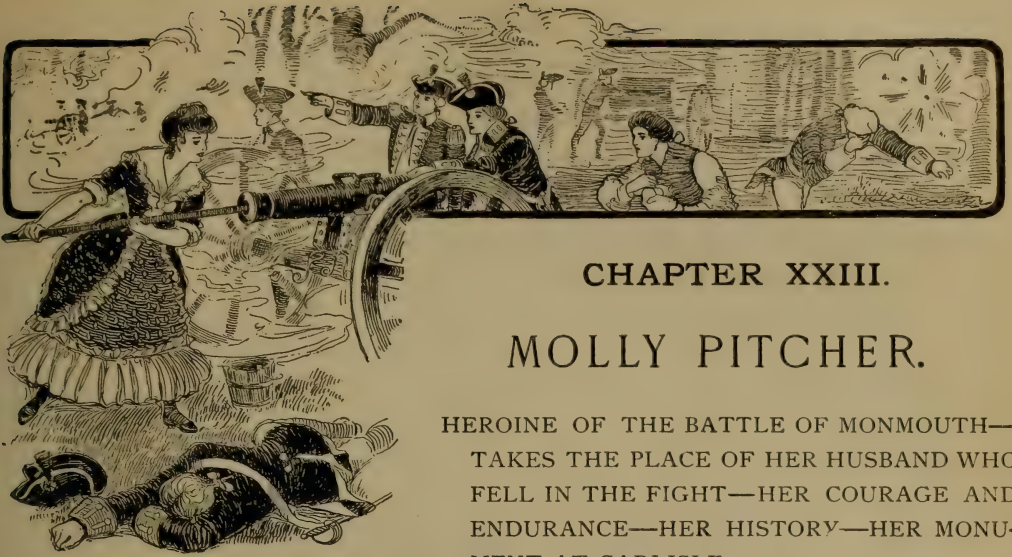
Maddened to hear a sentiment so sublime burst from the lips of the sufferer, and to witness visible signs of sympathy among the crowd, Cunningham instantly shouted for the catastrophe to close. “Swing

the rebel off!"—we conceive we hear him vociferating even now—"swing him off!" The ladder disappeared—the cord strained from the creaking beam or bough—and with a sudden jerk, the body of Hale dangled convulsively in the air. A few minutes fluttering to and fro—a few heavings of its noble chest—its manly limbs at moments sharply bent by the pang—it at last hung straight and motionless from its support.

All was still as the chambers of death. The soul of the martyr had fled!

Major Andre was condemned as a spy within the American lines, and was ordered by Washington to be executed. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew thus contrasts the two men, Hale and Andre: "While Andre was tried by a board of officers, and had ample time and every facility for defence, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While Andre's last wishes and bequests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say: 'All I have to say,' was Hale's reply, 'is that I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely.

"And yet, while Andre rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place. The dying declarations of Andre and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all their power, England could not conquer America. 'I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man,' said Andre, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. 'I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country,' said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause."



CHAPTER XXIII.

MOLLY PITCHER.

HEROINE OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH—
TAKES THE PLACE OF HER HUSBAND WHO
FELL IN THE FIGHT—HER COURAGE AND
ENDURANCE—HER HISTORY—HER MONU-
MENT AT CARLISLE.

It was the custom during the American Revolution for women, generally wives of private soldiers, to follow the armies into the field as laundry women. The records of Sir Henry Clinton's English army show this fact, and to some extent this was true of the Americans. Every regiment had women who did duty in laundering for the officers and had quarters assigned them and wagons to carry them from place to place. The records of the battle of Monmouth show that these camp followers of Sir Henry's army were sent from Philadelphia around the Delaware Bay to New York in ships or transports.

In Washington's army the same custom was followed. There were doubtless a number of women who followed Washington to Monmouth and so on to New Brunswick, and who, after the war, settled here and there throughout the country.

Molly Pitcher's right name was Mary Ludwig. She was the daughter of John George Ludwig, and was born on October the 13th, 1744. She was employed as a domestic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the family of General William Irvine. She was married to John Hays, a barber, July the 24th 1769. He enlisted in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, and was followed by his wife.

No account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without this story

of Molly Pitcher. Some years ago the people of New Jersey built a monument on the field where the battle was fought. On this monument several scenes are pictured in bronze reliefs. The pictures are such as you might draw with your pencil on paper, only they are in bronze and so do not fade or wear out. The fact that Molly is remembered on this monument shows that she did something worthy of honor.

WORE A COCKED HAT AND FEATHER.

As the story goes she was a powerful woman dressed in the skirts of her own sex, the coat of an artilleryman, cocked hat and feather. It was a strange and unprecedented thing for a woman to go into battle. It is only by absolute necessity, in defence of right, justice and liberty, that man should ever be compelled to draw the sword, and all our natural instincts rebel against the thought of woman found on the battlefield, except to nurse the sick and wounded. Yet the sentiment of patriotism and love of country are no less strong in the gentler sex than in the masculine part of humanity.

The battle of Monmouth was fought June 28, 1778. General Washington was the commander on the American side, and General Clinton on the other. Before the real battle commenced, one American battery and another English, that were not very far from each other, began a hot fire. Molly's husband was connected with the American battery and was helping to serve the guns. The day was very warm and he and the other artillerymen suffered very much from thirst. Molly was not far away watching the fight. She saw that the men were thirsty, and, obtaining a bucket, she began to bring water for them from a neighboring spring.

While thus engaged she saw her husband fall. She ran to his aid, but he was dead when she reached him. Just then poor Molly heard the officer order the gun removed, because, as he said, he could not fill the post with so brave a man as he had lost. Molly's patriotism got the better of her fear, and facing the officer, she asked to be allowed to take her husband's place. Her request was granted, and she handled the gun

with such skill and courage that every one who saw her was filled with admiration.

The attention of General Washington was called to Molly's brave act, and it has been said that he gave her the rank of sergeant, and she was granted half-pay during life. She was known afterward as Captain Molly. Her story is certainly a very thrilling one, and such as we seldom read in history. Men, you know, are expected to do the fighting and women to do the nursing, and for a woman to stand beside her dead husband and help to work a battery, with the battle raging around her like a hurricane, shows the heroic spirit by which she was actuated.

RESOLVED TO AVENGE HER HUSBAND'S DEATH.

An additional account of Molly's story, much the same as already narrated, is as follows:

The particular incident of the battle of Monmouth, in which Molly made such a name for herself, may be described as follows: The enemy having attacked Livingstone's and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedge row across an open field, some American artillery took post on a knoll in the rear of this fence, but the British cavalry and a large body of infantry, skilled in the use of the bayonet, charging upon the Americans, broke their ranks. It was during this part of the action that Molly displayed great courage and presence of mind.

While her husband was managing one of the field pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post, and the officer in command, having no man able to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed that she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death.

She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. The

French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.

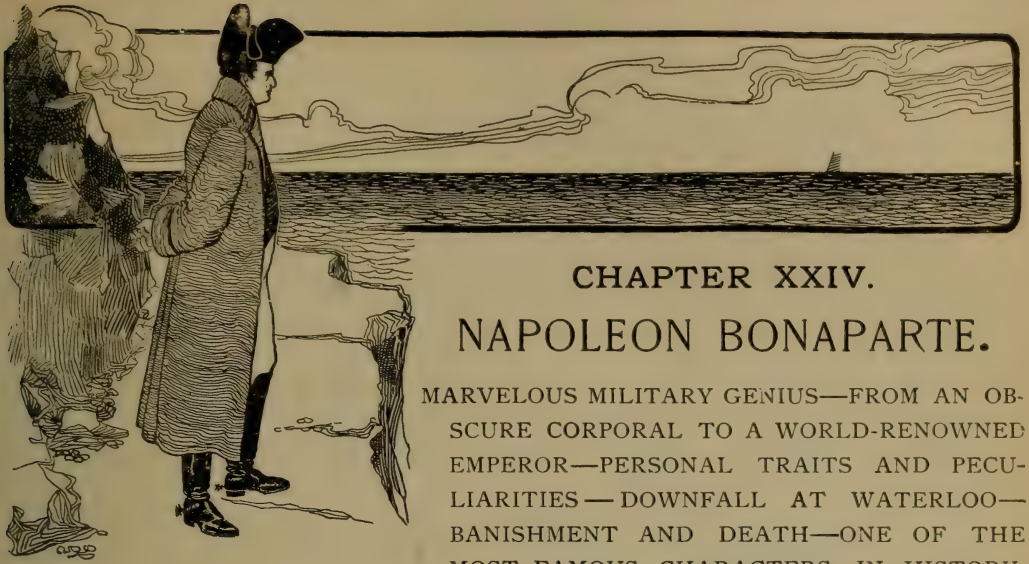
Some years after the thrilling incident at Monmouth she married George McKolly, another soldier; this name was also written McCauley, and so appears on Molly's tombstone. She lived for many years at the Carlisle Barracks after the Revolution, cooking and washing for the soldiers. Subsequently she kept a small store in Carlisle.

Bold Molly of Monmouth's Home was for years one of the show places of Carlisle, and it really seems a pity that the time at last came when this relic of one of the most famous characters of the Revolutionary period had to be torn down. In the cemetery left to the city by William Penn, Molly Pitcher's monument is to be seen among the graves of the old inhabitants, bearing the following inscription:

MOLLIE McCAULEY
RENOWNED IN HISTORY AS
"MOLLIE PITCHER",
THE HEROINE OF MONMOUTH.
DIED JANUARY 22, 1823,
AGED SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY,
JULY THE FOURTH, 1876.

Molly was a type of those brave women who in various ways rendered important services to our resolute patriots in the Revolution. Women cheered their husbands, sons and lovers on to victory. They endured the toil, sacrifices and bereavements without murmuring or complaint. To them largely is due the credit for our victories, many of them gained only by the most desperate valor. They counted nothing dear to them in the great cause that meant either liberty or death.



CHAPTER XXIV. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

MARVELOUS MILITARY GENIUS—FROM AN OBSCURE CORPORAL TO A WORLD-RENOWNED EMPEROR—PERSONAL TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES—DOWNFALL AT WATERLOO—BANISHMENT AND DEATH—ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERS IN HISTORY.

Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the most remarkable characters recorded in history, and distinguished alike for his extraordinary fortunes, his civil talents, and his military genius, was one of the numerous family of an advocate of Ajaccio, in Corsica, and was born there August 15, 1769. After receiving the rudiments of a classical education, he entered the military school at Brienne, where he was distinguished by the gravity of his character and his sedulous study of mathematics.

Even his sports partook of his graver pursuits, and we are told that he was successful in the little military operations which he undertook. On the occurrence of a day which was commonly considered a holiday, Bonaparte's instructors confined him and his companions to the school grounds. The young engineer constructed a mine with great ingenuity, which, in exploding, blew down the walls and enabled the juvenile rebels to escape. When he could enlist no young recruits in his mimic army, Napoleon would use flints as substitutes for soldiers, and marshal them with great care.

A boy who disturbed his array was severely punished by Napoleon. Many years after when the imperial diadem was on his head, Napoleon was informed that one of his old schoolmates desired an interview. This gentleman assured the chamberlain that the emperor would recollect

him if he mentioned that there was a deep scar on his forehead. When the emperor was informed of this he said, "I do not forget how he got that scar—I threw a general at his head at Brienne."

At sixteen he received the commission of second lieutenant in the regiment of Lafere, which he joined at Valence. At twenty he was promoted to a captaincy, and in December, 1793, obtained the command of the artillery in the attack on Toulon, then occupied by the English, and



MALMAISON—FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.

contributed by the originality of his plans to the success of their operations. In 1794 he was commandant of the artillery in the army of Italy, and so much distinguished himself that in May, 1795, he was made general of infantry. In 1795, when some of the sections of Paris rose in insurrection against the convention, the command of the conventional troops was entrusted to him and he gained a complete victory. He was at that time very thin, although distinguished for corpulency in the latter part of his life.

On one occasion he gained a bloodless victory over the rabble whose

exertions were stimulated by a very fat old woman. "There," cried she, "look at the soldiers ! they're the wretches that fatten in idleness while we starve." "Look at her and look at me," said Napoleon, "and tell us which is the fattest." This raised a laugh, and the populace dispersed



BONAPARTE DISSOLVING THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

quietly. On this, as on many other occasions, his knowledge of human nature was apparent.

In his twenty-sixth year, Napoleon was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and commenced his brilliant operations in that capacity, in April, 1796. He successively defeated the Austrians and Piedmontese at Montenotte, Millesimo, Mondovi and Lodi, forcing the king of Sardinia to make peace, and overrunning Lombardy, the Venetian States, the States of the Church, and Naples, in spite of every

exertion of the Austrians and their allies, during which he gained a series of brilliant and decisive victories, and compelled Austria, in 1797, to make peace at Campo Formio.

In 1798, he took the command of the army destined against Egypt, and on his passage from Toulon captured Malta. He afterwards landed at Alexandria and overran Egypt and Syria, everywhere victorious except at Acre, where, for want of besieging artillery, he was repulsed by Sir Sydney Smith. In October, 1799, the misgovernment of France and the disasters which had befallen the French troops induced him to return, and being received as a savior by the French nation, on the 9th of November he effected a revolution in Paris and was proclaimed first consul of the republic by general public consent.

CROSSED THE ALPS WITH HIS ARMY.

After offers of peace to the confederates, which were rejected, he crossed the Alps with an army of recruits, and in June, 1800, gained the battle of Marengo and re-acquired possession of Italy. A general peace was the consequence. In 1802, he was elected consul for life, and in May, 1804, he assumed the title of Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, and on December 2, was crowned at Paris by the Pope. In March, 1805, he was declared king of Italy, and in May crowned at Milan. He had previously established his military order of the Legion of Honor and distributed the crosses which were the distinguishing badges.

Of all to whom the cross of the legion of honor was tendered, Lafayette alone had the courage to decline it. Napoleon, either from want of true perception of moral greatness, or because the detestable servility of returning emigrants had taught him to think there was no such thing as honor or independence in man, exclaimed, when they told him that Lafayette refused the decoration, "What, will nothing satisfy that man, but the chief command of the National Guard of the Empire?" Yes, much less abundantly satisfied him—the quiet possession of the poor remnants of his estate, enjoyed without sacrificing his principles.

In September, 1805, the confederacy of European powers being



CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

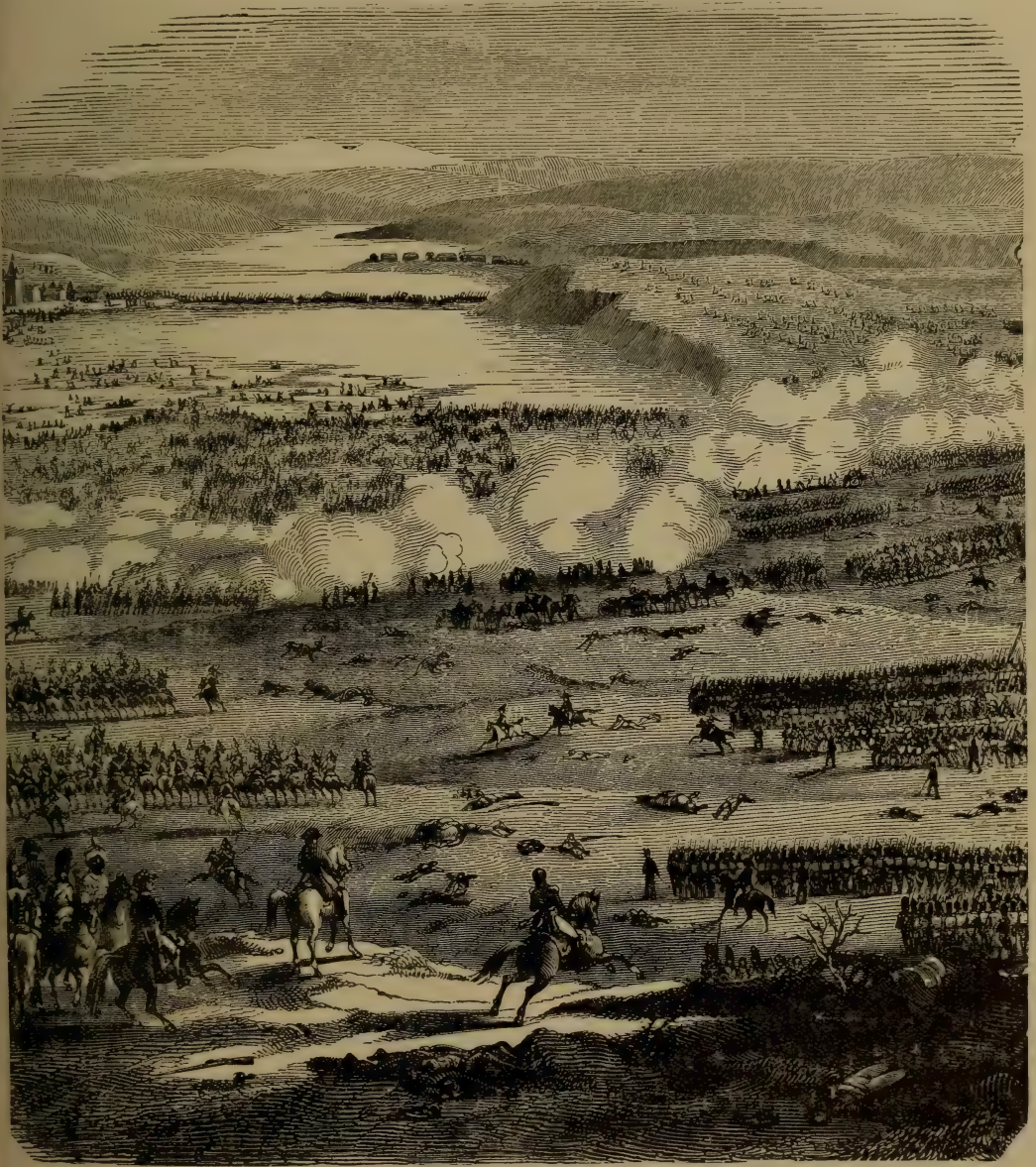
renewed, he invaded Germany, and at Ulm captured 30,000 Austrians. In November he entered Vienna, and on December 2, gained the battle of Austerlitz, over the emperors of Russia and Austria, after which he concluded peace with Austria, created the electors of Bavaria and Wirtemberg kings, and made his elder brother, Joseph, king of Naples. In October, 1806, he invaded Prussia, and on the 3d of that month gained a decisive victory at Jena and Auerstadt, by which the whole Prussian monarchy, and Germany to the Baltic, came under his authority.

TERROR OF NAPOLEON'S NAME.

The "Man of Destiny" had now filled Europe with the terror of his name, the bare mention of which shook the crowned heads of the oldest monarchies of the continent with palsied apprehension. In vain the dagger, the mine, and the bowl had been prepared for him. His star had not yet begun to decline from the zenith. Napoleon was almost miraculously preserved from poison. It is well known that he was an inveterate snuff-taker. When his mind was deeply engaged his snuff-box was in constant requisition. He once left his apartment for a few moments, and returned to take his box from the mantelpiece. He thought the snuff felt somewhat strangely, and calling to a dog that was lying near him, administered a pinch. The poor animal soon rolled over in the agonies of death, and Napoleon thenceforth kept his snuff in his waistcoat pockets, which he had sheathed with tin.

November 20th, he promulgated at Berlin the famous decree by which he proposed to exclude the trade of Britain from all the ports of the continent. In June, 1807, having overrun Poland, he totally defeated the emperor of Russia at Eylau and Friedland, after which an interview took place between them on a raft on the Niemen, followed by the treaty of Tilsit. In November of that year he marched an army into Lisbon, driving the Portuguese court to the Brazils; and on December 1, created his younger brother, Jerome, king of Westphalia. On May 5, 1808, was concluded the treaty by which Charles IV ceded to the emperor all his rights in the crown of Spain. Joseph, brother of the emperor, was proclaimed

king of Spain on the 6th of June. On the 27th of September, in the same year, Napoleon had an amicable interview with the emperor of Russia at



BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

Erfurt, and they jointly proposed peace with England, which was rejected. On the 29th of October the emperor departed from Paris and placed

himself at the head of the army in Spain, the right wing of which pursued Sir John Moore to Corunna, while he marched to Madrid and seated his brother on the Spanish throne; but in the meantime the Austrians took the field; Napoleon hastened to oppose them, and gained successive victories at Abensburg, Eckmuhl and Ratisbon. On the 16th of December, 1809, he divorced the empress, Josephine, and on the 2d of April, 1810, married Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria. The 20th of March, 1811, was signalized by the birth of his son, who was crowned king of Rome amidst public rejoicings.

DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN AGAINST MOSCOW.

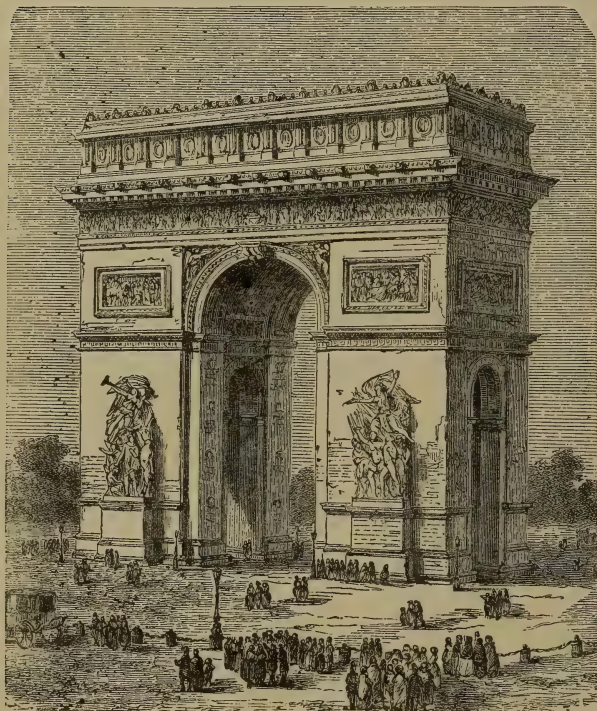
In 1812, he assembled a great army in Poland and invaded Russia, and having at the Borodino, and at Moskwa, gained two bloody victories, he entered Moscow on the 14th of September; that city, having been afterwards burned by the Russians, became untenable, and the French retreated for winter quarters towards Poland, but an early and unusual frost setting in during their march, they lost their horses, were compelled to abandon their artillery, and three-fourths of the army perished or were made prisoners. On this Napoleon returned to Paris, and Poland and Prussia were occupied by the Russians.

In April, 1813, Napoleon again took the field against the Prussians and gained the victories of Lutzen, Bantzen and Wartzen; but the Austrians and Bavarians joined the confederacy against him, and he was attacked at Leipsic by the combined armies of the European nations, being forced to abandon that city with immense loss, and retreat to Metz, thereby abandoning his German conquests. In 1814, the confederates having passed the Rhine, penetrated, after various battles, to Paris, which being surrendered by Marshals Marmont and Mortier, Napoleon concluded a treaty with the allies at Fontainebleau, by which he agreed to retire to the island of Elba, with provision for himself and family.

In March, 1815, Napoleon embarked with 600 of his guards and made a sudden descent in Provence. On the 10th, he entered Lyons; on the 20th, Paris in triumph. His banners flew from steeple to steeple,



until they finally waved in the wind from the pinnacles of Notre Dame. On the 1st of June, he held the meeting in the Champ de Mar, and soon joined the army on the Belgian frontier, where, on the 16th, he defeated Blücher at Ligny with a loss of 22,000 men. On the 18th, was fought the bloody battle of Waterloo, in which the French army was completely defeated. The following account of the conduct of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo is from the journal of a French officer:



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH—PARIS.

“He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself;—yet I love him still. It is impossible to be near him and not to love him: he has so much greatness of soul—such majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration: but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set everything upon a cast: his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved, had he not charged with the guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but, with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangues the guard—he puts himself at its head—it debouches rapidly—it rushes upon the enemy.

“We are mowed down by grape—we waver,—turn our backs—and the rout is complete. A general disorganization of the army ensues, and Napoleon, returning to himself, is cold as a stone. The last time I saw

him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, extended on the ground. Napoleon passed close to me ; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his



NAPOLEON AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemande only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, 'All is not lost sire ; all is not lost ;—rally, soldiers, rally!' The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemande recognizes me in passing, 'What ails you, Raoul !' 'My thigh is shattered by a musket ball.' 'Poor devil, how

I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu—adieu!” The emperor said not a word.

“When, after the disaster at Waterloo, Napoleon came back in desperation to Paris, and began to scatter dark hints of dissolving the representatives Chamber, repeating at Paris the catastrophe of Moscow, and thereby endeavoring to rouse the people of France to one universal and frantic crusade of resistance, Lafayette was the first to denounce the wild suggestion. He proposed a series of resolutions, announcing that the independence of the nation was threatened, declaring the Chambers a permanent body, and denouncing the instant penalties of high treason against all attempts to dissolve it. The same evening he proposed, in the secret assembly of the council of state, the abdication of Napoleon. The subject was again pressed the following day; but the voluntary act of the emperor anticipated the decision.”

SURRENDERED HIMSELF TO HIS CONQUERORS.

On the 8th of July, the king returned to Paris; and on the 15th of July, Napoleon surrendered himself to the English at Rochefort. He only asked permission to pass the remainder of his days in England, under an assumed name, and in a private character, but he was conveyed to St. Helena, as a prisoner of state. A few officers of his suite accompanied him. In the island he was treated with great indignity and meanness until his death, which was the result of an intestine disorder, and took place May 5, 1821. In his last moments, he was delirious, and his last words—*tete d' armee*—proved that he fancied himself at the head of his troops, watching the fluctuating current of a battle. He was buried in a little valley where a simple slab marks the place of his repose. In 1840, his remains were removed to Paris and placed in a magnificent mausoleum under an imposing dome.

Napoleon, in person, was below the middle size; and, in the latter part of his life, quite corpulent. His straight, brown hair fell over a broad, high forehead; his complexion was clear olive, and his features, regular and classical. An air of subdued melancholy was the prevailing charac-

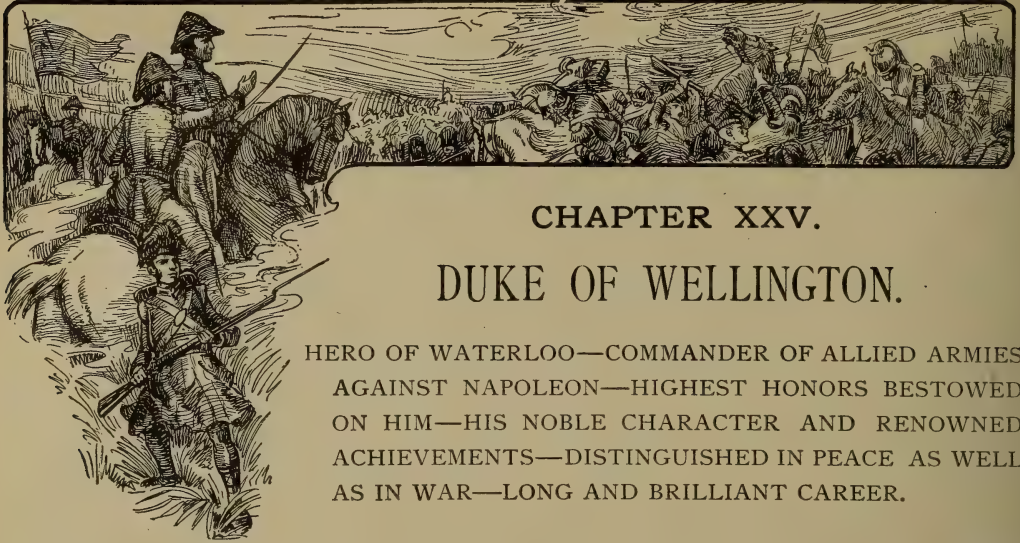
teristic of his countenance in repose ; but he had the power of dismissing all expression from his features, when he chose to baffle scrutiny. At such times the curious observer might gaze upon his still, grey eye and quiet lip without finding any indication of the thoughts which were passing within.

Napoleon was ambitious—and committed some of the crimes to which ambition leads. He drenched the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia, and the plains of Germany, and Italy, and Spain with the best blood of France and the best of Europe : yet he was not destitute of the feelings of humanity, and, as he rode over a field heaped with the dead and dying victims of his ambition, his fine eye would fill with tears. But feeling without repentance is of no avail. Yet if Napoleon was lavish of the lives of others, he was no less prodigal of his own ; and often proved that he possessed a soldier's soul, amidst the hottest fire of the enemy. If he laid his grasp upon nations—

“ Their ransom did the general coffers fill.”

He often pardoned, but he never failed to reward. It was thus that he attached his soldiers to him with indissoluble bonds. A thousand proofs may be given of their attachment to their emperor. At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, he exclaimed to his comrades, *Vive l'Empereur!* When he took his final farewell of France, all wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees ; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreated permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be granted.

With men like these to follow him, Napoleon had the power of choosing his own course. Circumstances did not force him into the path he followed :—he was, in a degree, the controller of his fate—a free agent, with ample means to gratify his wishes. He might have been a Washington—he preferred to be a Cæsar.



CHAPTER XXV.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HERO OF WATERLOO—COMMANDER OF ALLIED ARMIES AGAINST NAPOLEON—HIGHEST HONORS BESTOWED ON HIM—HIS NOBLE CHARACTER AND RENOWNED ACHIEVEMENTS—DISTINGUISHED IN PEACE AS WELL AS IN WAR—LONG AND BRILLIANT CAREER.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the celebrated English general and statesman, was born May 1st, 1769, at Dungan Castle, County Meath, Ireland, or, as some authorities state, in Dublin. He was educated at Eton, and at the Military School of Angers, France, and after serving with distinction in Flanders, went to India (then governed by his brother, the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley) with the rank of colonel. In that country he soon became commander-in-chief of the British and native forces, and routed the Mahrattas at Assaye, 1799. He had a formidable foe to contend with and proved his ability as a masterly leader of his troops.

The Mahrattas were a body of wild and warlike mountaineers, who, for several centuries, resisted lawful authority and were in a state of almost constant rebellion. After many long and bloody contests with the British and their allies, they were at length subdued and reduced to a state of dependence, the finishing stroke being inflicted by Wellington. In this sanguinary struggle he distinguished himself as a commander and gave promise of his future brilliant career.

After his return home, he was sent in command of a division into Denmark, and there defeated the Danes at Kivge. Next, he was despatched into Spain, previously resigning the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, to which he had been appointed in 1807. His exploits in Spain

and Portugal are identified with the chief events of the Peninsular War, as it is called. Defeating the French at Oporto, 1809, Wellington crossed the Douro, and, entering Spain, defeated them again at Talavera. Constructing the lines of Torres Vedras, he gained the victory of Busaco, followed by those of Sadubal, Fuentes d'Onore, and Albuera, and in 1812



BATTLE OF BUSACO.

stormed Ciudad Rodrigo and took Badajoz. In the same year he defeated the French at Salamanca, drove them out of Madrid, occupied Burgos, and in 1813, encountered and defeated them at Vittoria. Retreating out of Spain, he followed in pursuit, and fought the "Battles of the Pyrenees," and, early in 1814, gained the victories of Orthez and Toulouse, after which hostilities were suspended by the abdication of Napoleon. On the return of the latter from Elba in 1815, Wellington was appointed com-

mander-in-chief of the allied army dispatched to resist his invasion of Flanders.

After the opening battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, the Duke encountered Napoleon on the plain of Waterloo, June 15, and after an obstinate and bloody struggle, once more was victorious. Entering Paris in the July following, he prevented Blücher, who commanded the Prussians, from destroying the Bridge of Jena, and committing other acts of vandalism; and by favoring the restoration of Louis XVIII., prevented the dismemberment of France. Appointed to the command of the army of occupation in that country, Wellington, by his influence, prevailed upon the allied powers to shorten the term from five to three years. In 1827, he succeeded the Duke of York as commander-in-chief, and in 1828 became prime minister of England, and in 1834 Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet.

BATTLE THAT CHANGED THE MAP OF EUROPE.

Wellington won his proudest distinction at the battle of Waterloo, where, in one of the most gigantic and bloody struggles known to history, he overthrew Napoleon, put an end to his brilliant, meteoric career, and changed the map of Europe. We present the reader with a full and accurate account of this great battle, in which Wellington showed his masterly and heroic qualities as a military commander.

The great battle which ended the twenty-three years' war of the first French Revolution, and which quelled the extraordinary man whose genius and ambition had so long dominated the world, is justly regarded as one of those remarkable events that appear at long intervals and determine the fate of nations. Europe, long tossed by wars and convulsions, at length breathed peacefully. Suddenly Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from Elba and the whole scene was changed as if by the magic of an evil spirit. The exertions which the allied powers made at this crisis to grapple promptly with the French emperor have truly been termed gigantic, and never were Napoleon's genius and activity more signally displayed than in the celerity and skill by which he brought forward all



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED ARMIES.

the military resources of France, which the reverses of the three preceding years, and the pacific policy of the Bourbons during the months of their first restoration, had greatly diminished and disorganized.



GREAT BATTLE OF WATERLOO, WHICH WAS WON BY THE ALLIED ARMIES UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND RESULTED IN THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF NAPOLEON.

He re-entered Paris on the 20th of March, 1815, and by the end of May, besides sending a force into La Vendee to put down the armed risings of the Royalists in that province, and besides providing troops under Massena and Suchet for the defense of the southern frontiers of France, Napoleon had an army assembled in the northeast for active operations under his own command, which amounted to between 120 and 130,000 men, with a superb park of artillery, and in the highest possible state of equipment, discipline and efficiency.

The approach of the many Russians, Austrians, Bavarians and other foes of the French emperor to the Rhine was necessarily slow; but the two most active of the allied powers had occupied Belgium with their troops while Napoleon was organizing his forces. Marshal Blücher was there with 116,000 Prussians, and the Duke of Wellington was there also with about 106,000 troops, either British or in British pay.

BATTLEFIELD WITH RIDGES AND VALLEYS.

The reader may gain an accurate idea of the localities of the battle by picturing a valley between two and three miles long, but generally not exceeding half a mile in breadth. On each side of the valley there is a winding chain of low hills, running somewhat parallel with each other. The declivity from each of these ranges of hills to the intervening valley is gentle but not uniform, the undulations of the ground being frequent and considerable. The English army was posted on the northern, and the French army occupied the southern ridge.

The artillery of each side thundered at the other from their respective heights throughout the day, and the charges of horse and foot were made across the valley that has been described. The village of Mont St. Jean is situated a little behind the centre of the northern chain of hills, and the village of La Belle Alliance is close behind the centre of the southern ridge. The high road from Charleroi to Brussels runs through both these villages, and bisects, therefore, both the English and the French positions. The line of this road was the line of Napoleon's intended advance on Brussels.

There are some other local particulars connected with the situation of each army which it is necessary to bear in mind. The strength of the British position did not consist merely in the occupation of a ridge of high ground. A village and ravine, called Merk Braine, on the Duke of Wellington's extreme right, secured him from his flank being turned on that side; and on his extreme left, two little hamlets, called La Haye and Papillote, gave a similar though a slighter protection. It was, however, less necessary to provide for this extremity of the position, as it was on this (the eastern) side that the Prussians were coming up.

WATCHED EACH OTHER ANXIOUSLY.

Behind the whole British position was the great and extensive forest of Soignies. No attempt was made by the French to turn either of the English flanks, and the battle was a day of straightforward fighting.

The night of the 17th was wet and stormy; and when the dawn of the memorable 18th of June broke, the rain was still descending heavily. The French and British armies rose from their dreary bivouacs and began to form, each on the high ground which it occupied. Toward nine, the weather grew clearer, and each army was able to watch the position and arrangements of the other on the opposite side of the valley.

The two armies were now fairly in presence of each other, and their mutual observation was governed by the most intense interest and the most scrutinizing anxiety. In a still greater degree did these feelings actuate their commanders, while watching each other's preparatory movements, and minutely scanning the surface of the arena on which tactical skill, habitual prowess, physical strength, and moral courage were to decide, not alone their own, but in all probability, the fate of Europe.

Apart from national interest and considerations, and viewed solely in connection with the opposite characters of the two illustrious chiefs, the approaching contest was contemplated with anxious solicitude by the whole military world. Need this create surprise when we reflect that the struggle was one for mastery between the far-famed conqueror of

Italy and the victorious liberator of the Peninsula; between the triumphant vanquisher of Eastern Europe, and the bold and successful invader of the south of France! Never was the issue of a single battle looked forward to as involving consequences of such vast importance—of such universal influence.

It was approaching noon before the action commenced. Napoleon, in his memoirs, gives as the reason for this delay, the miry state of the ground through the heavy rain of the preceding night and day, which rendered it impossible for cavalry or artillery to manœuvre on it until a few hours of dry weather had given it its natural consistency. It has been supposed, also, that he trusted to the effect which the sight of the imposing array of his own forces was likely to produce on the part of the allied army.

The Belgian regiments had been tampered with; and Napoleon had well founded hopes of seeing them quit the Duke of Wellington in a body, and range themselves under his own eagles. The duke, however, who knew and did not trust them, had guarded against the risk of this by breaking up the corps of Belgians, and distributing them in separate regiments among troops on whom he could rely.

BEGAN BATTLE WITH FIERY VALOR.

At last, at about half past eleven o'clock, Napoleon began the battle by directing a powerful force from his left wing under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont. Column after column of the French now descended from the west to the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valor, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The French won the copse round the house, but a party of the British Guards held the house itself throughout the day. With varying fortunes and heroic bravery on both sides the battle continued.

The second line of the allies consisted of two brigades of the English infantry, which had suffered severely at Quatre Bras. But they were under Picton, and not even Ney himself surpassed in resolute bravery that stern and fiery spirit. Picton brought his two brigades forward, side

by side, in a thin, two-deep line. Thus joined together, they were not 3000 strong. With these Picton had to make head against the three victorious French columns, upward of four times that strength, and who, encouraged by the easy rout of the Dutch and Belgians, now came confidently over the ridge.

The British infantry stood firm ; and as the French halted and began to deploy into line, Picton seized the critical moment : a close and deadly volley was thrown in upon them, and then with a fierce hurrah the British dashed in with the bayonet. The French reeled back in confusion ; and as they staggered down the hill, a brigade of the English cavalry rode in on them, cutting them down by whole battalions, and taking 2000 prisoners. The British cavalry galloped forward and sabred the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns, and then cutting the traces and the throats of the horses, rendered these guns totally useless to the French throughout the remainder of the day. In the excitement of success, the English cavalry continued to press on, but were charged in their turn, and driven back with severe loss by Milhaud's cuirassiers.

FAILURE OF THE FURIOUS ATTACK.

This great attack (in repelling which the brave Picton had fallen) had now completely failed ; and, at the same time, a powerful body of French cuirassiers, who were advancing along the right of the Charleroi road, had been fairly beaten after a close hand-to-hand fight by the heavy cavalry of the English household brigade. Hougomont was still being assailed, and was successfully resisting.

Troops were now beginning to appear at the edge of the horizon on Napoleon's right, which he too well knew to be Prussians, though he endeavored to persuade his followers that they were Grouchy's men coming to aid them. It was now about half-past three o'clock ; and though Wellington's army had suffered severely by the unremitting cannonade and in the late desperate encounter, no part of the British position had been forced. Napoleon next determined to try what effect he could produce on the British centre and right by charges of his splendid cavalry,



HEROIC CHARGE OF THE ENGLISH CAVALRY AT WATERLOO.

brought on in such force that the duke's cavalry could not check them.

Fresh troops were sent to assail La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the possession of these posts being the emperor's unceasing object.

Squadron after squadron of the French cuirassiers accordingly ascended the slopes on the duke's right, and rode forward with dauntless courage against the batteries of the British artillery in that part of the field. The artillerymen were driven from their guns, and the cuirassiers cheered loudly at their supposed triumph. But the duke had formed his infantry in squares, and the cuirassiers charged in vain against the impenetrable hedges of bayonets, while the fire from the inner ranks of the squares told with terrible effect on their squadrons.

Time after time they rode forward with invariably the same result ; and as they receded from each attack, the British artillerymen rushed forward from the centres of the squares, where they had taken refuge, and plied their guns on the retiring horsemen. Nearly the whole of Napoleon's magnificent body of heavy cavalry was destroyed in these fruitless attempts upon the British right.

WATERLOO OR HOPELESS RUIN.

Napoleon had then the means of effecting a retreat. His Old Guard had yet taken no part in the action. Under cover of it, he might have withdrawn his shattered forces and retired upon the French frontier. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of completing their junction ; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid them in a march upon Paris, if he should succeed in avoiding an encounter with them, and retreating upon the capital. A victory at Waterloo was his only alternative from utter ruin, and he determined to employ his Guard in one bold stroke more to make that victory his own.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns, on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass ; and as they approached he raised his arm, and pointed to the position of the allies, as if to tell them, that their path lay there. They answered with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur !" and descended the hill from their own side into that "valley of

the shadow of death," while their batteries thundered with redoubled vigor over their heads upon the British line.

Meanwhile, the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell plowed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him, but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massy column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise, they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of them was the duke himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the band of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, guards, and at them!"

POURED VOLLEY OF SHOT ON ENEMY.

It was the duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of British Guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forward, and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire.

But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant, the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the

cannonade which was opened upon it, and, passing by the eastern wall of Hougoumont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope toward the British position, so as to approach the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adam's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column, so that while the front of this column of French guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries and the musketry of Maitland's guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry, extending all along it, and acting together like clockwork.

SKILL AND BRAVERY WERE IN VAIN.

In such a position, all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were in vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line toward the river of La Haye Sainte, and so becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which, under Donzelot, had been pressing the allies so severely in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard broken and in flight checked the ardor which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adam's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied centre.

But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry, which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and fiercer charge.

As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected

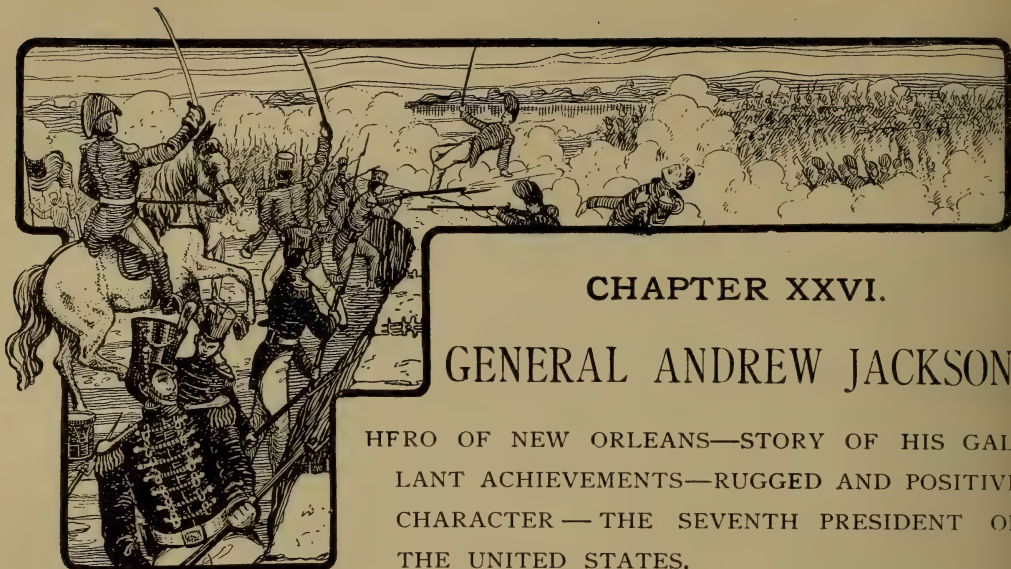
the duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and had a brigade of Hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation, he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement the duke gave the long-wished for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe.

It was now past eight o'clock, and for nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault that the compact columns or the scattered skirmishers of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley and towards the heights that were held by the foe.

Almost the whole of the French host was now in irretrievable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forward on their right, and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares. They were swept away to the rear; and then Napoleon himself fled from the last of his many fields, to become in a few weeks a captive and an exile. The battle was lost by France past all recovery. The victorious armies of England and Prussia, meeting on the scene of their triumph, continued to press forward and overwhelm every attempt to stem the tide of ruin.

The army under the Duke of Wellington lost heavily in killed and wounded on this terrible day of battle. The loss of the Prussian army was even greater. At a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe purchased.

Wellington, the "Iron Duke," died in 1852, and with the most imposing obsequies was entombed in the crypt of St. Paul's, London. His funeral was a national demonstration, the entire nation bestowing every mark of honor and eulogy upon the illustrious dead.



CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

HERO OF NEW ORLEANS—STORY OF HIS GAL-
LANT ACHIEVEMENTS—RUGGED AND POSITIVE
CHARACTER — THE SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES.

The War of the Revolution had not swept far into the Carolinas before it reached the Waxhaw Settlement and the home of Andrew Jackson. He was "Little Andy" then, an active, daring lad of thirteen, the most mischievous boy in the neighborhood, always "up to" some prank and always getting into trouble. He had first attended an "old field school," which was a log hut in one of the pine forests that spring up in the South on old fields which have been used for raising cotton until they will grow no more.

Andy's father had died before he was born, and his mother was poor, but she succeeded in having him go away to school, where he was studying for college. But he had time to learn little more than reading, writing, and arithmetic before the war closed the school houses of the South and filled the minds of young and old with other thoughts than of study. Andy's daring spirit was roused by the stirring reports that reached him. He was lively, fond of jumping, foot racing, and wrestling—a regular little soldier even as a school boy. He was slender, and more active than strong, so very often he was thrown.

One of his playfellows used to say, "I could throw him three times out of four, but he never would stay thrown. He was plucky even then, and never would give up." He was rather hard to get along with among

boys of his own age, but there was nothing he would not do to defend the younger boys, who accepted him as their leader.

When the sweep of war reached their district, Andrew and his two larger brothers were wild with eagerness to join in "for Congress" and against the British. So the three boys—Andy only thirteen years old—mounted their horses and went out with little parties that scoured the country, breaking up the small posts of the enemy and doing what deeds of service they could to help on their country's cause.

WASTED ONE WHOLE YEAR.

After the surrender of Cornwallis the Waxhaw people went back to their homes, from which they had been driven by fear and the enemy; but Andrew unsettled for study, too young and not prepared for work, remained in the city. One year, to his own shame, he wasted in trying to have a good time, and two others were of little account to him, but suddenly making up his mind that he would have to go to work at something if he would succeed in life, he left his gay friends and went back to the country. He taught school for awhile, and in the winter of 1785 began to study law at Salisbury. There was at this time a fine opportunity for young men to work their way up in the world through the profession of law. The Tory barristers, who beforetime had had the largest share in this business, were now shut out, and the many changes in the country called loudly for others in the profession to take their places, for old Whig lawyers had more than they could do. After two or three years of faithful study, Andrew was licensed to practice, and before long he was appointed Solicitor for the Western District of South Carolina, which is now Tennessee.

He was gay and spirited, brave, but not rash, prudent, but no coward—just the man for a frontier settlement harassed by Indians. His red neighbors soon found out his nature, and while they feared him they also admired him, and called him the "Pointed Knife" and the "Sharp Arrow." Every time there was an outbreak, Jackson took the lead against them, always showing so much courage and judgment, both in meeting

the Indians and in quieting them, that his name became quite famous throughout the vicinity. and he was made major-general of the new



ANDREW JACKSON.

State of Tennessee, which was formed about eight years after he moved out there.

He also did a great deal in organizing this State, helping to plan the Constitution, representing it in Washington at different times, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, and after that he held the office of Judge of the Supreme Court.

When the second war with Great Britain was declared, he easily raised a force of twenty-five hundred volunteers, and offered their services and his own to the Government, in June of 1812. Although his troops were accepted, they were not given anything much to do until the next fall, when they were sent out against the Creek Indians, whom they completely routed, ending entirely this Indian outbreak, sometimes called the Creek War, and breaking forever the Indian power in North America. It was during this campaign that once, when the food gave out, Jackson set his men the example of eating hickory-nuts to keep from starving, and gained by it the name of "Old Hickory." Because of the skill and energy shown in this hard and dangerous undertaking, Jackson was appointed a major-general of the regular army. He was then forty-seven years old, hardy, active and energetic; one of the most popular men in the country and had a strong following.

ORDERED TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.

He was not now kept back, as when he first entered the war. In the fall of 1814, when an invasion of the British was expected in the South, he was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico to oppose them. In the first place, he seized Pensacola, which belonged to Spain, but was used by the British, and then he moved his army to New Orleans, for although that was a gateway for invasion, it was so poorly defended that the English might almost have taken it without any effort. In about two weeks after he arrived in the "Crescent City" the invasion began, but Jackson not only succeeded in keeping the enemy out until the defenses were finished, and repulsed their attack on New Year's Day, but also met their veteran troops, which far outnumbered his own, in the great assault on the 8th of January, and defeated them with great loss to the British from the deadly fire of his artillery and the unerring aim of his Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen.

To the British—says Jackson's biographer—there was a loss of two generals and seven hundred men killed, and fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners—the result of twenty-five minutes' work, in

which Jackson's loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded. This deed gave "Old Hickory" an everlasting popularity among his countrymen.



OSCEOLA, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

It was one of the most brilliant and decisive victories ever gained in America, and raised Jackson's rank to that of about the greatest general

in the country. It was the last conflict of the war. The treaty had already been signed at Ghent, and the news of peace would have reached America before the engagement if there had then been the means of quick communication across the Atlantic that there now are.

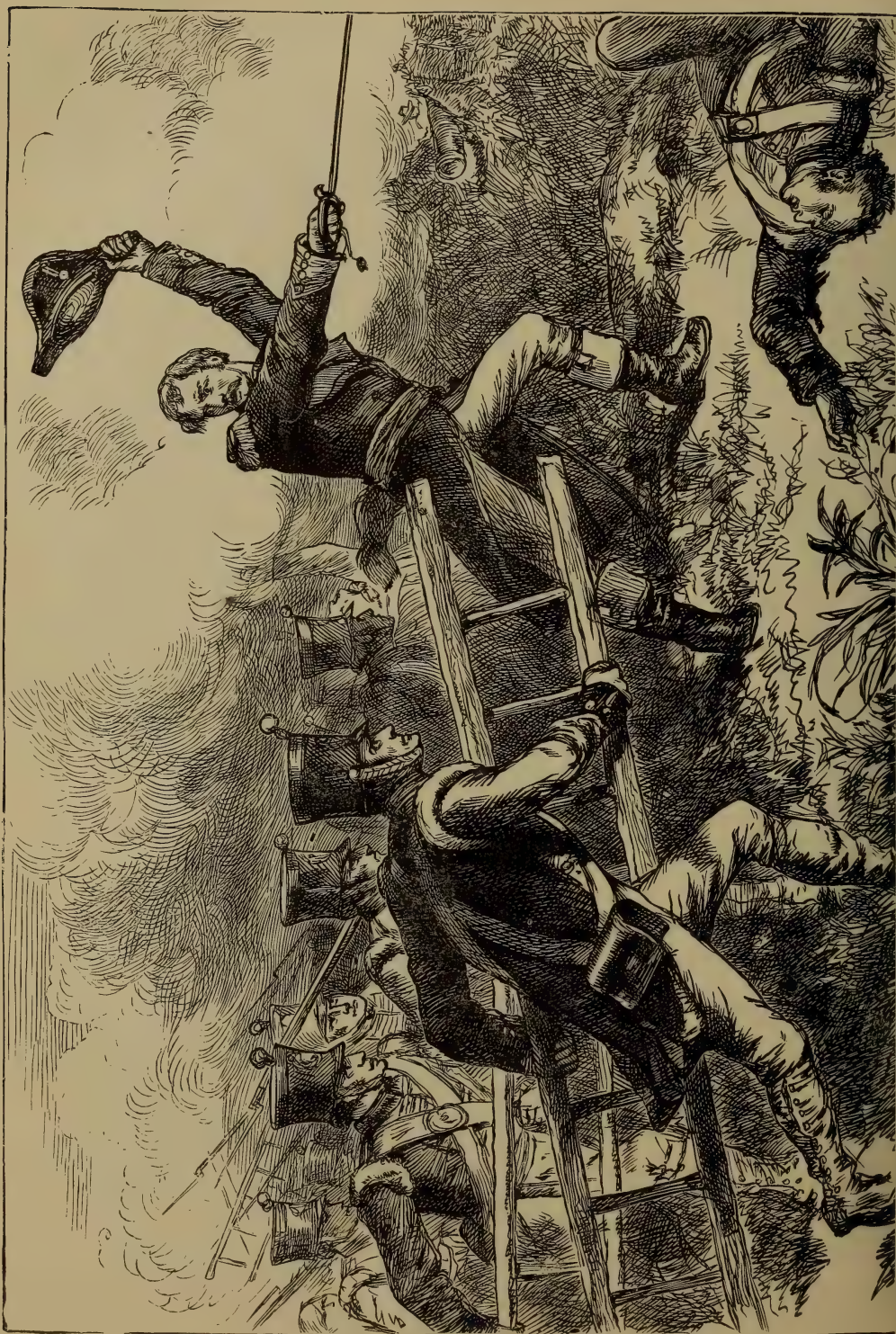
After Spain had ceded Florida to the United States, General Jackson was made Governor of the Territory. Later he was United States Senator from Tennessee for a second time, and became a candidate for President in the campaign in which John Quincy Adams was elected. But in the next canvass he ran again and succeeded; four years later he was re-elected, more popular than ever; and at the end of his second term he had so much influence that, because of his support, Van Buren became the next President, although Calhoun, the other candidate, was far more popular in himself, especially at the South.

FIRM AND RESOLUTE AS PRESIDENT.

He showed great firmness and judgment as President, and held to what he thought right against any amount of opposition. After a long struggle he succeeded in destroying the Bank of the United States, and took the first steps toward having for our country an independent Treasury and a specie currency.

The chief military exploit of "Old Hickory" was his famous victory at New Orleans, a detailed account of which is as follows: In the month of December, 1814, fifteen thousand British troops, under Sir Edward Packenham, were landed for the attack of New Orleans. The defence of this place was intrusted to General Andrew Jackson, whose force was about six thousand men, chiefly raw militia.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of January, the main body of the British, under their commander-in-chief, General Packenham, were seen advancing from their encampment to storm the American lines. On the preceding evening they had erected a battery within eight hundred yards, which now opened a brisk fire to protect their advance. The British came on in two columns, the left along the levee on the bank of the river, directed against the American right, while the right advanced



PACKENHAM LEADING THE ATTACK ON NEW ORLEANS.

to the swamp, with a view to turn General Jackson's left. The country being a perfect level, and the view unobstructed, their march was observed from its commencement. They were suffered to approach, in silence and unmolested, until within three hundred yards of the lines.

This period of suspense and expectation was employed by General Jackson and his officers in stationing every man at his post, and arranging everything for the decisive event. When the British column had advanced within three hundred yards of the lines, the whole artillery at once opened upon them a most deadly fire. Forty pieces of cannon, deeply charged with grape, canister, and musket-balls, mowed them down by hundreds; at the same time the batteries on the west bank opened their fire, while the riflemen, in perfect security behind their works, as the British advanced took deliberate aim, and nearly every shot took effect and made havoc among the enemy.

JACKSON'S MASTERLY DEFENSES.

Through this destructive fire the British left column, under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief, rushed on with their fascines and scaling ladders, to the advance bastion on the American right, and succeeded in mounting the parapet; here, after a close conflict with the bayonet, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the bastion, when the battery planted in the rear for its protection opened its fire, and drove the British from the ground. On the American left the British attempted to pass the swamp and gain the rear, but the works had been extended as far into the swamp as the ground would permit. Some who attempted it sank in the mire and disappeared; those behind, seeing the fate of their companions, seasonably retreated and gained the hard ground. The assault continued an hour and a quarter; during the whole time the British were exposed to the deliberate and destructive fire of the American artillery and musketry, which lay in perfect security behind their breastworks of cotton bales, which no balls could penetrate.

At eight o'clock, the British columns drew off in confusion, and

retreated behind their works. Flushed with success, the militia were eager to pursue the British troops to their intrenchments, and drive them immediately from the island. A less prudent and accomplished general might have been induced to yield to the indiscreet ardor of his troops ;



STEAMBOAT LOADING WITH COTTON.

but General Jackson understood too well the nature of both his own and his enemy's force, to hazard such an attempt. Defeat must inevitably have attended an assault made by raw militia upon an intrenched camp of British regulars. The defence of New Orleans was the object; nothing was to be hazarded which would jeopardize the city. The British were suffered to retire behind their works without molestation. The result was such as might be expected from the different positions of the two armies. General Packenham, near the crest of the glacis, received a ball

in his knee. Still continuing to lead on his men, another shot pierced his body and he was carried off the field.

Nearly at this time, Major-General Gibbs, the second in command, within a few yards of the lines, received a mortal wound and was removed.

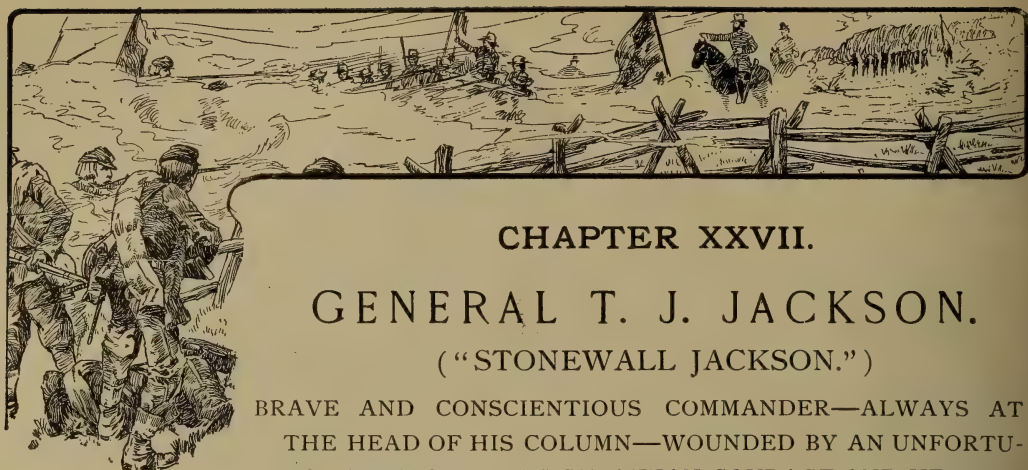
The third in command, Major General Keane, at the head of his troops near the glacis, was severely wounded. Before eight o'clock, the three generals were carried off the field, two in the agonies of death and the third entirely disabled; leaving upwards of two thousand of their men, dead, dying, and



THE PLAIN OF CHALMETTE—SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.
wounded or prisoners, on the field of battle.

As already stated, Jackson was afterward elected President, and in this, the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, he was the same bold, resolute and sagacious leader he had proved himself to be in battle.

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767, in what was called the Waxhaw settlement, either in North or South Carolina, it is not known which, although he believed himself a native of the Southern State. He died at his country-seat, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.



CHAPTER XXVII.

GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

(“STONEWALL JACKSON.”)

BRAVE AND CONSCIENTIOUS COMMANDER—ALWAYS AT THE HEAD OF HIS COLUMN—WOUNDED BY AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE—HIS CHRISTIAN COURAGE AND HEROISM—HOW HE RECEIVED HIS NAME OF “STONEWALL.”

We deem it appropriate to apprise the reader of the fact that this volume contains true accounts of real heroes and heroines, men and women who, by reason of their moral and physical courage, are entitled to be called such. Heroism may be exhibited in any cause demanding personal bravery, hardships and sacrifices. We pass no judgment whatever upon the merits of the great Civil War which, for a time, rent our country in twain, only desiring to recount the valiant deeds of those who distinguished themselves in this gigantic struggle, and whose names will stand forever more on the pages of American history.

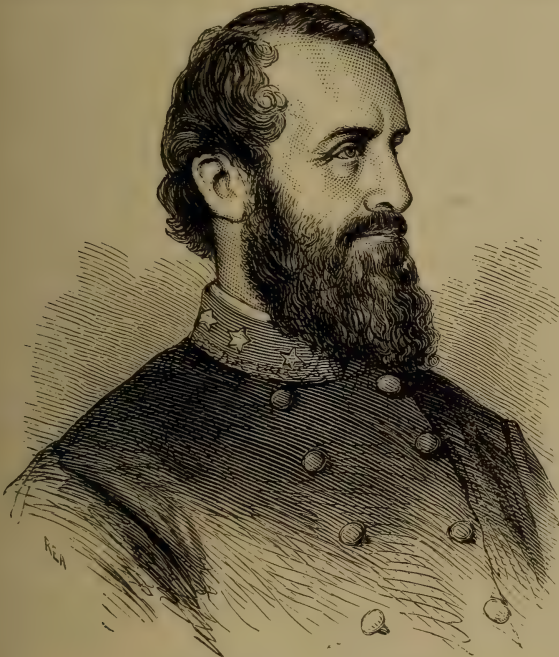
One of these was General T. J. Jackson, a man of lofty character and unimpeachable integrity.

The figure of “Stonewall” Jackson stands forth with an entirely unique individuality among Southern leaders. He was a man in many respects *sui generis*, with a leaven of something resembling Cromwell’s “Roundheads” in his composition. There was the same deep devotion, the same fiery onslaught, the same unquailing courage; but the puritanical cant in his case had become a sweet, unassuming sincerity and simple faith. He came of English parentage, his great-grandfather having emigrated from London to Maryland in 1748. Here he married Elizabeth Cummins, and shortly after removed to West Virginia, where he founded a large family.

His father was an engineer and died before his son's recollection. His mother died when he was ten years old, and her saintly death is said to have made a profound impression on the lad. A bachelor uncle, Cummins Jackson, assumed the responsibility of bringing him up. He was a very delicate child, but the rough life of a Virginia farm strengthened his constitution. He became a constable for the county while a mere stripling, and at the age of eighteen he was appointed cadet at

West Point. The class register places his birthplace at Clarksburg, West Virginia; the date January 21, 1824. His academical preparation had been imperfect, and he did not attain a high grade.

On his graduation in 1846 he was ordered to Mexico, and became a lieutenant in Magruder's battery, taking part in General Scott's campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He was twice breveted for good conduct at Churubusco and Chapultepec. When the United



"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

States army was withdrawn from Mexico, he was for a time on duty at Fort Hamilton in New York harbor.

In 1851, on his election as professor of philosophy and artillery tactics at Virginia Military Institute, he resigned from the army. His appearance and manner at this time have been sympathetically described by the lady who subsequently became his sister-in-law: "He was of a tall, very erect figure, with a military precision about him which made us girls all account him stiff; but he was one of the most polite and courteous of men. He had a handsome, animated face, flashing blue eyes, and the most mobile of mouths. He was voted eccentric in our

little professional society, because he did not walk in the same conventional grooves as other men. It was only when we came to know him with the intimacy of hourly converse that we found that much that passed under the name of eccentricity was the result of the deepest underlying principle, and compelled a respect which we dared not withhold. He was an extremely modest man, and not until he asked the hand of my sister Elinor in marriage, and the records of his army-life were placed before my father (the Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College), did we know that he had so distinguished himself in the Mexican War."

Then, as ever after, Jackson weighed his lightest utterances in "the balances of the sanctuary," and so ruled his life, we are told, that "he never even inadvertently fell into the use of the common expressions involving the wish that any event or circumstance were different from what it was. To do so would, in his opinion, have been to arraign Providence," so conscientious was the man.

CAREFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"Don't you wish it would stop raining?" was the careless remark put to him by his wife after a week of wet weather. "Yes," was his smiling reply, "if the Maker of the weather thinks it best." "He never posted a letter," his sister-in-law tells us, "without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its destination, and if so he would not mail it till Monday morning." He took much interest in the improvement of slaves, and conducted a Sunday-school for their benefit which continued in operation a generation after his death.

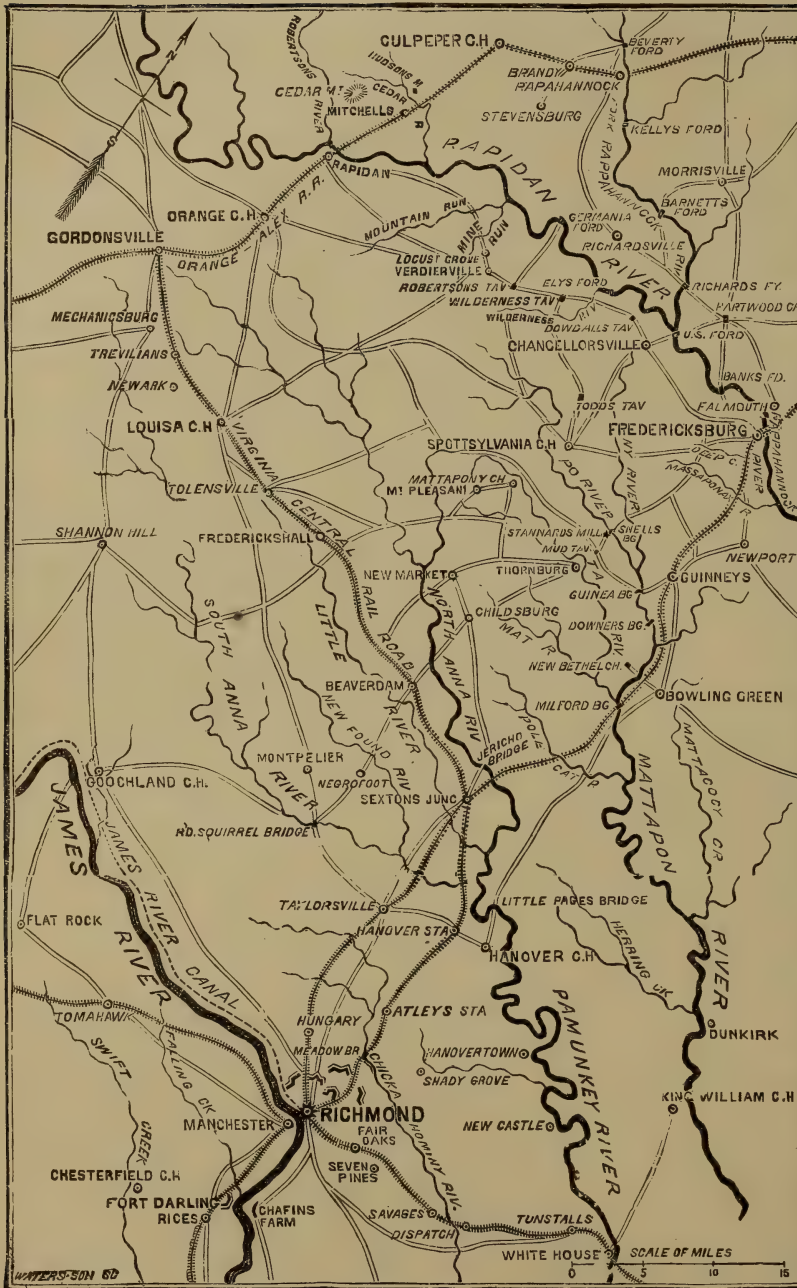
A few days after the secession of Virginia, but before any active hostilities had commenced, Jackson was ordered to Harper's Ferry to drill the military bands that were gathering there from all quarters. When Virginia joined the Confederacy a few weeks later, he was relieved by General Joseph E. Johnston, and then became commander of a brigade in Johnston's army, which rank he held at the battle of Bull Run. In that action the left of the Confederate line had been turned and the troops

holding it driven back some distance. Disaster was imminent, and Johnston was hurrying up troops to support his left. Jackson's brigade was the first to get into position, and checked the progress of the Federal forces. The broken troops rallied upon his line; other reinforcements reached the threatened point; the Confederates assumed the aggressive, and wrenched a victory from the very jaws of defeat. In the crisis of the struggle General Bernard E. Bee, in rallying his men, said: "See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall; rally on the Virginians!" Bee fell almost immediately after, but his exclamation conferred upon the Confederate brigadier-general a baptism that became immortal and made him "Stonewall" Jackson.

SILENT AS A SPHINX, BRAVE AS A LION.

Early in March, 1862, he was at Winchester with 5000 men, while General N. P. Banks was advancing against him from the Potomac. Jackson's instructions were to detain as large a hostile force as possible in the valley without risking the destruction of his own troops. The subtlety of his strategy, the rapidity of his marches and the originality of his manœuvres during this period have found many skilled chroniclers and admiring critics. Silent as a sphinx, brave as a lion, his unexpected disappearances and mysterious descents upon his enemy at the weakest points inspired something akin to terror in the breast of the Federal soldier. On May 25, 1862, he defeated Banks at Winchester, driving him beyond the Potomac, and effecting large captures of prisoners and stores. On June 8, at Cross Keys, he delivered battle to Fremont, and after a long and bloody conflict night found him master of the field.

Leaving Ewell's brigade on the ground, he that night marched the rest of his tired but victorious army to Port Republic, reaching the bridge at dark. General Imboden arrived soon after, and found "Stonewall" Jackson in a humble room, "lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the table shed a dim light, yet enough by which to see and recognize



MAP OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

engagement, as he placed himself at their head.

The same authority has given me a pen picture of Jackson on the

his person. 'General,' I said, 'you made a glorious winding up of your four weeks' work yesterday.'— 'Yes,' he replied, 'God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope, with His protection and blessing, we shall do still better to-day.' Sure enough that day he routed McDowell's column, and drove it from the battle-field, before Shields or Fremont could get there to render assistance. "The 'Stonewall' brigade never retreats; follow me!" he cried during the

battlefield. "The fight was just hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm toward the person he was addressing." Once he was asked how it was that he could keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger, in such a storm of shell and bullets. "He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner," writes Imboden, "and answered in a low tone of great earnestness. 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battles as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it overtakes me.'"

OFF FOR RICHMOND TO UNITE WITH LEE.

After the action at Port Republic the Federal forces retreated to the lower Shenandoah, while "Stonewall" Jackson hastened by forced marches to Richmond, to unite with General Lee in attacking McClellan. On June 27, 1862, at Gaines's Mills, he turned the scale where Fitz-John Porter was overthrown. He also took part in the subsequent operations during McClellan's retreat. During this period there was some social hobnobbing and interchange of civilities at times between the privates of the opposing armies. One lean "Johnny" was loud in his praise of "Stonewall" Jackson, saying: "He's a general, he is. If you uns had some good general like him, I reckon you uns could lick we uns. 'Old Jack' marches we uns most to death."

"Does your general abuse you—swear at you to make you march?" inquired one of his listeners. "Swear!" replied the Confederate, "no, Ewell does the swearing; 'Stonewall' does the praying. When 'Stonewall' wants us to march he looks at us soberly, just as if he was sorry for we uns, but couldn't help it, and says, 'Men, we've got to make a long march.'"

About the middle of July, 1862, Lee detached Jackson to Gordonsville for the purpose of looking after his old adversaries of the Shenandoah Valley, who were again gathering under General John Pope. On the 9th of August he encountered the Federal army under Pope and McDowell

at Cedar Run, and drove it back in disorder. On the 25th of the same month he crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge. When sunset came next day he was many miles in the rear of Pope's army, moving in the direction of Washington. On the afternoon of the 26th Pope's army broke away from its strong position to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move.

JACKSON IN THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

In the Maryland campaign, two weeks later, General Jackson had charge of the operations which resulted in the investment and capture of the post at Harper's Ferry, with 13,000 men and 70 cannon, while Lee held back McClellan at South Mountain and along the Antietam. "Stonewall" Jackson lost little time in contemplating his victory; when night came he started for Shepherdstown, and on September 17 the fierce battle of Sharpsburg was fought. In this bloody contest Jackson commanded the left wing of the Confederate army, against which in succession McClellan hurled Hooker's, Mansfield's and Sumner's corps. With decimated lines Jackson maintained himself throughout the day near the old Dunkerchurch, while one of his divisions—A. P. Hill's, which had been left at Harper's Ferry—reached the field late in the day, and defeated Burnside's corps, which was making rapid and deadly progress against the Confederate right flank.

In the spring of 1863, when Hooker's movement upon Chancellorsville was fully developed, Lee ordered Jackson's corps to move up to meet him. On the morning of May 1, Jackson met Hooker emerging from the Wilderness that surrounds Chancellorsville, and at once assumed the defensive with such fierce impetuosity that the Federal commander withdrew into the fastnesses of the Wilderness, and established lines of defence. At sunrise, May 2, 1863, Jackson was in the saddle and on the march. All the livelong day he pursued his tedious and dreary way through the Wilderness. Between 8 and 9 p. m. Jackson, with a small party, rode forward beyond his own lines to reconnoitre. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill towards Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line

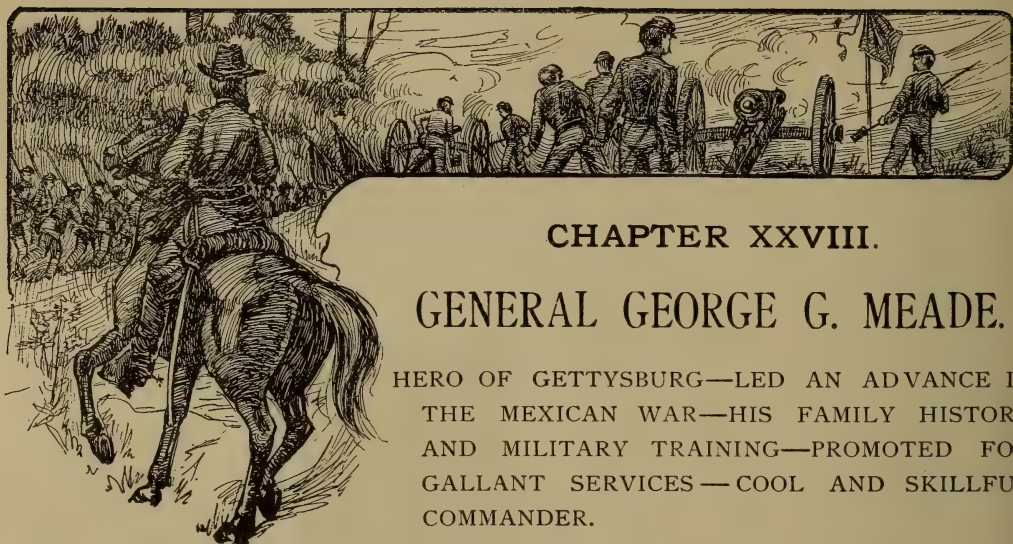
of Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets, he turned his horse and came back toward his own line.

As he rode back to the Confederate troops, just placed in position, the left company, unaware of his presence in front of them, began firing, and two of his party fell from their saddles, dead. Spurring his horse across the road to his right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina brigade. Under this wild volley the general received three balls almost synchronously; one penetrated the palm of his right hand, and was extracted that night; a second passed circuitously round the wrist of his left arm, and escaped through the hand; a third traversed the left arm half way from shoulder to elbow, and splintered the large bone of the upper arm. His horse darted aside from the line of fire into the thick brush, and the general's forehead was badly scratched. As he lost his hold on the bridle-rein, he reeled from the saddle, and was caught in the arms of Captain Milbourne, of the Signal Corps.

"Oh, general!" cried Pender, who was soon on the scene, "I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to re-form them, they are so much broken by this fire." Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" This was the hero's last command on the field. General Lee received the mournful tidings late at night with profound grief. This was his manly note of sympathy:

"GENERAL: I have just received information that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

Pneumonia set in, with some symptoms of pleurisy, and on the quiet Sabbath afternoon of May 10, 1863, he died. A few minutes before his dissolution, he raised himself in bed and said: "No, no, no; let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." Peace to his ashes! His remains rest under the trees.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

HERO OF GETTYSBURG—LED AN ADVANCE IN THE MEXICAN WAR—HIS FAMILY HISTORY AND MILITARY TRAINING—PROMOTED FOR GALLANT SERVICES—COOL AND SKILLFUL COMMANDER.

The name of Meade has been intimately associated with various public and national movements during the past hundred years. George Meade, the grandfather of General Meade, was a signer of the non-importation resolutions of 1765, and was notably patriotic during the Revolution, subscribing large sums of money to aid the government in defraying the war expenses, and in other ways manifesting his sturdy allegiance to the cause of the United States. He was associated also with many prominent public actions in the city of Philadelphia, of which he was a resident.

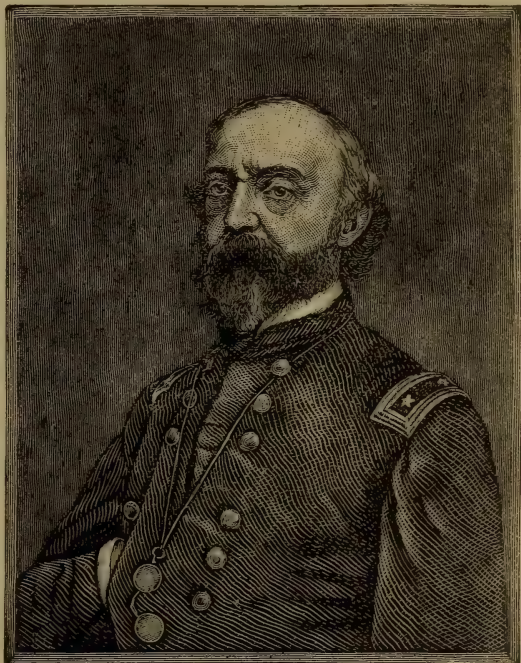
His son, Richard Worsam, was a merchant and ship-owner, trading between America and Spain. During the Peninsular War he exported thousands of barrels of flour, placing Spain in a state of indebtedness to him from which, in her extremely low financial state, she was unable to free herself. In his endeavors to collect the amount due him he was summarily disposed of for a time by imprisonment in the prison of Santa Catalina at Cadiz. There he remained for two years, when he was released through the action of the United States Minister. He was the worthy sire of one of our most conservative and efficient generals.

In 1819, the treaty of Florida was made between America and Spain, and, according to the terms of that treaty, our government was to receive Florida, and in return to assume the responsibility of discharging all debts

on the part of Spain to American citizens. Mr. Meade therefore returned to this country armed with a certificate for \$491,153.62—the amount due him—signed by the king of Spain. Then came a long, fruitless course of solicitation. Bills were passed through the Senate, and the ablest lawyers—including Webster, Clay and Choate—were engaged, but all to no end; and to this day, in spite of the correctness of the documentary proofs, the famous Meade claim has profited nothing to the family.

This was General Meade's father; and it was on December 31, 1815, while he was living in Cadiz, Spain, that General George Gordon Meade was born. The family returned to America when George was about three years of age, and it was at Philadelphia, and afterwards at Salmon P. Chase's school in Washington, and at Mt. Hope Institution, near Baltimore, that he received his first education.

He then entered the United States Military Academy, graduating in 1835, and serving first with the third artillery in Florida,



GEORGE G. MEADE.

in the war against the Seminoles. Neither the climate nor his surroundings, however, were congenial to him there, and before a year had passed he was so reduced in health that the necessity for a change became evident. He was therefore sent with a party to Arkansas, and from there was ordered to ordnance duty at Watertown Arsenal, Massachusetts. From this duty he resigned October 26, 1836, and entered into civil engineering work on the railroad at Pensacola, Florida.

During the years 1838 and 1839 he was engaged by the War Department on the government survey of the Sabine River and the Delta of the

Mississippi; and in the year following he was employed on survey work, first on the boundary line between the United States and Texas, and afterwards in the north on the boundary between the United States and British America.

Up until the opening of the Mexican War General Meade's employment was almost continuously in government survey at one place and another. In December, 1840, he was married to Margaretta, daughter of John Sergeant. He remained on the northeastern boundary, connected with the corps of topographical engineers, until the end of the year 1843, and during the following two years was engaged in the survey of Delaware Bay. His rank in the above corps was that of second lieutenant.

LED THE ADVANCE ON INDEPENDENCE HILL

During the Mexican War he was connected with the staff of General Zachary Taylor, and shared in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. His first service of note, however, was in the battle of Monterey, in which he was serving under General Worth. In this engagement he led the advance on Independence Hill, and took part later in the march to Tampico. In appreciation of his brave conduct at this time he was breveted first lieutenant. He took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in this battle served as a member of the staff of General Robert Patterson. This ended for a time his active field service; for, from the year of his return from Mexico (1847) until the opening of the Civil War, he was again engaged in survey work.

During 1847-49 he was employed in the construction of light-houses on the Delaware Bay, and later in surveying the Florida reefs. On returning to Delaware in 1850 he was made first lieutenant of the topographical engineer corps. In 1851 he was sent again to the Florida reefs, where he was engaged for five years in light-house construction, and in 1856 was made captain of the corps conducting the geodetic survey of the Northern lakes.

At the beginning of the Civil War General Meade was placed in command of the second brigade Pennsylvania reserves in the Army of the

Potomac. He was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and in June, 1862, was promoted in the topographical engineer corps to the rank of major. His future services were, however, devoted to his brigade, and during 1862 he took part in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mills, and Glendale. In the last-named battle he was badly wounded,

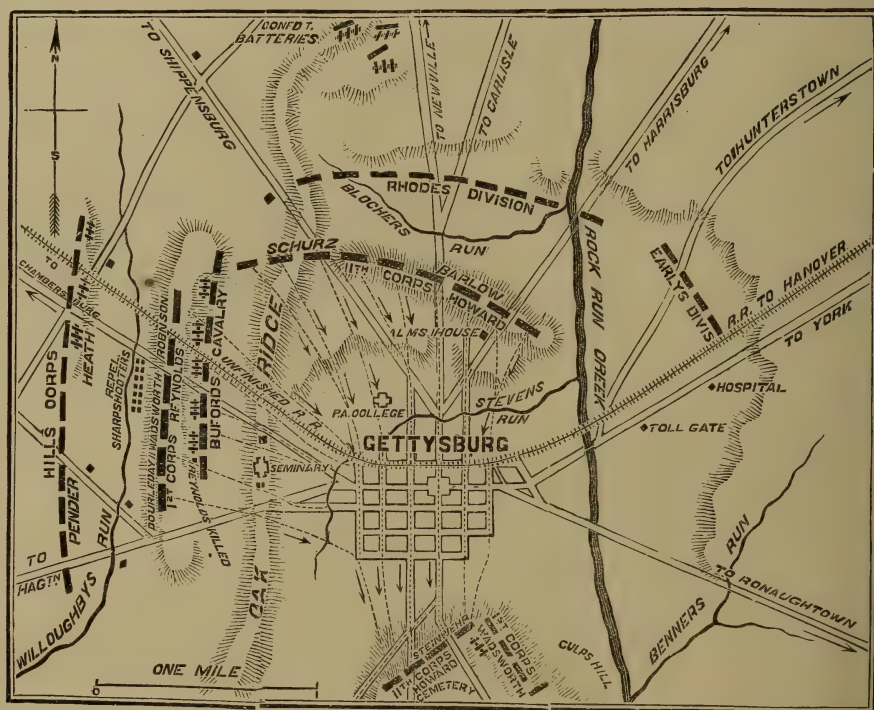


BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

and compelled to leave the army for a time. He had been removed to Philadelphia ; but his wound recovering more rapidly than was at first expected, it was not long before he was able to rejoin his army and enter again into active service.

The enemy was at this time advancing toward Washington, and it was therefore at a most critical juncture of the war that General Meade

resumed command of his brigade, opposing the advance of the Confederate army and sharing in the second battle of Bull Run. When the enemy later on invaded Maryland, General J. F. Reynolds being absent, General Meade was in command of the whole division of Pennsylvania reserves. He rendered distinguished services in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam; and in the latter engagement, in which General Hooker was wounded, General Meade was assigned on the battlefield to



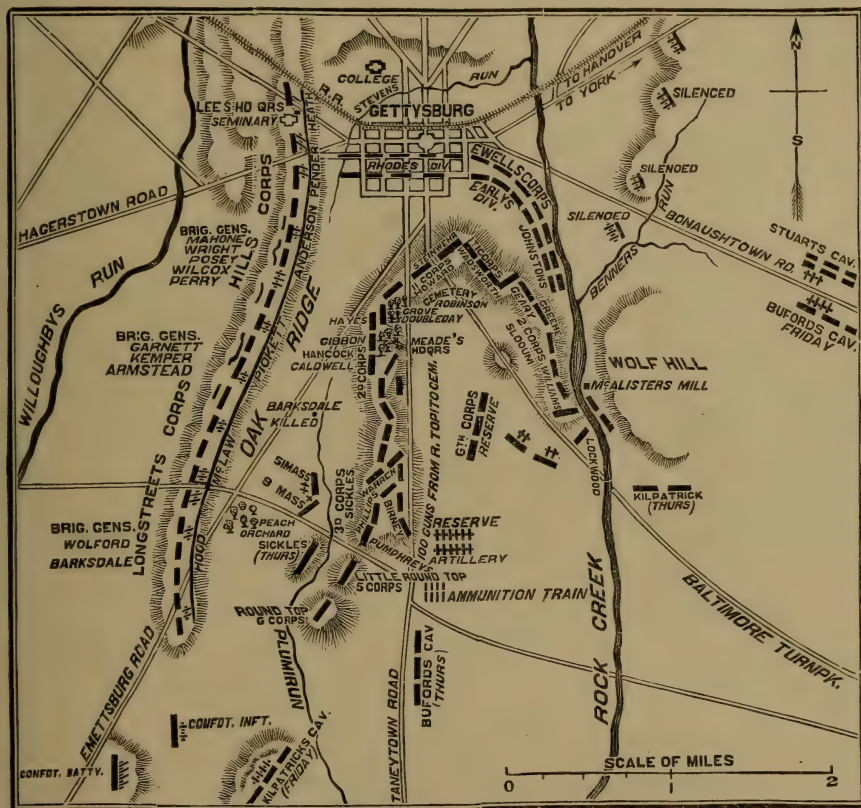
POSITIONS DURING THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

the command of Hooker's corps, and was complimented for his skill and bravery.

To the reputation already secured in these battles General Meade added materially, in November, 1862, in the battle of Fredericksburg. The enemy was commanded by "Stonewall" Jackson, and during the battle the only marked advantage that was gained by the National forces was won by General Meade's division, which drove everything before it, and penetrated the enemy's lines as far as their reserves. Two horses were

shot under General Meade during the action. Had the whole National force accomplished as much in proportion, the results of that battle would have been different; but General Meade, after having made a most gallant attack, and having won a great advantage, was compelled to fall back through lack of sufficient support.

Shortly after this engagement General Meade was made major-



POSITIONS DURING SECOND AND THIRD DAYS AT GETTYSBURG.

general and commanded the fifth corps, taking part in the battle of Chancellorsville, where, after having successfully overcome considerable resistance, he was unfortunately recalled and ordered to his former position. The lack of good management in this battle was owing largely to the fact that General Hooker was stunned by a cannon ball, thus leaving the army at a most important point without sufficient command. It became evident soon after that the Confederate army intended marching

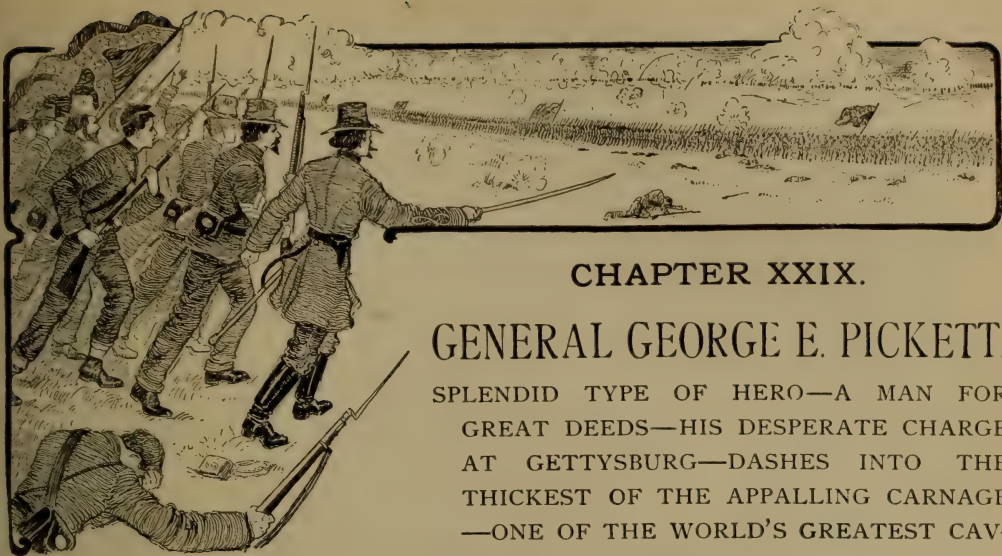
further north. While affairs were so disposed General Hooker requested further reinforcement, and, on this being refused by the President, suddenly sent in his resignation—General Meade being placed in command of the army.

This was the most trying time of Meade's experience. He was unfamiliar with the army at large and its resources, and a most important action was pending. Not a moment was to be lost, and yet he was not in possession of all the knowledge essential to a commander. It was in June, 1863, and while Lee's army was moving north, that the National forces were lying near Frederick, Md. General Meade's purpose was to follow the Confederate army in a parallel line, to prevent a descent on Baltimore, and, on finding a fitting place, to engage Lee in battle. In this manner the two armies approached Gettysburg, and on July 1 the first action of that eventful battle took place. General Reynolds led the advance National forces on that day, but was driven back by the Confederate army, Reynolds himself being killed.

General Meade sent General W. S. Hancock ahead with additional forces. The result of that terrible third day of the battle, the 3rd of July, and the importance of that result to the interests of the Northern cause, is well known and appreciated. As long as the Civil War is remembered, so long will the gallant and hard-earned victory at Gettysburg be recorded, with the warmest praises of the able military leadership of General Meade, and the efficient and skilful assistance of General Hancock. In view of his valuable and illustrious services, General Meade was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army, his commission dating from July 3, 1863.

During the years 1866–1872 he commanded successively the Department of the East, the Military District of Georgia and Alabama, the Department of the South (comprising Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, Florida, and the Military Division of the Atlantic).

He died in Philadelphia on November 6, 1872, of an attack of pneumonia, which was aggravated by the results of the wound he had received at the battle of Glendale.



CHAPTER XXIX.

GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.

SPLENDID TYPE OF HERO—A MAN FOR GREAT DEEDS—HIS DESPERATE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG—DASHES INTO THE THICKEST OF THE APPALLING CARNAGE—ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CAVALRY COMMANDERS.

The Virginian whose name stands at the head of this article was an ideal soldier—the very embodiment and type of a hero born for immortal deeds ; and on the memorable summer day to be described further on he made a mark in history to survive as long as the language of glorious emprise is read among men. Pickett was born at Richmond, Ga., on January 25, 1825. It was merely the anniversary birthday of Burns who in his "Scots wa hae wi' Wallace bled" gave the world its noblest battle-song. He also gave mankind that striking image, to be so thrillingly realized by Pickett at Gettysburg, of his Scottish forefathers in the battlefield struggling forward "red wet-shod."

The young Virginian was appointed to the Military Academy from Illinois, and graduated in 1846. He served in Mexico ; was made second lieutenant in the second infantry March 3, 1847 ; was at the siege of Vera Cruz ; and, in brief, was engaged in all the battles that preceded the assault and capture of the City of Mexico. Duty next took him to Texas, and subsequently he was on garrison duty in the northwestern territory at Puget Sound. At that time the dispute between our government and Great Britain respecting the northwestern boundary was in petulant progress, and Captain Pickett was ordered with sixty men to occupy San Juan Island.

This movement excited the rage of the British governor, who sent three vessels of war to summarily eject Pickett from his position. To use an expressive slang phrase of our day, the Virginian "didn't scare worth a cent." With quiet emphasis he forbade the landing of the troops from the vessels. "I shall order my men to fire," he said, "if a man of them lands on this island." No doubt there would have been a collision but for the opportune arrival upon the scene of the British admiral, by whose order the issue of force was postponed.

On June 25, 1861, he resigned from the army, feeling that he must, as a man of honor and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State.



VIEW OF THE CHICKAHOMINY NEAR MECHANICSVILLE.

In February, 1862, Pickett was made brigadier-general in Longstreet's division under Joseph E. Johnston, then called the Army of the Potomac, but which subsequently became the Army of Northern Virginia. He took a prominent part in the work of carnage at Seven Pines. On June 1, 1862, the National forces under McClellan, having thrown across the Chickahominy two additional divisions under the command of General Sumner, attacked Pickett's brigade, which was supported by that of General Pryor.

The attack was vigorously repelled by these two brigades, "the brunt of the fight falling upon General Pickett." After this his brigade, in the retreat before McClellan up the Peninsula, and in the seven days' battle around Richmond, won such a reputation that it was known as the "Game-Cock Brigade." At the battle of Gaines's Mills, fought June 27, 1862, he took a distinguished part and was severely wounded



The principal part of the Federal army was on the north side of the Chickahominy. Hill's division of the Confederate forces met this large force with impetuous courage. Some of his brigades were broken. The National forces were steadily gaining ground. Jackson had not arrived. It was a critical moment. Three brigades under Wilcox were ordered forward against the Federal left flank, to make a diversion in favor of the attacking columns. Pickett's brigade, making an independent diversion on the left of these brigades, developed the strong position and force of the Federals in Longstreet's front.

ORDERS FOR A GENERAL ADVANCE.

The latter at once resolved to change the feint into an attack, and orders for a general advance were issued. At this moment "Stonewall" Jackson arrived, and the air was rent with shouts. Pickett's brigade, supported by part of Anderson's brigade, swept on to the charge with fierce grandeur. Along the whole Confederate line the troops pressed steadily forward, unchecked by the terrible fire from the National forces. In this furious onslaught Pickett fell, severely wounded in the shoulder, and was unable to rejoin his command until after the first Maryland campaign. He was then made major-general, with a division composed entirely of Virginians. At the battle of Fredericksburg his division held the centre of Lee's line and took a conspicuous part in the rout of Burnside that followed. We come now to the battle of Gettysburg.

There is little doubt that General Lee accepted the results of the first and second days' battles as success for his army, for he had gained possession of the ground from which he had driven the Union forces, and he had captured a large number of prisoners, and had added a large number of field guns to his artillery corps. On the morning of the third day he had reconnoitred the Federal position from the college cupola, and had come to the conclusion that the left centre was the weakest part in the Union lines. "With that discovery," says a competent military authority, "he determined upon a move, the grandest ever conceived by a commanding general, and, as the result proved, the most fatal. One

formidable obstacle stood in the way of his hopes—the Federal artillery. By opening an attack along the entire line with his own guns, he hoped to be able to destroy many of the enemy's, besides exhausting his stock of ammunition; so that when the crucial test of the day came—the breaking of the Federal line at the left centre—their heavy guns would be practically useless for defensive purposes.

READY TO PERFORM HIS DUTY.

“What was to be the next move, was a question in the minds of both armies during the calm which succeeded the cannonading. In the morning Lee had told Longstreet to order Pickett's division, which belonged to his corps, to make an attack in force on the Federal left centre. Pickett had been apprised of the work cut out for him, and, like the brave officer he was, held himself in readiness to perform his duty.” His division, consisting of three brigades under the commands of Armistead, Garnett and Kemper, lay in a clump of woods, almost directly opposite the objective point which they were to attack. The three brigades were made up of fifteen Virginia regiments, all tried and true men, who had won many laurels on the battlefields of their native State.

At noon there was a deep calm in the warm air. General Lee determined to mass his artillery in front of Hill's corps, and under cover of this tremendous fire to direct the assault on the National centre. To this end more than a hundred pieces of artillery were placed in position. On the opposite side of the valley might be perceived, by the gradual concentration of the Federals in the woods, the preparations for the mighty contest that was at last to break the ominous silence. At 12.30 p. m. the shrill sound of a Whitworth gun pierced the air. Instantly more than 200 cannon belched forth their thunder at one time.

“It was absolutely appalling,” an officer writes. “The air was hideous with most discordant noise. The very earth shook beneath our feet, and the hills and rocks seemed to reel like drunken men. For an hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which time

the shrieking of shell, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnel, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses, combined to form a picture terribly grand and sublime."

Part of this time Pickett's division had been lying listening in the woods, but during the last half hour they had been moved into position. The time had now come. The hour was ripe for the fruition of the hopes of the Confederacy. Pickett mounted his white charger, and, riding up to Longstreet, asked for orders. "Is the time for my advance come?" he asked his general. "He repeated the question," writes Longstreet, "and without opening my lips I bowed in answer." "Sir," cried Pickett, "I shall lead my division forward."

A MOST DESPERATE ASSAULT.

At the head of his command he rode gallantly and gracefully down the slope into this thunderous scene of carnage. Longstreet has told how he looked, with his "jaunty cap raked well over his right ear, and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest and most desperate assaults recorded in the annals of wars."

His coolness is illustrated by an incident which occurred shortly after he had given orders to his brigade commanders to prepare for the charge. "He was sitting on his horse," says a Confederate colonel of artillery, "when General Wilcox rode up to him, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, said: 'Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you will be in hell or glory!' 'Be it so, General Wilcox,' returned Pickett, taking the proffered drink; 'whatever my fate I shall do my duty like a brave man.'"

Down the hill went the 5000 Virginians with the precision and regularity of a parade. When a short distance from their starting point, they obliques to the right and then to the left, so as to secure cover in

the undulations of the ground over which they were crossing. As they reached the Emmitsburg road, the Confederate guns, which had fired over their heads to cover the movement, ceased, and there stood exposed those devoted troops, as a cloudburst of flame, shot and shell came thundering from the ridge into their ranks. There was no halting, no wavering. Through half a mile of shot and shell pressed Pickett and his men. It was no sudden impetus of excitement that carried them through this terrible ordeal, where every inch of air vibrated and thrilled with the wing of death, and where every footprint was "red-wei" with the dew of destruction and terrible slaughter.

WILD YELLS OF DEFIANCE.

Steadily the heroic 5000, with rapidly thinning ranks, pressed forward. When within a short distance of the Federal line, their wild yells of defiance were heard above the thundering of the guns. Onward they dashed with a wild disordered rush. Garnett, whose brigade was in advance, fell dead within a hundred yards of the Union front. His men rushed madly upon the 69th and 71st Pennsylvania regiments, who had been awaiting the oncoming attack. General Hancock threw a force on Pickett's flank, and two of Armistead's regiments were frightfully cut up and disorganized by this movement. Armistead, swinging his sword wildly, urged his men forward, and reached the front rank, where he was shot down; but Pickett is unscathed in the storm. His flashing sword has taken the key of the enemy's position, and again and again the Confederate flag is lifted through the smoke.

"With what breathless interest we watched the struggle," writes the Confederate officer already quoted. "General Lee, from a convenient point, stood calmly looking at the struggle. Not an expression of the face or an action indicated that he had other than hopes of success. He was imperturbable as a rock. What emotions swayed his soul at that supreme moment he and God alone knew."

The first line of the Federals was driven back upon the earthworks near the artillery. There the work of death was renewed with frightful

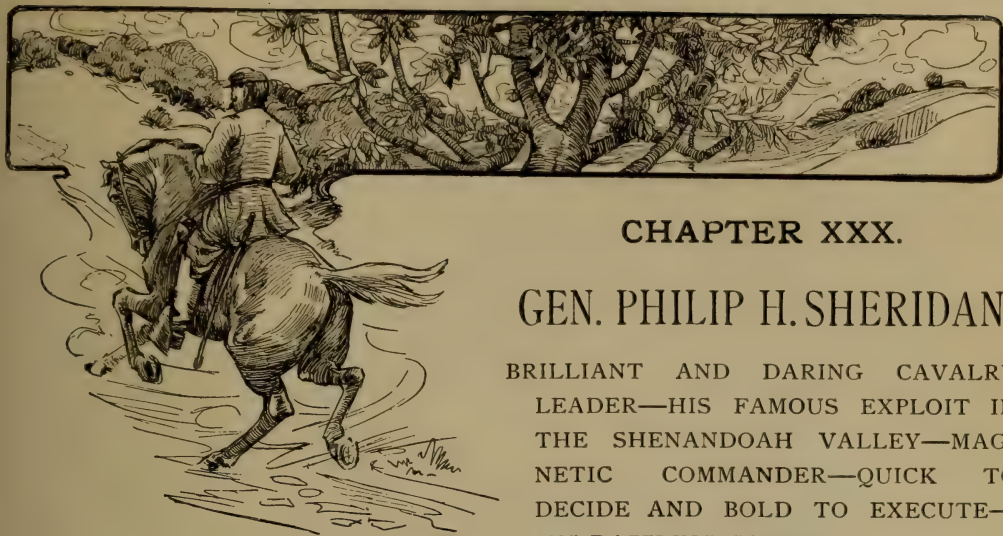
slaughter. Charges of grape-shot were fired into Pickett's men with terrible effect. The contestants became mixed in a confused mass, the only way of distinguishing one from the other being the blue and gray uniforms. The fighting became like that of an infuriated mob. "Confederates and Federals faced each other with clubbed muskets, their faces distorted with the fury of madmen. Commands were useless; they could not be heard above the din. A clump of trees just within the angle wall became the objective point of the Confederates. Armistead resolved to take it. Placing his hat on his sword, he rallied about him 150 men, who were willing to follow wherever he would lead. Rushing forward with his gallant band, he reached a Federal gun, and just as he had adjured his followers to 'give them the cold steel, boys!' he fell dead in his tracks, pierced with bullets."

The death of this gallant officer marked the complete failure of the Confederate assault, and, beaten but undismayed, the remnant of Pickett's men retraced their way across the field now strewn with their dead. Riding up to General Lee, Pickett dismounted, and saluting, said in a voice tremulous with emotion: "General, my noble division has been swept away." "It was all my fault; get together and let us do the best we can toward saving that which is left us," was Lee's quiet reply.

Thus at Gettysburg the right arm of the Confederacy was broken, and it must always stand out in the Confederate annals like

"Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield,"

After the war General Pickett returned to Richmond, where he spent the remainder of his days as a life insurance agent, and died at Norfolk, Va., July 30, 1875.



CHAPTER XXX.

GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

BRILLIANT AND DARING CAVALRY
LEADER—HIS FAMOUS EXPLOIT IN
THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—MAG-
NETIC COMMANDER—QUICK TO
DECIDE AND BOLD TO EXECUTE—
HIS DAZZLING CAREER.

General Sheridan was born in Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831, and received his early education at the public schools of that city. He entered West Point Academy as a cadet in July, 1848, and was a classmate of Generals James B. McPherson, John M. Schofield and John B. Hood. During his life at West Point a quarrel arose between himself and a cadet file-closer, in consequence of which young Sheridan was suspended from the academy. He was allowed to return at the end of a year, however, and graduated July 1, 1853.

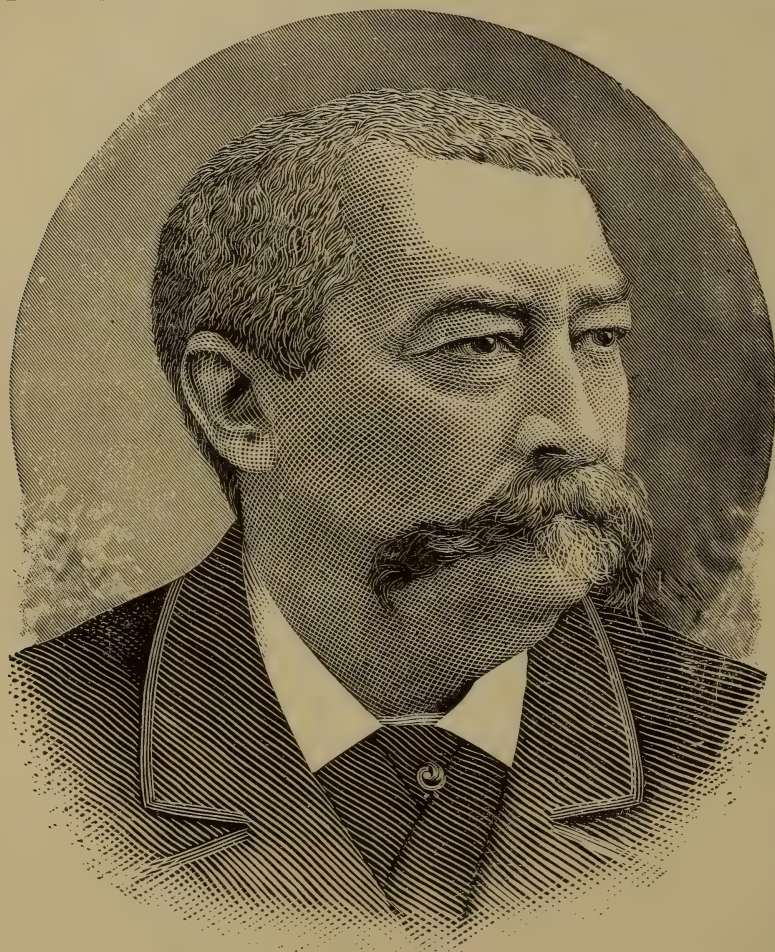
On the same day he was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the 3d infantry, serving in Kentucky, Texas and Oregon. In November, 1854, he became second lieutenant in the 4th infantry, and in 1861 was promoted to first lieutenant. In May of the same year he was appointed captain of the 13th infantry, and in December he was chief quartermaster and commissary of the army in Southwestern Missouri. Between April and September, 1862, he served as quartermaster under General Halleck during the Mississippi campaign.

At the time of the advance upon Corinth he was selected for active field service, made colonel of 2d Michigan cavalry, and at the beginning of July was ordered to make a raid on Booneville. He availed himself so well of this first opportunity for display of military skill, and performed

such efficient service during that month, that he was rewarded by the appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers, and in October of the same year commanded the 11th division of the Army of the Ohio, and participated in the battle of Perryville; and the success of the National

forces in this engagement may be largely credited to the gallant action of Sheridan.

After carrying relief to Nashville in the month following, he was placed in command of a division of the Army of the Cumberland. His share in the battle of Stone River, December 31 and January 1, was prominent and in the highest degree commendable. He was acting under General Rosecrans—



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

General Bragg, commanding the Confederate army opposing. Sheridan was compelled to stand the brunt of the fight, and at one time the fate of the day rested on him. It was only by the most courageous resistance, the most daring and brilliant action, that he was enabled with his own division to hold the entire opposing force in check while Rosecrans should have opportunity to form new lines; and General

Bragg was at length forced to fall back, leaving Sheridan with but a handful of men. "Here are all that are left," said Sheridan to Rosecrans after that engagement.

In recognition of his valiant behavior he was made major-general of volunteers, and during March, 1862, pursued Van Dorn to Columbia and Franklin, taking many prisoners. During the summer of that year he participated in the capture of Winchester, crossed the Cumberland Mountains and Tennessee River, and assisted in the terrible battle of Chickamauga in September.

The battle of Mission Ridge was the occasion of some of Sheridan's most dashing and brilliant service during the war. This occurred in November, and in this engagement Sheridan's distinguished action first recommended him to the favorable opinion of General Grant, under whose direction that battle was conducted. From that day forth Grant marked Sheridan as pre-eminently a man to be selected for important service, where skill and daring should be required.

HEROIC CAVALRY LEADER.

On April 4, 1864, Grant placed Sheridan in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and in this capacity he participated with Grant in the battle of the Wilderness in May. As a cavalry leader Sheridan was now at his best and thoroughly at home. The next few weeks saw a series of brilliant, dashing raids, success following success until, by the end of June, scarcely a company of the Confederate forces in Virginia had escaped suffering at one time or another from his fierce onslaughts. Having under his command similar men to himself, in Merritt, Custer and others, he cut his way by quick, daring charges, from place to place, harassing and threatening the enemy at every point. In August Sheridan was appointed commander of the Army of Shenandoah—consisting of the 6th corps, two divisions of the 8th, and two cavalry divisions—while a few days after his command was extended to the Middle Military Division.

The duty that now lay before him was to rout the enemy from the

Valley of Virginia and destroy their supplies. This was a portion of General Grant's plan. The latter was stationed with the Army of the Potomac at City Point, opposing Lee. Sheridan's force had been augmented by the 18th corps under Emory, while the opposing Confederate army was commanded by Early. In spite of the great confidence which Grant placed in Sheridan, he was willing to give the final order only with great caution. Going from City Point to Harper's Ferry, Grant met Sheridan, and instructed him to remain quiet until Lee had drawn away some of the Confederate force in the valley. Immediately after this was done, the final order was given and Sheridan was instantly on the advance.

ENEMY ROUTED AND SCATTERED.

General Grant's report reads as follows: "He was off promptly on time, and I may add that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders." Starting on September 19, Sheridan met General Early crossing the Opequan, and routed him completely, pursuing him through Winchester past Fisher's Hill, thirty miles south, and through Harrisonburg and Staunton, finally scattering his forces throughout the passes of the Blue Ridge. He then ordered a detachment under Torbert to devastate Staunton and the adjoining country, so that Early's troops might be unable to find means of leaving should they return there and endeavor to reorganize. In this rout, Sheridan took 5000 prisoners and five guns. His forces were now resting near Cedar Creek, and Sheridan himself, appointed brigadier-general in the regular army for his successes, had gone to Washington.

The Confederate army, in the meantime, received a considerable reinforcement from Longstreet, and, acting with the utmost celerity and secrecy, crossed the Shenandoah, and on October 18 approached within a short distance of the camp of the National forces. Early in the morning of the next day, they suddenly attacked the camp, utterly surprised Sheridan's army and forced it to make a precipitate retreat. Sheridan had by this time reached Winchester, twenty miles distant, and, hearing the sounds of a battle, leaped on horseback and covered the twenty miles

with breathless speed, meeting his retreating troops at about ten o'clock. With his arrival, the men took heart again and almost instantly the tide of the battle changed. "Face the other way, boys," he shouted; "we are going back."

And back they went, carrying overwhelming victory with them. The Confederate troops partially disorganized, were devoting themselves chiefly to plundering the camp, and were least of all things expecting such a spirited return of the force which they had so recently routed. The part of the Confederate army still in line was thrown back and overwhelmed, while the whole force was scattered and pursued as far as Mt. Jackson. Then, acting under Grant's orders, Sheridan completely devastated the valley, thus destroying all possible resources of the enemy in that region. Sheridan's ride was one of the most brilliant and successful exploits of the Civil War, and has been deservedly immortalized in painting and sculpture, as well as by the well-known poem by R. Buchanan Read, which celebrates his famous ride.

FOR PERSONAL GALLANTRY AND MILITARY SKILL.

Sheridan was made major-general in the regular army, and the President's order reads: "For personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops, displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October at Cedar Run—where, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the enemy for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days—Philip H. Sheridan is appointed major-general in the United States Army, to rank as such from the 8th day of November, 1864." In honor of Sheridan's victories Grant ordered that a salute of a hundred guns should be fired by each of his armies, and he further stated of Sheridan: "I have always thought him one of the ablest of generals."

Sheridan's greatest raid was in March, 1865, with 10,000 cavalry, which extended from Winchester to Petersburg. During this raid he met Early at Waynesboro, routed and pursued him to Charlottesville.

Afterwards, joining the Army of the Potomac, he served with consummate skill and bravery at the engagement of Five Forks, which was one of the most decisive of the war, and had much to do with compelling Lee



SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CHARGE AT CEDAR CREEK.

to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond. Grant, speaking of Sheridan's action, said: "Here he displayed great generalship."

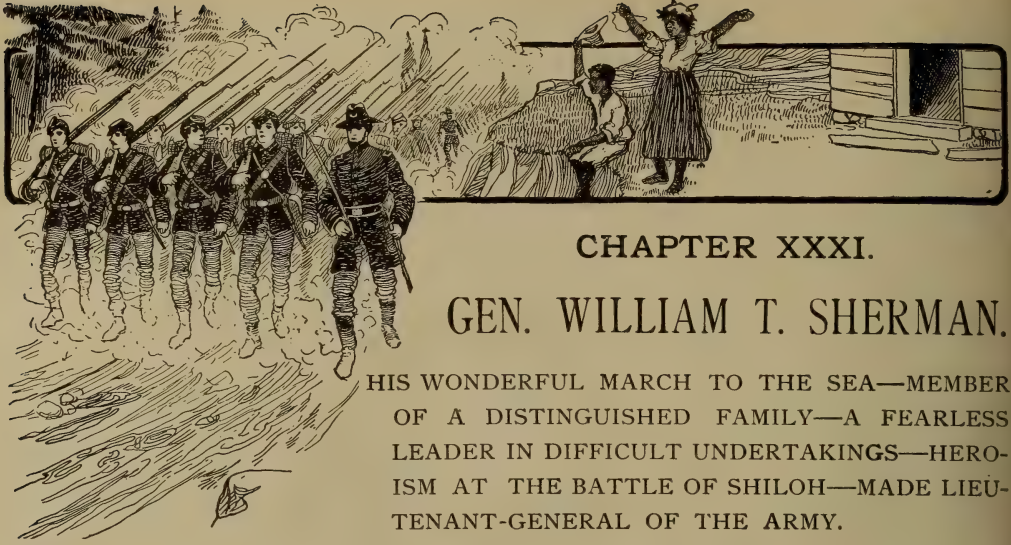
The remaining few days of the war Sheridan was engaged in harassing the army of Northern Virginia, carrying his raids as far down as

South Boston, N. C., and as late as the 24th of April—several days after Lee's surrender and the formal close of the war.

During the years immediately following the war Sheridan served as commander in various departments throughout the country. From July, 1866, to March, 1867, he commanded the Department of the Gulf. From September of the latter year until March, 1868, he assumed charge of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, during which he was engaged in a campaign against the Indians. He then was placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, holding headquarters at Chicago. Congress had revived the rank of lieutenant-general and general-in-chief for Grant, and upon his election to the presidency in 1869, Sherman, who had followed him as lieutenant-general, became general-in-chief, and Sheridan was promoted to the lieutenant-generalship.

Sheridan visited Europe in 1870, and was present with the German staff during a portion of the Franco-Prussian War. He was married in 1879 to Miss Rucker, a daughter of General D. H. Rucker, of the United States Army. In 1883 General Sherman retired, leaving Sheridan his successor as general-in-chief of the United States Army. The last years of General Sheridan were very quiet. In May, 1888, he contracted the illness which proved fatal to him a few weeks later.

Like all the eminent generals of our late war, he has left behind him in his personal memoirs the record of his distinguished services to his country. His courage was indomitable, and from the very jaws of defeat he frequently sprang to victory. Faithful and trustworthy in the performance of duty assigned him, he was far more than this. His unflinching bravery in moments of utmost danger, his brilliant and daring leadership, and his rare military skill—which at times seemed almost inspiration—entitle him to the highest place in the admiration and esteem of his fellow-countrymen.



CHAPTER XXXI.

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

HIS WONDERFUL MARCH TO THE SEA—MEMBER OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY—A FEARLESS LEADER IN DIFFICULT UNDERTAKINGS—HEROISM AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH—MADE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

In 1634, three Shermans came from England to this country. Of these three, two were brothers; and the third, a cousin; and to one of these brothers, Rev. John Sherman by name, General W. T. Sherman traces his lineage. The family first settled in Connecticut, whence a later branch moved to Lancaster, Ohio; and in that place, on the 8th of February, 1820, General Sherman was born. His father, a lawyer, and for five years judge of the Supreme Court, was the head of a large family, William Tecumseh being the sixth of the eleven children.

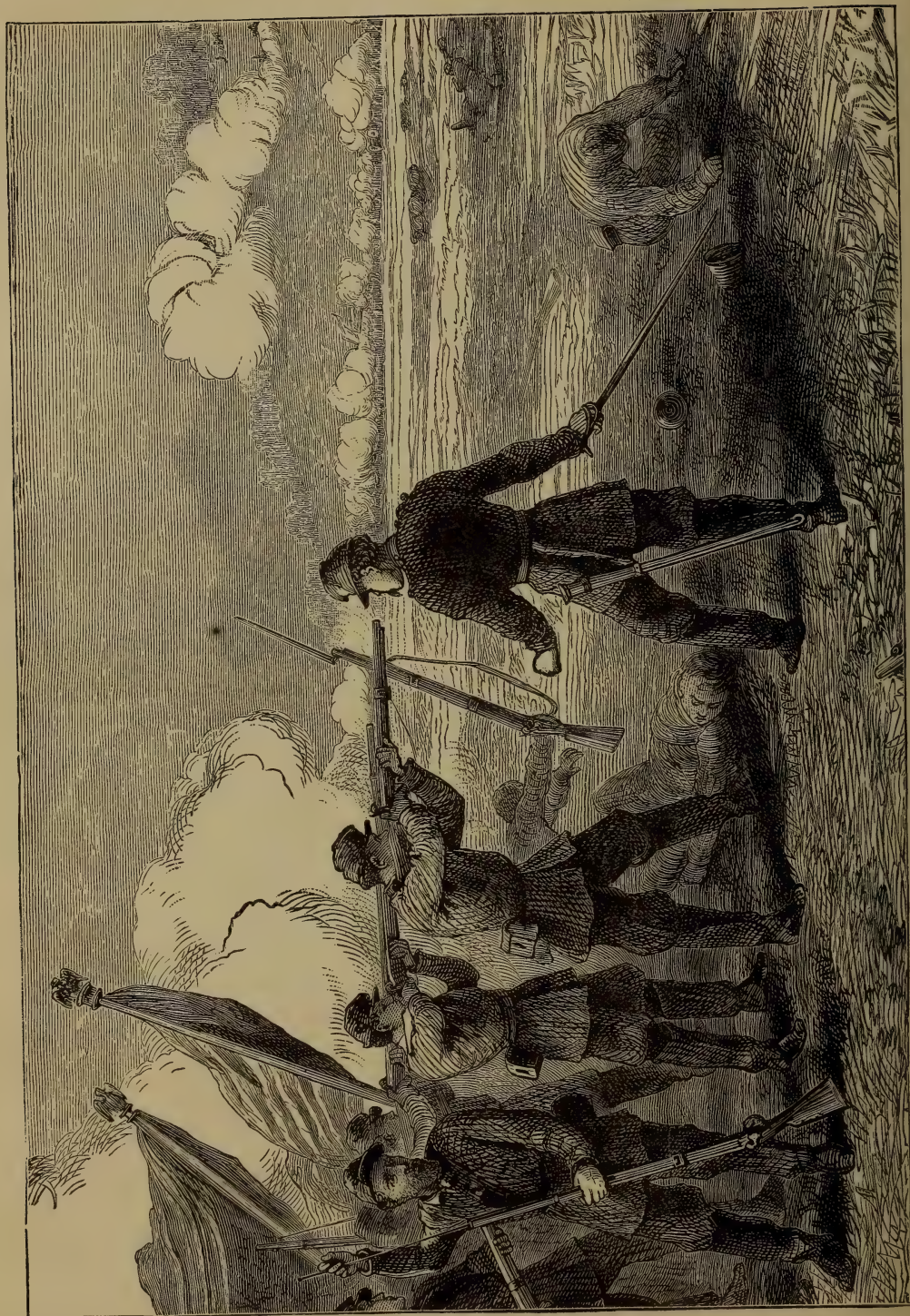
After his father's death, William was adopted by Thomas Ewing, and attended school in Lancaster until 1836, when he became a cadet at West Point, a classmate of George H. Thomas, and graduated standing sixth in a class of 42. In 1840, the year of his graduation, he was commissioned as second lieutenant in the 3rd artillery, and his first service was in Florida, where a small remnant of the Indian War still remained. In 1841, he was placed in command at Picolata as first lieutenant. He served later at Fort Morgan, Ala., and Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor; but neither of these places were calculated at that time to satisfy a taste for war, the latter being more of a fashionable summer resort for the inhabitants of Charleston than a site for active military service. Sherman was more than the ordinary practical military man, with a taste for adventures.

Both at West Point and in his first days of service, he displayed those superior qualities of the scholar and soldier combined which earned for him his later position of honor. His ideals were ever high, and he



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

was always seriously impressed with the glory and honor of service to his country. In 1843, he began the study of law, and this not with the purpose of practising at the bar, but simply to make of himself a more skillful and intelligent soldier. All his friends knew what was his chief ambition and aim.



THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS, OR BULL RUN.

In the Mexican War he acted as adjutant to Generals S. W. Kearny, P. S. Smith and Colonel Mason, and for his service in California he was breveted captain. In 1850, he returned to Washington, and on May 1st married Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing, a daughter of his old friend, at that time Secretary of the Interior. Sherman, shortly after his marriage, was appointed captain in the commissary department and was sent to St. Louis and New Orleans. As all his old West Point mates were pursuing quiet paths of life, and there seemed to be little chance of promotion in such peaceful times, Sherman resigned his commission in September, 1853, and accepted an appointment as manager of a branch bank of Lucas, Turner & Co., of San Francisco.

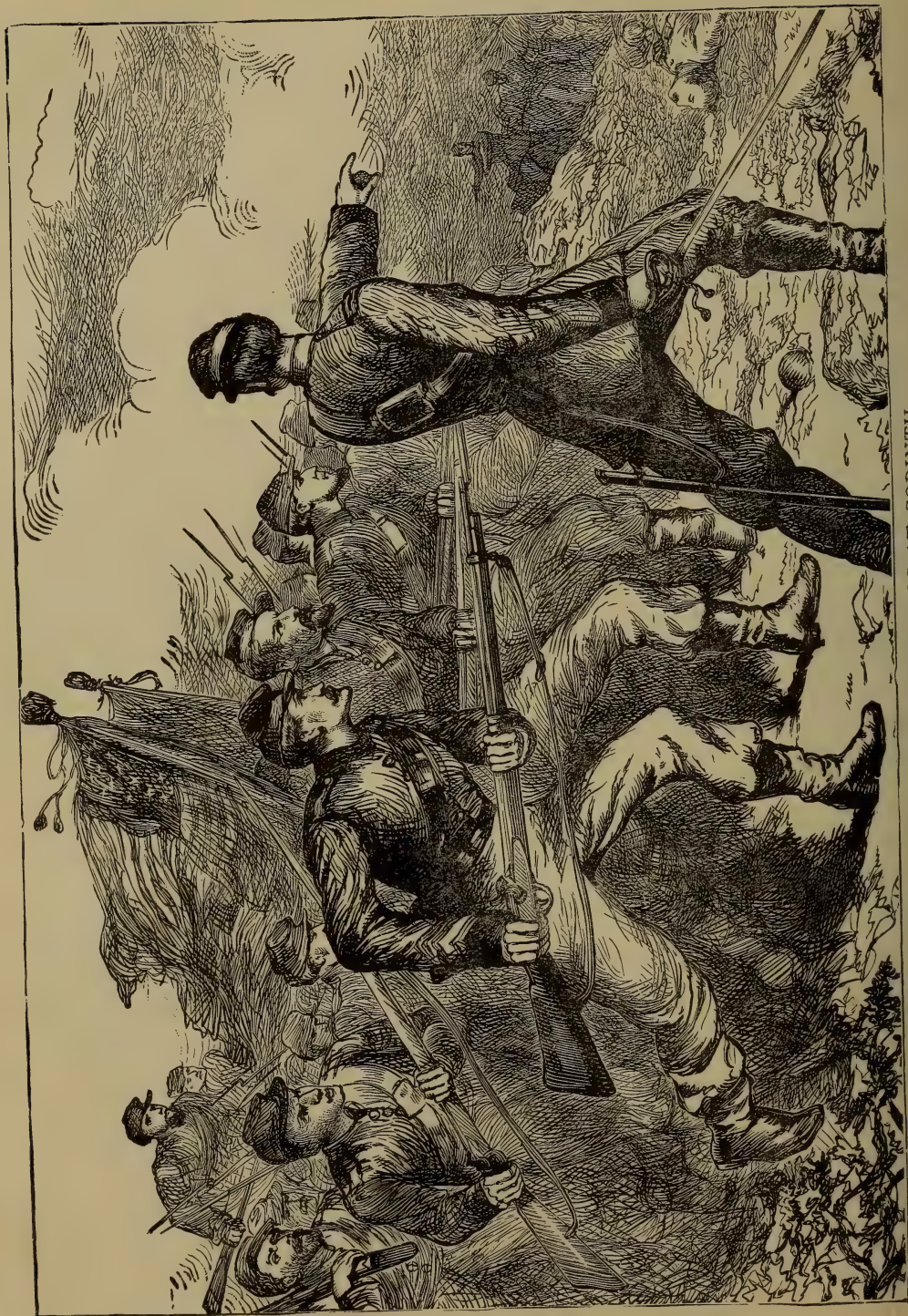
ENGAGED IN VARIOUS PURSUITS.

The following few years his life and pursuits were varied. The banking firm closed up its affairs in 1857; and in 1858-9, Sherman practiced law in Leavenworth, Kansas; and in the year following, superintended the State Military Academy at Alexandria, La. On the secession of that State, however, he went to St. Louis, where he was for a brief period the president of the Fifth Street Railroad.

On the opening of the Civil War, Sherman entered with heart and soul into the cause of the Northern States. On the 13th of May, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the 13th regiment of infantry, to be commanded by General Scott, then at Washington. Sherman was placed in command of a brigade in Tyler's division of the army, marching to Bull Run. This brigade consisted of the 13th, 69th and 79th New York, and the 2d Wisconsin regiments, which in the terrible engagement that followed suffered serious losses.

In August, Sherman was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and was sent from the Army of the Potomac to serve under General Anderson in Kentucky. In November, General Buell relieved him of this command, and Sherman was ordered to report to General Halleck, who placed him in command of Benton Barracks.

It was in February, 1862, that General Grant moved on Forts



CHARGE OF THE FEDERALS AT CORINTH.

Henry and Donelson, and after their capture Sherman was placed in command of the 5th division of the Army of the Tennessee. In the battle of Shiloh, Sherman's service was especially notable. This occurred on the 6th and 7th of April; and as Sherman's position was in the very centre of the fight, an excellent opportunity was afforded him of showing his superior mettle. Of his behavior during that engagement, General Grant wrote in his report: "I feel it a duty to a gallant and able officer, Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman, to make mention. He was not only with his command during the entire two days of the action, but displayed great judgment and skill in the management of his men. To his individual efforts, I am indebted for the success of that battle." General Halleck also says: "Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the 7th."

ORDERED TO THE DEFENSE OF MEMPHIS.

General Halleck became general-in-chief, with Grant appointed to the command of the Department of the Tennessee, and with this change Sherman was made major-general of volunteers, and was ordered by General Grant to Memphis, with directions to place the city in a state of defense. The next move of the National forces was against Vicksburg, which was covered by a Confederate army commanded by General Pemberton; and in the advance, Sherman proceeded with his forces from Memphis to Wyatt, turning Pemberton's left, who retreated to Grenada. The plan then proposed and attempted was that Sherman should return to Memphis with one brigade, reorganize a sufficient force, and move down the river in gunboats against Vicksburg, conducted by Admiral Porter, while Grant retained Pemberton in check at Grenada.

Natural causes, however, rendered this plan impracticable, and shortly after General McClelland, arriving with orders from the President to assume command of the expedition, the Army of Tennessee was divided into the 13th, 15th, 16th and 17th corps, and Sherman was placed in command of the 15th. In the engagement which followed shortly after, and which ended with the capture of Vicksburg on July 4,

1863, General Sherman's service was most active, and as a reward for his able and brilliant share in that notable fight he was appointed brigadier-general in the regular army.

At this time, Rosecrans was expelling the enemy from Central Tennessee, and after forcing them from Chattanooga and fighting the terrible battle of Chickamauga, he was compelled to rest in Chattanooga awaiting relief for his depleted force. Sherman was ordered with his corps to proceed by way of Memphis towards Chattanooga, but received on his way orders from Grant to march with all speed to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee. In the sharp action which took place shortly afterwards at Mission Ridge, Sherman's corps was the centre of the enemy's attack. Without treating that engagement in detail, it may be said that Sherman's best service there was in drawing the enemy to his flank, enabling Thomas to make a successful attack upon the ridge.

THE GREAT MARCH TO THE SEA.

On the 25th of November, the enemy were driven before Sherman in the roads north of the Chickamauga. On December 3, under Grant's orders, he proceeded to Burnside's relief at Knoxville, and after rendering sufficient assistance returned to Chattanooga. During the early part of 1864, Sherman was engaged at Jackson and Meridian, breaking up Confederate combinations and destroying communications. In March, Grant assumed command of the armies, and Sherman was placed in command of the Mississippi division, comprising the Departments of the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland and Arkansas, with headquarters at Nashville. For his recent services in the Chattanooga campaign, General Sherman received the formal thanks of Congress. It was on the 10th of April that he received final orders to move against Atlanta, and the great triumphal march began which has ever since been associated in words of highest eulogy with the name of Sherman. His advance towards Atlanta was steady and sure.

Pressing the opposing force under General Johnston constantly backward, he began the direct attack on Atlanta, July 17. In the several

battles at Peach Tree Creek, Ezra Church, and again on the east side of the city, the National forces were notably successful. Sherman sent General Thomas to Nashville to resist the advance of General Hood—an expedition that resulted in the disastrous defeat of the latter.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON.

Sherman, with the remainder of his forces, moved on against Savannah, finding nothing now to oppose his advance. Savannah was promptly taken, and General Sherman wrote to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and 25,000 bales of cotton." The victory was hailed with rejoicing.

The march of Sherman has received many a tribute of praise, but the value of the achievement cannot be too highly estimated by the adherents to the Northern cause. In August he was appointed major-general in the regular army, and in January following he again received the thanks of Congress. Sherman, leaving Savannah in February, marched north, meeting some opposition, but reaching Goldsboro on March 24th, where he met Schofield. Leaving his troops there, he joined the conference of General Grant, Admiral Porter and President Lincoln at City Point. This interview over, and the policy adopted which brought the war to a close soon after, he returned to Goldsboro, ready to cut off Lee's retreat or to reinforce Grant in front of Richmond for a final attack, if necessary.

ASKED SHERMAN THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

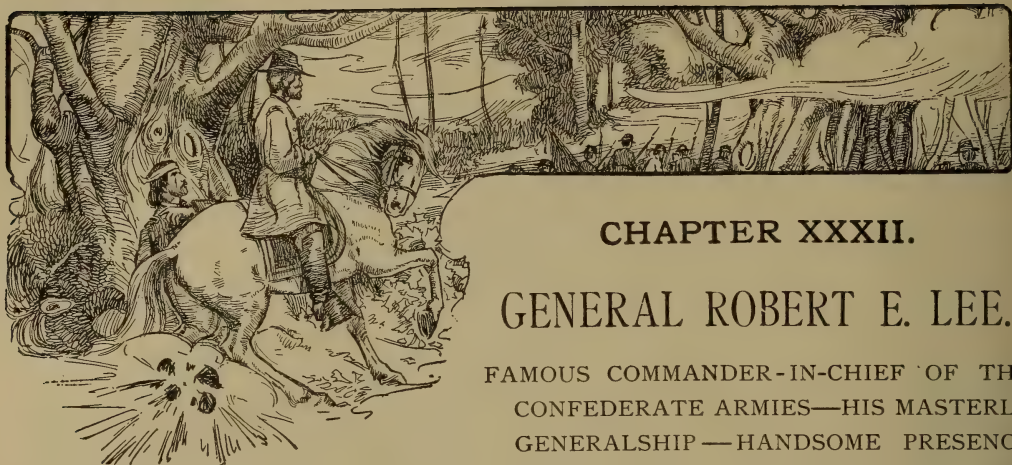
On April 12, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and Johnston, receiving the news at Greensboro, sent a message to Sherman on the 14th asking on what terms he would receive a surrender. The terms arranged in the interview and correspondence which followed were considered by the government as entirely too lenient, and they were therefore disapproved of, and the matter was re-negotiated. This slight to General Sherman was undeserved, for an examination of the matter will reveal the fact that he acted throughout the part of a courteous, considerate and humane commander. The great tide of feeling in Washington, aroused by the assassination of President Lincoln, may have given partial cause for the curt manner in which the government treated the matter. General Sherman's behavior throughout was above reproach. On the President requesting to see him, he stated in his interview that the offense to him lay in the tone and style of the publication, the insinuations it contained and the false inferences it gave rise to, and not the disapproval on the part of the government, of his terms of agreement with Johnston.

In the grand review at the close of the war, and in fact on all fitting public occasions, General Sherman received the genuine and enthusiastic

tributes which he had well earned. His life after the war was very quiet. From June, 1865, to March, 1869, he had headquarters at St. Louis, commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi, comprising the Departments of the Ohio, Missouri and Arkansas. In July, 1866, he became lieutenant-general, and on the election of General Grant to the presidency, in 1869, Sherman succeeded him as general and took up his headquarters at Washington.

On February 8, 1884, he was placed, at his own request, on the retired list, with full pay, leaving General Sheridan his successor as general-in-chief. To his military honors was added the degree of LL. D., conferred upon him by Dartmouth, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, in recognition of his superior worth as a scholar as well as a soldier. The sterling qualities which General Sherman displayed on the battlefield commanded the admiration of friends and foes alike, while the genuine, noble and sympathetic heart which beat within his breast made friends of foes, and won for him the love and respect of a nation. He died, February 14, 1891.

General Sherman came from a distinguished family. He was a brother of the Hon. John Sherman, who was for many years United States Senator from Ohio, and the author of several important measures, which gave him a wide celebrity. General Sherman was an illustrious example of the cultivated scholar and statesman in war. While a brave and competent commander, he was a true and noble citizen, a loyal friend, and a patriot whose absorbing passion was love of country.



CHAPTER XXXII.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

FAMOUS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES—HIS MASTERLY GENERALSHIP—HANDSOME PRESENCE AND CORDIAL MANNER—TYPE OF THE NOBLEST KIND OF SOLDIER—TOUCHING SCENES IN HIS MILITARY CAREER

Lord Wolseley, who visited General Lee's headquarters in 1862 subsequently wrote that "Lee is stamped on my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way." The man who elicited this somewhat extravagant eulogium was descended from fine stock. The Lees of Virginia, to whom the eminent Confederate soldier owed his origin, were an illustrious family of the State that has been designated the "Mother of Presidents." He was the son of the Revolutionary General Henry Lee, known as "Light-horse Harry," and was graduated from West Point in 1829, ranking second in a class of forty-six, and was commissioned as second lieutenant in the engineers.

At the beginning of the Mexican war he was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the army under General Wool, with the rank of captain. His abilities as an engineer and his conduct as a soldier won the special recognition of General Scott, who attributed the fall of Vera Cruz to his skill, and repeatedly singled him out for commendation. He was thrice breveted during the war, his last brevet to the rank of colonel being for services at the storming of Chapultepec.

In 1852 he was assigned to the command of the Military Academy at West Point, where he remained about three years. He wrought great improvements in the academy, notably enlarging its course of

study, and elevating it to a rank equal to that of the best military schools of Europe. On April 20, 1861—three days after the Virginia Convention adopted an ordinance of secession—Lieutenant-Colonel Lee resigned his commission in the United States Army, in obedience to his conscientious conviction that he was bound by the act of his State.

At that time, in a letter to his sister, the wife of an officer in the National army, he gave the only authenticated expression of his opinion and sentiments on the subject of secession:—

“We are now,” he wrote, “in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State.

“With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State—with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed—I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword.”

Repairing to Richmond, he was made commander-in-chief of the Virginia State forces, and in May, 1861, when the Confederate govern-



ROBERT E. LEE.

ment was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, he received his commission as full general. During the early months of the war he rendered inconspicuous services in the western part of Virginia. In the autumn he was dispatched to the coast of South Carolina, where he planned and in part constructed the defensive lines which successfully resisted all efforts directed against them till the very close of the war. General Lee was ordered to Richmond on March 13, 1862, assigned to duty "under the direction of the President," and "charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy."

ONE IMPORTANT BATTLE.

The campaign of the preceding year in Virginia had embraced but one battle of importance; it was that known as Bull Run or Manassas, and the Confederate success there had not been followed by any demonstration more active than an advance to Centreville and Fairfax Courthouse, with advanced posts on Mason's and Munson's Hills. Meantime McClellan had been more or less successfully wrestling with the problem of converting raw levies into disciplined troops, and reorganizing the National army. When, after many delays, he was finally prepared to advance, the Confederates retired to the south side of the Rappahannock, whereupon McClellan transferred his base of operations to Fort Monroe; and advanced upon Richmond by way of the Peninsula.

To counteract this move, General Joseph E. Johnston removed his army to Williamsburg, leaving Jackson's division in the valley, and Ewell's on the line of the Rappahannock. In May Johnston fell back to make his stand in defence of Richmond, immediately in front of the town. McClellan advanced to a line near the city with his army of more than 100,000 men, and, under the mistaken impression that Johnston's force outnumbered his own, waited for McDowell, who was advancing with 40,000 men from the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, to join him. To checkmate the advance of this reinforcement, General Lee ordered Ewell to join Jackson, and directed the latter to attack Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, drive him across the Potomac, and thus seem to threaten

Washington. The strategy was entirely successful. Washington was alarmed and McDowell was recalled.

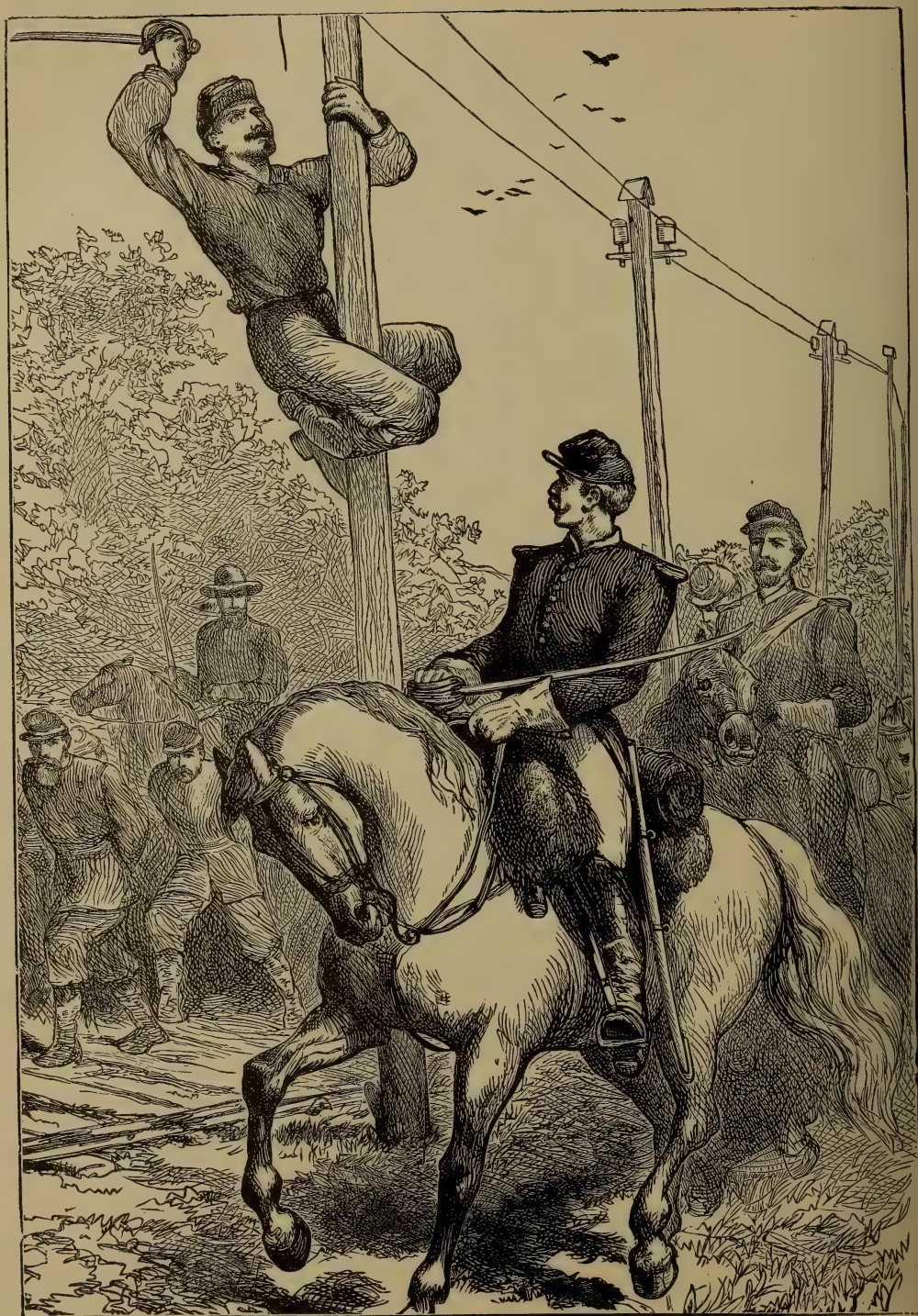
McClellan now established himself on the Chickahominy, with a part of his army thrown across the stream. A flood came in the end of May, and, believing that the swollen river had effectually isolated this force, General Johnston attacked it on May 31. Thus eventuated the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, in which Johnston was seriously wounded. McClellan now fortified his lines, and General Lee confronted him with a great army, and with the full confidence of the Confederate government. Lee's preparations were promptly and energetically executed. His capacity as a strategist and commander was first demonstrated in that brilliant series of conflicts known as the "Seven Days' Battle," by which he frustrated McClellan's plans against Richmond.

SUCCESSFUL PLAN OF GENERAL LEE.

"General Lee's plan," say Messrs. Nicolay and Hay in their *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, "was to herd and drive down the Peninsula a magnificent army, superior in numbers to his own, and not inferior in any other respect — if we except the respective commanders-in-chief. The measure of success he met with will always be a justification of his plan."

Having thus raised the siege of Richmond, Lee's ambition was to transfer the scene of operations to a distance from the Confederate capital, and thus relieve the depression occasioned in the South by the general retreat of its armies in the West. McClellan lay at Harrison's Landing, below Richmond, with an army that was still strong, and "while the Confederate capital was no longer in immediate danger, the withdrawal of the army defending it would invite attack and capture, unless McClellan's withdrawal at the same time could be compelled."

For effecting this, General Lee calculated on the excessive anxiety felt at the North for the safety of Washington. If he could so dispose of his forces as to place Washington in actual or apparent danger, he felt assured that McClellan's army would be speedily recalled. The series of movements and manœuvres that followed cul-



minated on the morning of August 29, on the same field that the first battle of Manassas or Bull Run was fought in 1861. Pope's army, reinforced by McClellan's, was in position, and battle was joined in the afternoon. After many determined but unsuccessful assaults upon Lee's lines, the National army was driven across Bull Run to Centreville.

The way now seemed clear to the Southern commander. The *esprit de corps* of his army was at the highest pitch. He felt that he could act on the aggressive and transfer the scene of operations to the enemy's territory. "The plan involved the practical abandonment of his communications; but the region into which he proposed to march was rich in food and forage, and with the aid of his active cavalry under Stuart, he trusted to his ability to sustain his army upon the Northern territory." The advance movement was at once inaugurated.

THE BATTLE AT ANTIETAM.

On September 5, the army, 45,000 strong, crossed the Potomac and took up a position near Frederick, Md., from which it might move at will against Washington or Baltimore, or invade Pennsylvania. Simultaneously "Stonewall" Jackson had been dispatched to Harper's Ferry, which, with 11,000 men and all its extensive stores, fell into his hands. Both Lee and McClellan reached Sharpsburg, and on the 17th of September battle was joined.

"The conflict of Sharpsburg or Antietam," says a writer on the war, "is called a drawn battle. It was such if the immediate result is considered. There might be no actual advantage in the fight, but McClellan had partly gained his point, and Lee's invasion of Northern territory was brought to an end. On the other hand, if we include the capture of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, Lee had inflicted greater loss upon the enemy than he had suffered."

The order assigning General Burnside to succeed McClellan in command was received at General Lee's headquarters, at Culpepper Courthouse, about twenty-four hours after it reached Warrenton.

Burnside's plan of campaign was to threaten Richmond by an advance

over a short line, while at the same time he kept Washington covered. He made his base upon the Potomac, and planned to cross the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg. Lee moved promptly to meet this new advance, and occupied a line of hills in the rear of the town. In the engagement that followed the National commander lost nearly 13,000 men, while the Southern loss was but a trifle beyond 5000. Without effecting anything, the Northern army recrossed the River on December 15, and military operations were suspended for the winter.

After the retreat General Lee went to Richmond "to suggest other operations," according to Longstreet; "but was assured, that the war was virtually over, and that we need not harass our troops by marches and other hardships. Gold had advanced in New York to 200, and we were assured by those at the Confederate capital that in thirty or forty days we would be recognized and peace proclaimed. General Lee did not share in this belief."

OPERATIONS AROUND FREDERICKSBURG.

"Fighting Joe Hooker," who succeeded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, planned a campaign for the purpose of driving Lee out of his intrenched position at Fredericksburg. His plan was well conceived, and we are assured that "no operation of the war so severely tested the skill of the Confederate commander, or so illustrated his character, as did the campaign that followed." About the end of April, 1863, Sedgwick, with 30,000 men, crossed below Fredericksburg, while Hooker, with the main body, crossed the fords above.

Leaving about 9000 men in Fredericksburg, Lee marched, on May 1, to meet Hooker's advance, which he encountered, attacked and drove back to Chancellorsville. Dividing his force, he sent Jackson with one division of the army to strike Hooker in the rear. In the fighting that followed, Jackson received a mortal wound from the fire of his own men; but in the end the Northern army was "driven with great loss from the field." Meantime Sedgwick had carried the position at Fredericksburg, and had in turn been driven across the



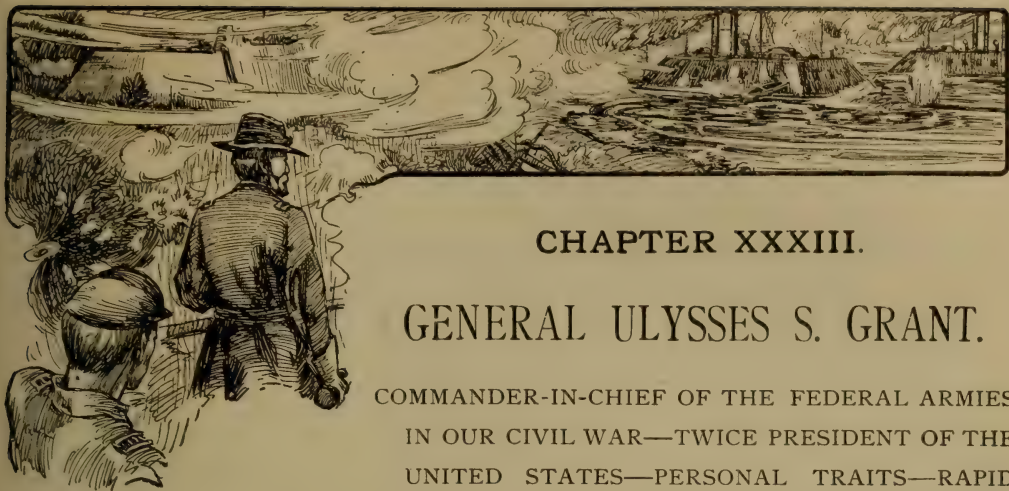
GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

river by Lee. These contests raised the confidence of General Lee's army to the highest pitch, and he again resolved to carry the scene of active operations to Northern soil.

The campaign of 1864 began with the advance of the Northern army under General Grant, who crossed the Rapidan on May 4 with 120,000 men. Lee's opposing force was about 60,000, and he attacked his adversary with his usual promptitude and courage. Lee's plan of striking the flank of Grant's army as it passed through the Wilderness has been pronounced above criticism, yet Grant's persistent hammering and superior force told the inevitable tale. "It's no use killing these fellows; half a dozen take the place of every one we kill;" is said to have been a common remark in Lee's army at this time.

Pages might be filled with the touching scenes of the great commander's surrender. "General," cried one of his men, 'take back the word 'surrender;' it is unworthy of you and of us. I have a wife and children in Georgia; I have made up my mind to die, but not to surrender." Lee placed his arm around the brave fellow's neck, and, with tears streaming down his face, said: "We have done all brave men can do. If I permitted another man to be slain, I would be a murderer."

General Lee laid down his sword in a manly, magnanimous manner, without moroseness or sullen vexation. His mind was pure, his character upright. In a remarkable degree he exhibited that inflexible devotion to duty which is exemplified in a perfect readiness to sink the consideration of self. As the biographers of Abraham Lincoln most truly and eloquently say: "Lee's handsome presence and cordial manner endeared him to his associates, and made friends of strangers at first sight." Three days after his death, which occurred October 12th, 1870, his remains were buried beneath the chapel of the University at Lexington. In accordance with his request, no funeral oration was pronounced.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

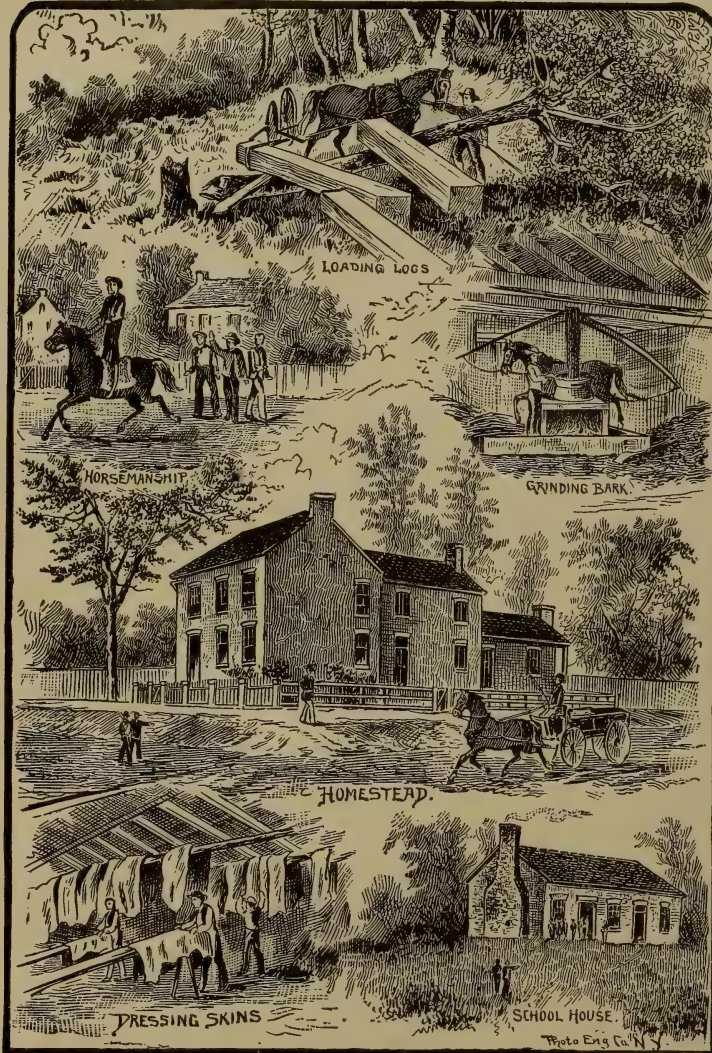
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FEDERAL ARMIES
IN OUR CIVIL WAR—TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES—PERSONAL TRAITS—RAPID
RISE IN THE ARMY—BRILLIANT NAME ON THE
HONOR ROLL OF OUR NATIONAL HEROES.

General Grant, commander of the Union Army in the Civil War, and twice President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. He was the eldest son of his parents, Jesse R. Grant and Hannah Simpson—people of modest and humble circumstances. General Grant's early years were spent in assisting his father in farm work and obtaining what rudiments of education the village school afforded.

In the spring of 1839 he became a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point, and it was at this time that his name acquired the middle initial which has caused so much curiosity. Thomas L. Hamer, M. C., who appointed the young cadet to his position, had always heard him called by the name Ulysses, and supposing that this was his first name and that his middle name was probably that of his mother's family, entered him on the official appointment as Ulysses S. Grant, instead of Hiram Ulysses Grant, as he had been christened. Frequent notification was given to the officials concerning this error, but, as no one felt authorized to correct it, he was compelled to carry his new initial through life.

Young Grant graduated in 1843, and was immediately commissioned as a brevet second lieutenant, attached to the 4th Infantry, on

duty at Jefferson barracks, not far from St. Louis. In 1845 he became second lieutenant and accompanied his regiment to Corpus Christi, joining the army there under command of General Zachary Taylor. He



GRANT'S BOYHOOD DAYS IN OHIO.

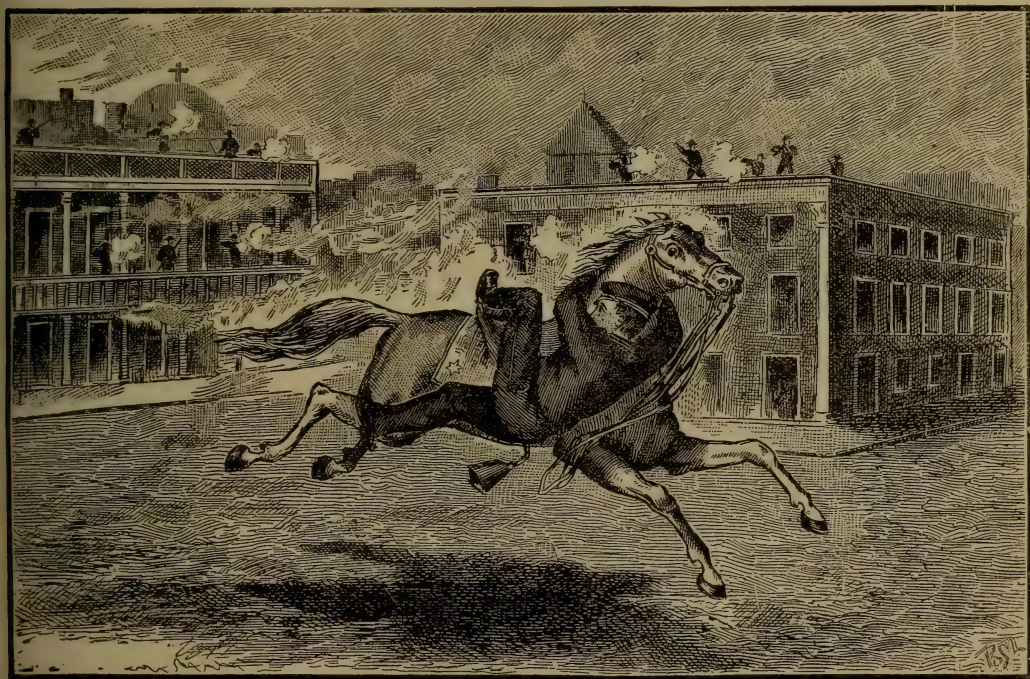
idea that resulted so successfully that General Worth sent for him and personally complimented him.

A few days after the entrance of the City of Mexico he was promoted to first lieutenant. With the withdrawal of the troops in 1848

rendered excellent service in various battles in Mexico under Generals Taylor, Scott and Worth, for which he was on several occasions commended highly by his superior officers. For brave action in the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, he was breveted first lieutenant; and in the advance against the City of Mexico, on September 14, he carried out the daring and novel project of mounting a howitzer in the belfry of an adjacent church, for the purpose of driving the enemy from a defensive work, an

he obtained leave of absence, and went to St. Louis. It was here that he married on the 22d of August, 1848, Miss Julia B. Dent, a sister of one of his West Point classmates. During the next four years he was ordered to service successively at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., Panama, California, and Fort Vancouver, Oregon.

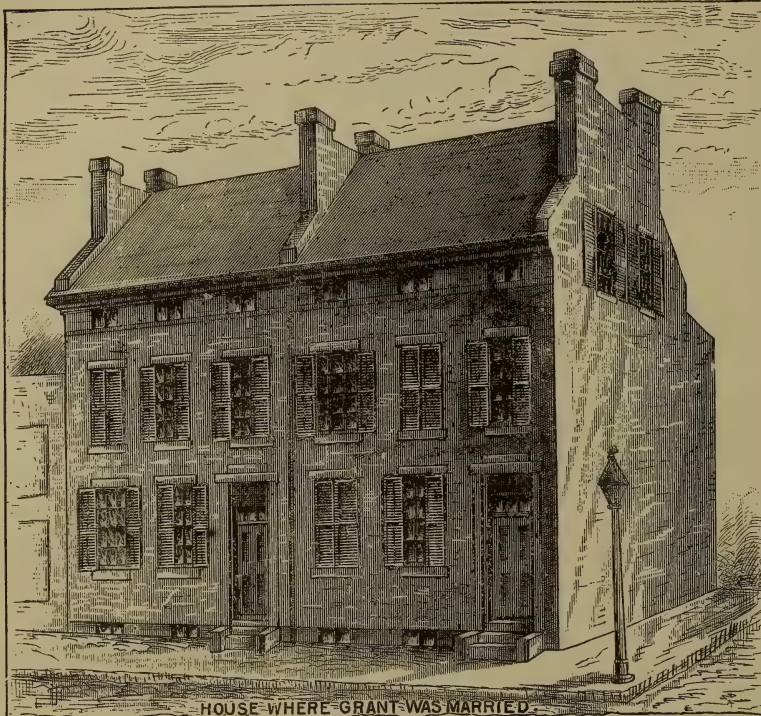
In 1853 he was appointed captain of a company at Humboldt Bay, Cal. Growing dissatisfied with this service, however, he resigned his



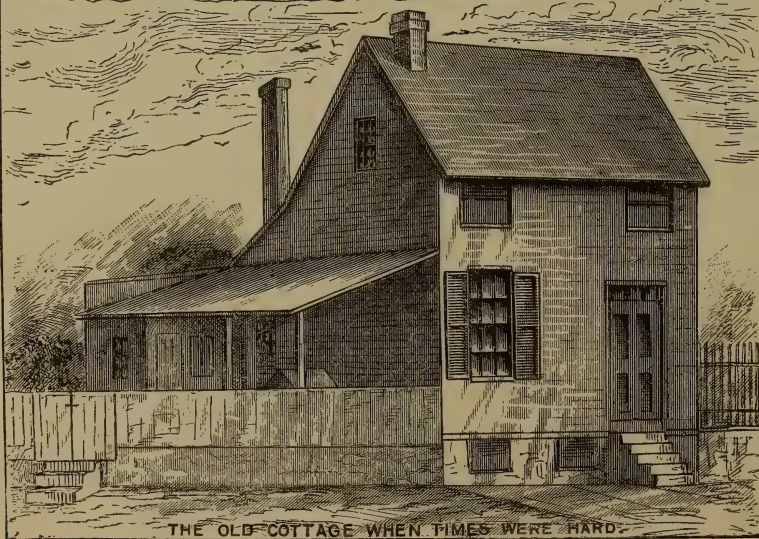
LIEUTENANT GRANT GOING FOR AMMUNITION AT MONTEREY.

commission in July of the year following, and engaged in farming near St. Louis, and later in real estate business in the same city. In 1860 he was compelled, through lack of success, to give up real estate, and went to Galena, Ill., where he entered his father's hardware and leather store as a clerk. When the news of the firing on Fort Sumter flashed through the country about a year later, Captain Grant took a decided stand for the Union, raising a company of volunteers, whom he drilled thoroughly and accompanied to Springfield, Ill.

He was appointed mustering officer by Governor Yates, of Illinois,



HOUSE WHERE GRANT WAS MARRIED.



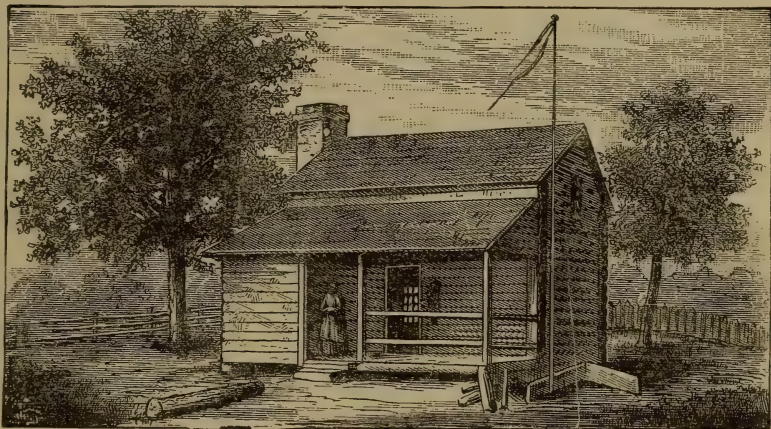
THE OLD COTTAGE WHEN TIMES WERE HARD.

and later colonel of the 21st Illinois Regiment of Infantry. This regiment he conducted to the town of Mexico, Mo., where General Pope was stationed, and on July 31, 1861, was appointed under Pope to the command of three regiments of infantry and a section of artillery. In August he became brigadier-general of volunteers and a few days afterwards was directed to report at St. Louis, where he was placed in command of the District of Southern Missouri, his headquarters be-

ing at Cairo. During the remainder of the year he was engaged in an expedition against Colonel Jeff. Thompson's Confederate forces and in

endeavors to suppress efforts at secession in Kentucky. Early in the following year, 1862, he conceived the plan of capturing Forts Henry and Donelson by the combined efforts of troops and gunboats. General Halleck, to whom he applied, however, slighted his plan, and it was only after urgent application and repeated suggestion that he was enabled to carry it out.

On the first of February, however, his expedition started, and, with the capture of Fort Henry and later of Fort Donelson, after several days of desperate fighting in harsh weather, the name of General Grant was borne on the clarion note of triumph through every town in the Northern States. This was one of the signal victories of the Civil War, and it was accomplished with an amount of strategic skill that might well command the admiration even of his foes. He was



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR FORT DONELSON.

at this time made major-general, a promotion of which he was very shortly afterwards deprived for pushing forward without orders from his superiors in command. On this account he was also compelled to remain at Fort Henry; but on March 13 his services were again required at Corinth. General Grant considerably strengthened the forces there, and immediately after the battle of Corinth turned his attention towards Vicksburg, with the purpose of capturing it. He started on this expedition on November 3, and through all the winter and spring toiled against obstacles greater than he had ever encountered before, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances, with the eventful siege of Vicksburg the prospective point in view.

In this campaign he was materially assisted by General Sherman. After a series of minor victories, General Grant was enabled at last on May 18 to close his forces about the outworks of Vicksburg and drive the enemy within. He had a force of 71,000 men to conduct the siege and protect himself from General Johnston's army attacking him in the rear. His lines, therefore, were pushed closer and closer, and General Pemberton, commander of the Confederate troops within the city, at

length asked for an armistice. General Grant's reply, however, was, "Unconditional surrender," and on July 4th the city was his. This surrender, with that of Port Hudson later, opened the Mississippi to the Gulf. In recognition of these services General Grant was made major-general in the regular army, and was presented with a gold medal by Congress, together with a formal expression of thanks to him and his army.

In October he was placed in command of the departments of the armies of the Tennessee,

the Cumberland and the Ohio. After service in this command during the winter he was called to Washington in March, and received from the President his commission as lieutenant-general, this rank having been revived by act of Congress during February. He was also placed in command of all armies, and established his headquarters at Culpepper, Va., with the Army of the Potomac, in the latter part of the month. General Grant, now fully in command, determined to organize a systematic and combined movement against the Confederate forces.

His idea was to form the National forces into several distinct



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

armies, these to act at the same time against the Confederate force opposing them, and to continue vigorous action so as to prevent any detachments on the part of the enemy for relief or raiding purposes. This policy was pursued as steadfastly as possible, with the assistance of Generals Sherman, Sigel, Sheridan and others, in various quarters, General Grant remaining with the Army of the Potomac and directing his forces chiefly against General Lee. Sherman conducted his triumphant march to the sea with the purpose in mind of joining the Army of the Potomac later. This, it had been first determined, should be accomplished

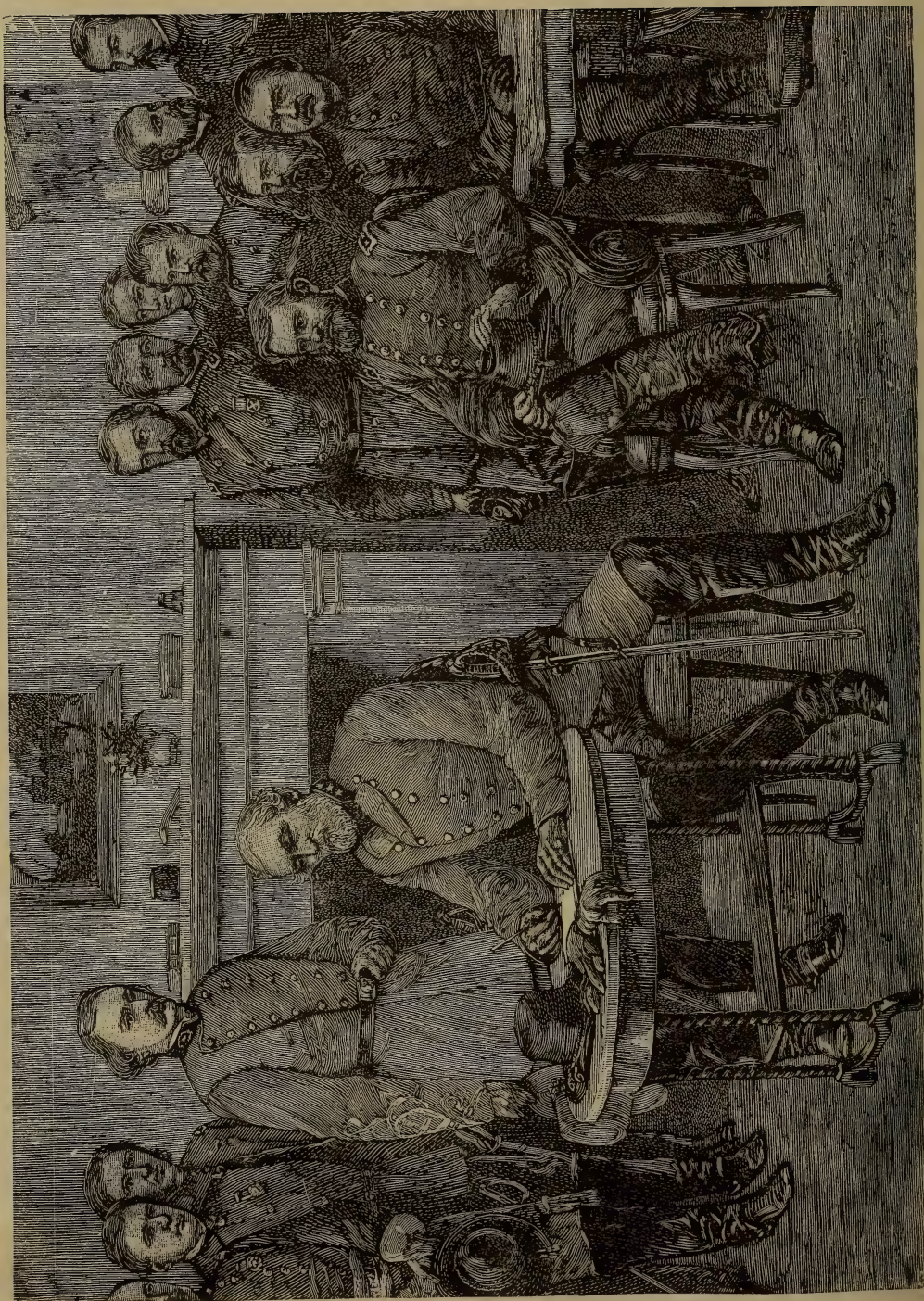
by transporting Sherman's army by sea to Virginia; but this plan was given up, and the determination was formed of marching north by land. Sheridan then marched through the Valley of Virginia,



GRANT WRITING DISPATCHES BEFORE CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

defeating Early and scattering the forces under his command; then, turning toward the East, he turned round the north of Richmond and joined the Army of the Potomac. Grant was then ready for his final campaign. President Lincoln visited him at City Point, where he was then stationed, and held a conference with him, in which Sherman and Admiral Porter also participated. Sherman then rejoined his army, the President returned to Washington, and the great campaign began for which General Grant had long been planning, and which ended in Lee's surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865.

Immediately after the close of the war General Grant hastened to Washington to stop the further manufacture and purchase of war



SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL GRANT.

materials. In the months that followed the enthusiastic greetings to General Grant knew no bounds. Wherever he went he was feted and hailed throughout the Northern States as the hero of the Civil War. Congress also, in July, 1866, created the grade of general, a higher rank than had before existed in the army, and General Grant received his commission for this rank as a reward for his faithful and worthy service. In 1868 he was unanimously nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago as a candidate for the presidency and defeated the Democratic candidate, Horatio Seymour, receiving 214 electoral votes to 80 for his opponent. His renomination in 1872 secured for him 286 electoral votes to 66 for Mr. Greeley, after a canvass marked for its exciting and aggressive character, and abounding in personal abuse on both sides.

TRIUMPHAL TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

On retiring from his second administration; General Grant determined to visit the countries of the Old World, and sailed for England on the 17th of May, 1877. The distinguished concourse of men that assembled to see him depart formed only the first of a long series of public tributes which greeted him at every point during his travels. From royalty of all nations he received honors rarely bestowed on the most distinguished of their own people, and his trip around the globe was one continued pageant, representing on every hand the most enthusiastic manifestations of welcome. At the Republican Convention of 1880 his name was again presented as a candidate for the presidency, and, but for the traditional sentiment against a third presidential term, it may fairly be believed that his nomination would have been secured.

In 1881 General Grant settled in New York City, spending his summers at Long Branch. He had hitherto had neither the leisure nor the inclination for literary work, his only effort in this line having been a vindication of General Fitz-John Porter in the *North American Review*; but in 1884, when he was somewhat straitened in circumstances on account of the great losses incurred by reason of his unfortunate connection with Ferdinand Ward, he was engaged to write a series of articles

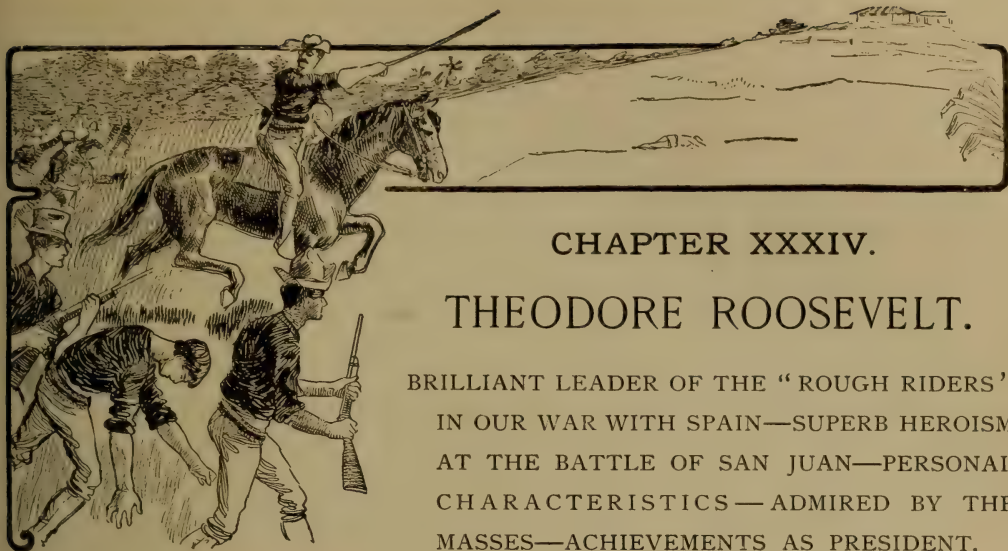
on the war of the rebellion for the Century Magazine, treating of his principal campaigns.

This led to his purpose of writing a complete work comprising his personal memoirs—a work upon which he was engaged up to the time of his death, and which has had since an enormous sale. During the summer of 1884 the first symptoms of the disease which finally proved fatal made their appearance. He struggled bravely through the year, hastening the preparation of his work, setting himself in the face of great bodily suffering to complete the volume, the sale of which was to provide for his family. In June, 1885, he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where he lived for five weeks, immediately surrounded by his family and closer friends, and the centre of a greater circle of a nation and world of sympathetic watchers. His work was completed but a few days, when, on July 23, 1885, he passed away, and the sombre shadow of death fell across a name high on the honor roll of our national heroes.

AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE NOBILITY.

General Grant was a modest, unassuming man, and these are the characteristics of true greatness. Bombast and pretense were foreign to his nature. Reared in humble life and unknown until our Civil War broke out, he never forgot his early circumstances and surroundings. He was a plain man, a rebuke to proud, self-conceited, airy men who have wonderful opinions of their own superiority and expect you to worship them accordingly.

It is remarkable that a poor, unknown and modest citizen should have risen so rapidly to the highest position in the army and nation. It shows military genius of the most brilliant order. Persistency and perseverance were his marked qualities, and these are good for young or old, and are the sureties of that success we are all seeking.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BRILLIANT LEADER OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS"
IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN—SUPERB HEROISM
AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN—PERSONAL
CHARACTERISTICS—ADMIRER BY THE
MASSES—ACHIEVEMENTS AS PRESIDENT.

Presidents die, but our government continues with unimpaired vitality. Stocks fall, but values remain. The government of this Republic is based on the bedrock of the constitution, and has in it, we fondly hope, the principle of immortality. A stricken nation wept for its beloved President, William McKinley, but its grief had in it no element of serious doubt or apprehension for the future. There was no interregnum. Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States.

No man ever came to the president's office so young as he, but for twenty years he had been in the public eye. He had had more political experience and had been more in touch with public events than a large number of our presidents previous to their inauguration. He had been all his life a student of our history and of public questions. He is a man of high standards and strong convictions and intense patriotism.

His impetuous zeal and earnestness in whatever he undertakes has been heretofore one of the main sources of his strength and political success. Tempered and sobered by the grave responsibilities of his new position, these qualities, wisely directed, will make his administration a power for good, full of solid achievement that makes for the peace and happiness of the people. While, therefore, the nation mourned with unaffected grief for our beloved and honored president, William McKinley,

there was no cause for alarm or uneasiness for the future. In the language of President McKinley, in one of his public addresses, "The structure of the fathers stands secure upon the foundations on which they raised it, and is to-day, as it has been in the years past, and as it will be in the years to come, the Government of the people, by the people, for the people. Be not disturbed. There is no fear for the Republic."

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York city on October 27, 1858,

and comes from a family that for generations has been noted for its wealth, social position, high intelligence, disinterested public spirit, general usefulness and philanthropy.

The part acted by President Roosevelt in our war with Spain gave him great prominence and showed the sterling characteristics of the man. General Wheeler's official account of the first battle at Santiago, officially known as the battle of Sibony, or La Quasina, thus refers to the famous Rough Rider:

"Colonel Wood's regiment was on the extreme left



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

of the line and too far distant from me to be a witness of the individual conduct of the officers and men; but the magnificent bravery shown by the regiment under the lead of Colonel Wood testifies to his courage and skill and the energy and determination of his officers, which have been marked from the moment he reported to me at Tampa, Fla., and I have abundant evidence of his brave and good conduct on the field, and I recommend him for the consideration of the Government. I must rely upon his report

to do justice to his officers and men, but I desire personally to add that all I have said regarding Colonel Wood applies equally to Colonel Roosevelt.

"I was immediately with the troops of the first and tenth regular cavalry, dismounted, and I personally noticed their brave and good conduct, which will be specially mentioned by General Young."

"There must have been nearly fifteen hundred Spaniards in front and to the sides of us," said Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt just after the fight. "They held the ridges with the rifle pits and machine guns, and hid a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out. But they lost Captain Capron, Lieutenant Thomas, and about fifteen men killed or wounded.

FIRING THAT WAS ACCURATE AND HEAVY.

"The Spanish firing was accurate, so accurate indeed that it surprised me, and their firing was fearfully heavy. I want to say a word for our own men," continued Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. "Every officer and man did his duty up to the hilt. Not a man flinched."

From another officer who took a prominent part in the fighting, more details were obtained. "When the firing began," said he, "Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt took the right wing with Troops G and K, under Captains Llewelyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard. At the same time, Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced one hundred yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left.

"In the meantime, the firing of the Spaniards had increased in volume; but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward. Colonel Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance. In a

moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down. On the right wing Captain M Clintock had his leg broken by a bullet from a machine gun, while



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A HUNTER IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS

four of his men went down. At the same time, Captain Luna, of Troop F, lost nine of his men. Then the reserves, Troops K and E, were ordered up.

“There was no more hesitation. Colonel Wood, with the right

wing, charged straight at a block-house eight hundred yards away, and Colonel Roosevelt, on the left, charged at the same time. Up the men went, yelling like fiends, never stopping to return the fire of the Spaniards, but keeping on with a grim determination to capture the block-house.

"That charge was the end. When within five hundred yards of the



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND TWO TROOPERS OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

coveted point, the Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure, which the Spaniards had been experiencing all through the engagement, of shooting with the enemy in sight."

Said an officer of high rank: "I cannot speak too highly of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. He is every inch a fighter, and led a charge of dismounted cavalry against men in pits at San Juan successfully. It was

a wonderful charge, and showed Roosevelt's grit. I was not there, but I have been told of it repeatedly by those who saw him on the hill."

Two reports made by Colonel Roosevelt to his superior officer in front of Santiago in July were given out by the War Department at Washington, December 22, 1898. Both reports describe the operations of the Rough Riders in the battle of San Juan.

In his first report, dated July 4th, he mentions by name many of the troopers who distinguished themselves by their bravery. This part of the report, which was made by Roosevelt, as lieutenant-colonel in charge of the regiment, to Colonel Wood, temporarily in charge of the brigade, gave well-merited praise to our gallant soldiers.

NOMINATED FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

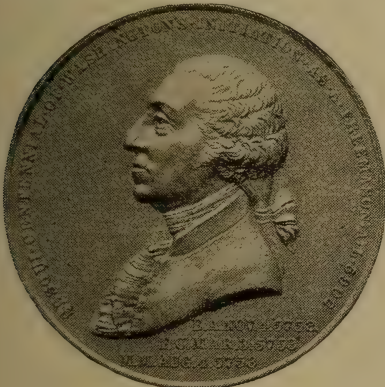
Mr. Roosevelt was the most conspicuous hero of our war with Spain. Upon his return he was elected Governor of the State of New York. In this responsible office he exhibited the same robust qualities and decision of character that had distinguished him through all his public career. Against his own protests he was nominated, in 1900, for the office of Vice-President and was, with Mr. McKinley, elected by a large majority.

In the nominating convention, Colonel Young, of Iowa, presented his name and spoke as follows :

"On the ship Yucatan was that famous regiment of Rough Riders of the far West and the Mississippi Valley (applause). In command of that regiment was that fearless young American, student, scholar, plainsman, reviewer, historian, statesman, soldier, of the middle West by adoption, of New York by birth. That fleet sailed around the point, coming to the place of landing, stood off the harbor, two years ago to-morrow, and the navy bombarded that shore to make a place for landing, and no man who lives who was in that campaign as an officer, as a soldier, or as a camp follower, can fail to recall the spectacle; and, if he closes his eyes he sees the awful scenes in that campaign in June and July, 1898.

"And the leader of that campaign of one of those regiments shall be the name that I shall place before the Convention for the office of Vice-President of the United States (applause).

"Now, gentlemen of the Convention, I place before you this distinguished leader of Republicanism of the United States ; this leader of the aspirations of the people whose hearts are right, and this leader of the aspirations of the young men of this country. Their hearts and consciences are with this young leader, whom I shall name for the Vice-



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

MASONIC MEDALLION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT CELEBRATION OF THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S INITIATION AS A MASON.

Presidency of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt, of New York." (Loud cheering.)

When the roll of States was called, it is needless to say every delegate voted for Roosevelt with one exception, and that was himself. A demonstration of the wildest and most enthusiastic character, and lasting half an hour, followed the announcement that Roosevelt was the nominee for Vice-President. Palms were waved, the standards of the various delegations were hurried to the platform, the band attempted to make itself heard amid the loud acclaim, processions of excited, cheering delegates marched up and down the aisles, and the popular New York Governor was congratulated by as many as could get within reach of him.

The tragic scenes attending the death of President McKinley will ever remain in the memory of the present generation. Mr. Roosevelt

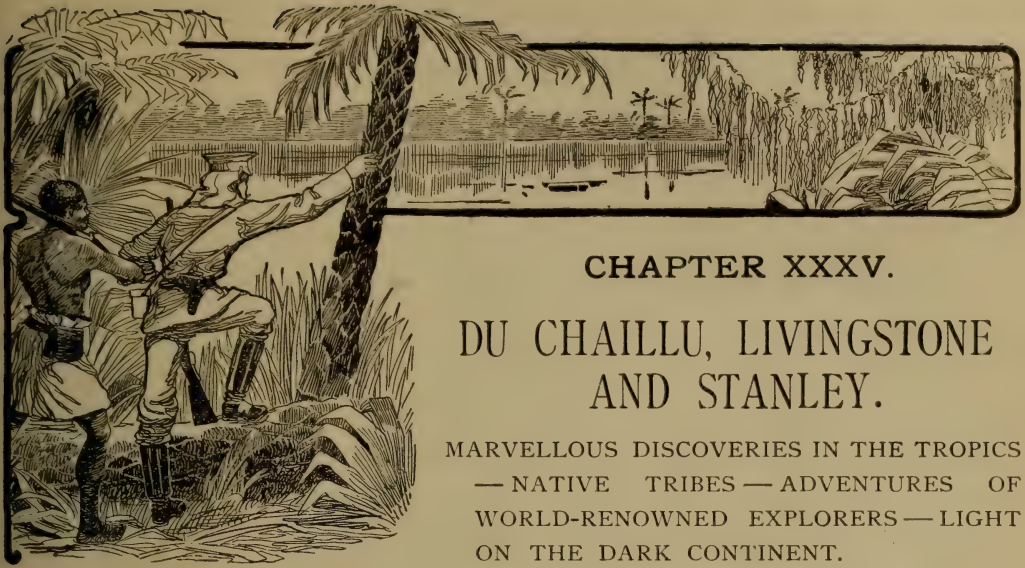
was suddenly called to take the reins of our national government. He reassured the people at once by stating it would be his aim to pursue absolutely unbroken the line of public policies which President McKinley had marked out for the republic.

President Roosevelt's administration has been signalized by several important measures, which have proved his sturdy character and brilliant statesmanship. His action in settling the great coal strike of 1902 was a masterly piece of business. After long and patient efforts he succeeded in bringing the miners and operators together. He continued his negotiations for a settlement, and on October 14, induced the operators to submit the whole matter to a Commission, which was appointed by the President. With the most consummate tact and wise proceedings the great strike was brought to a successful termination, and the most threatening and gigantic industrial war of recent years was ended to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

THE QUALITIES OF NOBLE MANHOOD.

Trouble arose between the European Powers and Venezuela concerning claims made by the former, and President Roosevelt was urged to act as arbitrator. He wisely decided to take no part in the controversy, and at his suggestion it was referred to the tribunal of the Hague. He urged upon Congress, and succeeded in having passed a bill for the construction of the Panama Canal.

From his example let all young persons learn the value of high aims, hard work, conscientious endeavor, and a warm and generous nature. Let them also learn that clean living, honesty of purpose and self-reliance must be found in the make-up of every great character. For these reasons the plain people believe in him. They know he is more than a mere politician. His enthusiastic devotion to duty, and the opportunities to show it, are what make him a hero.



CHAPTER XXXV.

DU CHAILLU, LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

MARVELLOUS DISCOVERIES IN THE TROPICS
— NATIVE TRIBES — ADVENTURES OF
WORLD-RENOWNED EXPLORERS — LIGHT
ON THE DARK CONTINENT.

Paul Du Chaillu, an American by birth, but a Frenchman by parentage, between 1856 and 1859, traversed the regions of Africa on the line of the equator, and made scientific discoveries of great importance.

A second journey, in which Ashango Land was visited, and the most westerly buttresses examined of the great mountain range supposed to divide the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, was also fruitful of results, and the two expeditions may be looked upon as steps towards the realization of that dream of the present age, the connection of the eastern and western coasts of Central Africa, a dream now become almost a waking reality by the conclusion of Stanley's world-famous journeys.

Du Chaillu, whose expenses were paid by a Philadelphia scientific society, arrived at the mouth of the Gaboon River, already dotted with missionary settlements, early in 1856, having, in several years' residence on the coast as a trader, acquired considerable experience in dealing with the Mpongwes, the chief native tribe of the coast districts. Being anxious to harden himself to the climate of the interior, so often fatal to the white man, he took up his quarters at Baraka, eight miles up the river, the station of an American mission founded about 1842. Here our hero was most hospitably entertained, and the early part of his

narrative is occupied in describing the results already achieved by the little band of Christian teachers there at work, who devoted most of their time to the instruction of the children, teaching them to read the Scriptures in their own language, and to master the first principles of geography and arithmetic. They hoped, by these means, gradually to change the whole character of the Mpongwe race, many members of which have good intellectual ability.

He spent four years exploring the region, two degrees on each side of the equator, making many interesting discoveries and traveling about 8000 miles, always on foot, and unaccompanied by white men. The results of his travels excited uncommon interest, not only in the scientific world, but among all classes of intelligent readers. A work published on his explorations contained important contributions to geography, the African tribes and the animals of the "Dark Continent."

DISCOVERED ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

His contributions to zoology related mainly to the gorilla and other large apes. He shot more than 2000 birds, 60 of which were previously unknown, and killed over 1000 quadrupeds. The latter were such as live in the forests and jungles of Africa, some specimens of which have been shown in our own country. His account of his travels seemed to many persons incredible, and was sharply criticised, some of the critics maintaining that the whole story was a myth, and was concocted to gull the public. Especially was there incredulity concerning his descriptions of the gorilla in his native haunts.

Du Chaillu's credit and veracity were, however, maintained by some men of the highest eminence, and particularly by Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Owen. The substantial accuracy of his statements was soon confirmed by a French expedition which explored the Ogoway River, and vindicated the truthfulness of the great explorer's statements.

On his several journeys and the discoveries he made, Du Chaillu published a number of works, one of the best known and most fascinating being "The Land of the Midnight Sun." The interest in his explo-

rations centres chiefly in the gorilla, and we here append his graphic account of a combat with that monster of the forest. The reader will bear in mind that when he first returned to this country he brought with him complete specimens, male and female, both skins and skeletons, in excellent preservation. He was the first white man who killed a gorilla with his own hand, or who had an opportunity to study its habits in its native forests.

The adult male is from five to six feet high, though after death it may be stretched beyond this. It far surpasses man in the dimensions of the head, neck, body and arms and in the width of the shoulders; some are said to measure from seven to nine feet from the end of one outstretched hand to that of the other. It is principally an inhabitant of the woods. Its favorite mode of progression is on all fours. When it assumes the erect posture it flexes the arms upward or crosses them on the nape in order to counterbalance the tendency of the trunk to fall forward.

ENORMOUS JAWS OF GREAT STRENGTH.

Its strength is enormous not only in the jaws, which can crush the barrel of a musket, but in the hands and feet, which it uses in attack and defence. The males are very ferocious, generally attacking man and animal intruding upon their haunts. If wounded the gorilla is more terrible than the lion. They advance on the enemy in an erect position, a few steps at a time, beating their breasts with both hands and roaring terribly. When near enough they spring upon him and destroy him with their powerful hands. Few monsters that roam the forest are furnished with such powerful means of defence, or use them so savagely. It is next to impossible to capture the full-grown gorilla alive. If, however, the old ones can be despatched, the young gorilla can be taken.

The great gorilla, as slain by Du Chaillu—and he shot several large males—did not, in any case, appear to die hard; but it must be remembered that he allowed the beast to get close upon him before he gave him the fatal shot. It is, he says, a maxim with the well-trained gorilla hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown

them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this onset no man can withstand.

One blow of that huge paw with its nails, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to re-load, and flight is vain. No animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to face, and uses its arms as its weapons of offence, just as a man or a prize fighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw. "In all my hunts," says Du Chaillu, "and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off.

WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO FIRE.

"The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male at greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger. Fortunately, the gorilla dies as easily as man; a shot in the breast, if fairly delivered, is sure to bring him down. He falls forward on his face, his long, muscular arms outstretched, and uttering with his last breath a hideous death-cry, half roar, half shriek, which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles his ears with a dreadful note of human agony."

In his attack, at least upon man as his adversary, the male gorilla has a mode of doing it that is very peculiar; and if correct, as described by Du Chaillu, it has the stamp of being remarkably uniform among the species. The similarity of manner taken by several of these male beasts, in going to the encounter, is quite surprising, since it looks like the result of some drill, which these animals had previously put into practice by concert. But the gorilla's brain warrants no such supposi-

tion ; and his conduct, general and particular, gives proof of the presence of only a slender amount of intelligence. "The corresponding small amount of brain," says Du Chaillu, "in the male gorilla, and the excessive preponderance of the cerebellum or back brain, with its enormous strength, would seem to corroborate our opinion of the excessive brutality of this beast." How then, is the uniformity of the operation to be accounted for? Is it in any way instinctive? Here, however, the oddly offensive attitude put on by the gorilla while entering the scene of conflict shall speak for itself.

One day, after traveling some hours in search of the great ape, Du Chaillu tells us he found his first gorilla in a dense and impenetrable part of the forest. "Sud-



ENCOUNTER WITH A GORILLA.

denly Miengai, a native, uttered a little cluck with his tongue. Immediately I noticed a noise, as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought

themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking. Suddenly as we were creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us the king of the African forest, a terrible creature to look at.

BREAST RESOUNDED LIKE A BASS DRUM.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods, and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now, truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan, which had something terribly human in it, and yet

was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body.”

This gorilla onset, then, is remarkable as being attended by advances, halts, roars, and beatings of the breast, and it is all the more striking since it is not the conduct of an individual alone, for this celebrated traveler and strongly nerved hunter says, that the others of this species, shot by him, behaved in the very same way.

Paul Du Chaillu died at St. Petersburg, April 30, 1903.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

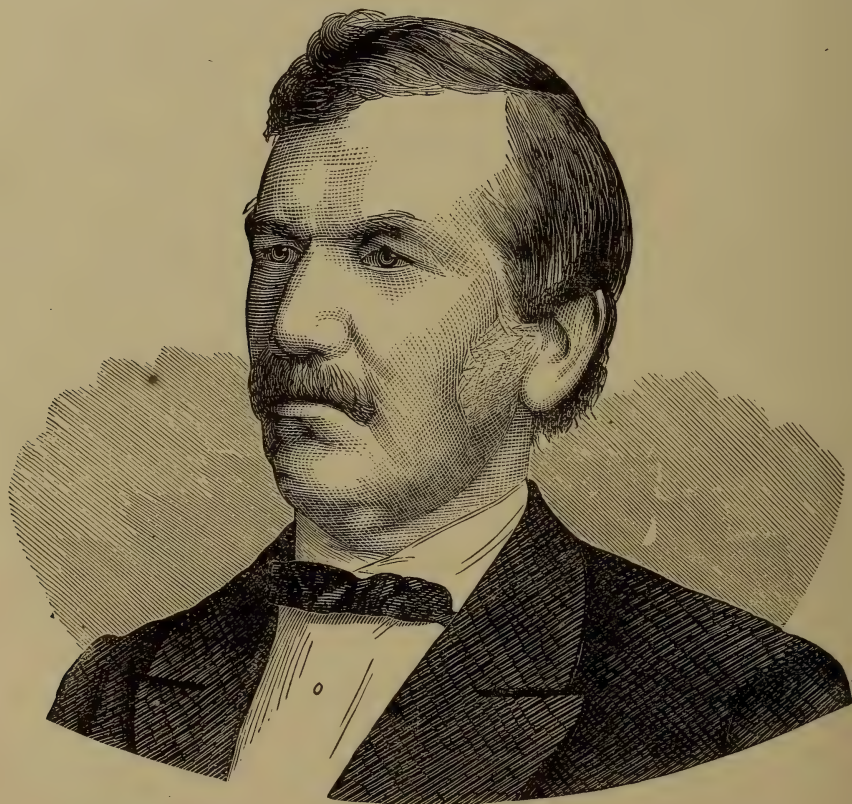
David Livingstone, missionary and explorer, was born on March 19, 1813, at the village of Blantyre Works, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. David was the second child of his parents Neil Livingston (for so he spelled his name, as did his son for many years) and Agnes Hunter. His parents were poor and self-respecting, typical examples of all that is best among the humbler families of Scotland.

At the age of ten years, David left the village school for the neighboring cotton mill, and by strenuous efforts he qualified himself at the age of twenty-three to undertake a college curriculum. He attended for two sessions the medical and the Greek classes in Anderson's College, and also a theological class. In September, 1838, he went up to London, and was accepted by the London Missionary Society as a candidate. During the next two years he resided mostly in London, diligently attending medical and science classes, and spending part of his time with the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at Ongar in Essex, studying theology and learning to preach. He took his medical degree in the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow in November, 1840.

Livingstone had from the first set his heart on China, and it was a great disappointment to him that the Society finally decided to send him to Africa. To an exterior in these early years somewhat heavy and uncouth, he united a manner which, by universal testimony, was irresist-

ibly winning, with a fund of genuine but simple humor and fun that would break out on the most unlikely occasions, and in after years enabled him to overcome difficulties and mellow refractory chiefs when all other methods failed.

Livingstone sailed from England on December 8, 1840. From Algoa Bay he made direct for Kuruman the mission station, 700 miles north,



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

established by Hamilton and Moffat thirty years before, and there he arrived on July 31, 1841. The next two years Livingstone spent in traveling about the country to the northward, in search of a suitable outpost for settlement. During these two years he had already become convinced that the success of the white missionary in a field like Africa is not to be reckoned by the tale of doubtful conversions he can send home each year,—that the proper work for such men was that of

pioneering, opening up and starting new ground, leaving native agents to work it out in detail.

The whole of his subsequent career was a development of this idea. He selected the valley of Mabotsa, on one of the sources of the Limpopo river, 200 miles northeast of Kuruman, as his first station. It was shortly after his settlement here that he was attacked by a lion which crushed his left arm, and nearly put an end to his career. The arm was imperfectly set, and it was a source of trouble to him at times throughout his life, and was the means of identifying his body after his death. To a house, mainly built by himself at Mabotsa, Livingstone, in 1844, brought home his wife, Mary Moffat, the daughter of Moffat of Kuruman. Here he labored till 1846, when he removed to Chonuane, 40 miles further north, the chief place of the Backwain tribe under Sechele.

WHOLE TRIBE FOLLOW THEIR MISSIONARY.

In 1847, he again removed to Kolobeng, about 40 miles westward, the whole tribe following their missionary. With the help of and in the company of two English sportsmen, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray, he was able to undertake a journey of great importance to Lake Ngami, which had never yet been seen by a white man. Crossing the Kalahari Desert, of which Livingstone gave the first detailed account, they reached the lake on August 1, 1849. In April next year, he made an attempt to reach Sebituane, who lived 200 miles beyond the lake, this time in company with his wife and children, but again got no further than the lake, as the children were seized with fever. A year later, April, 1851, Livingstone, again accompanied by his family and Mr. Oswell, set out, this time with the intention of settling among the Makololo for a period.

At last he succeeded and reached the Chobe, a southern tributary of the Zambesi, and in the end of June discovered the Zambesi itself at the town of Sesheke. Leaving the Chobe on August 13, the party reached Capetown in April, 1852. Livingstone may now be said to have completed the first period of his career in Africa, the period in which the work of the missionary had the greatest prominence. Henceforth

he appears more in the character of an explorer, but it must be remembered that he regarded himself to the last as a pioneer missionary, whose work was to open up the country to others.

Having, with a sad heart, seen his family off to England, Livingstone left the Cape on June 8, 1852, and reached Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, on the Chobe, on May 23, 1853, was received in royal style by Sekeletu, and welcomed by all the people. His first object in this journey was to seek for some healthy high land in which to plant a station. Ascending the Zambesi, he, however, found no place free from the destructive tsetse insect, and therefore resolved to discover a route to the interior from either the west or east coast. To accompany Livingstone in his hazardous undertaking twenty-seven men were selected from the various tribes under Sekeletu, partly with a view to open up a trade route between their own country and the coast.

PUSHING ON INTO THE INTERIOR.

The start was made from Linyanti on November 11, 1853, and, by ascending the Leeba, Lake Dilolo was reached on February 20, 1854. On April 4th the Coango was crossed, and on May 31st the town of Loanda was entered, much to the joy of the men,—their leader, however, being all but dead from fever, semi-starvation, and dysentery. Livingstone speaks in the warmest terms of the generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officials. From Loanda Livingstone sent his astronomical observations to Maclear at the Cape, and an account of his journey to the Royal Geographical Society, which in May, 1855, awarded him its highest honor, its gold medal. Loanda was left on September 20, 1854, but Livingstone lingered long about the Portuguese settlements. Making a slight detour to the north to Cabango, the party reached Lake Dilolo on June 13th.

Here Livingstone made a careful study of the watershed of the country in what is perhaps the most complicated river system in the world. He "now for the first time apprehended the true form of the river systems and the continent," and the conclusions he came to have been

essentially confirmed by subsequent observations. The return journey from Lake Dilolo was by the same route as that by which the party came. Their reception all along the Barotse valley was an ovation, and Linyanti was reached in the beginning of September.

For Livingstone's purposes the route to the west was unavailable, and he decided to follow the Zambesi to its mouth. With a numerous following, he left Linyanti on November 8, 1855. A fortnight afterwards he made the great discovery with which, in popular imagination, his name is more intimately associated than with anything else he did—the famous “Victoria” falls of the Zambesi, which after a second examination in his subsequent journey, he concluded to be due to an immense fissure or fault right across the bed of the river, which was one means of draining off the waters of the great lake that he supposed must have at one time occupied the centre of the continent.

REMARKABLE TROPICAL JOURNEY.

He had already formed a true idea of the configuration of the continent as a great hollow or basin-shaped plateau, surrounded by a ring of mountains. Livingstone reached the Portuguese settlement of Tette on March 2, 1856, in a very emaciated condition, and after six weeks, left his men well cared for, and proceeded to Kilimane, where he arrived on May 20, thus having completed in two years and six months one of the most remarkable and fruitful journeys on record. The results in geography and in natural science in all its departments were abundant and accurate; his observations necessitated a reconstruction of the map of Central Africa. Men of the highest eminence in all departments of science testified to the high value of Livingstone's work.

In later years, it is true, the Portuguese, embittered by his unsparing denunciations of their traffic in slaves, attempted to depreciate his work, and to maintain that much of it had already been done by Portuguese explorers. When Livingstone began his work in Africa it was virtually a blank from Kuruman to Timbuctoo, and nothing but envy or ignorance can throw any doubt on the originality of his discoveries.

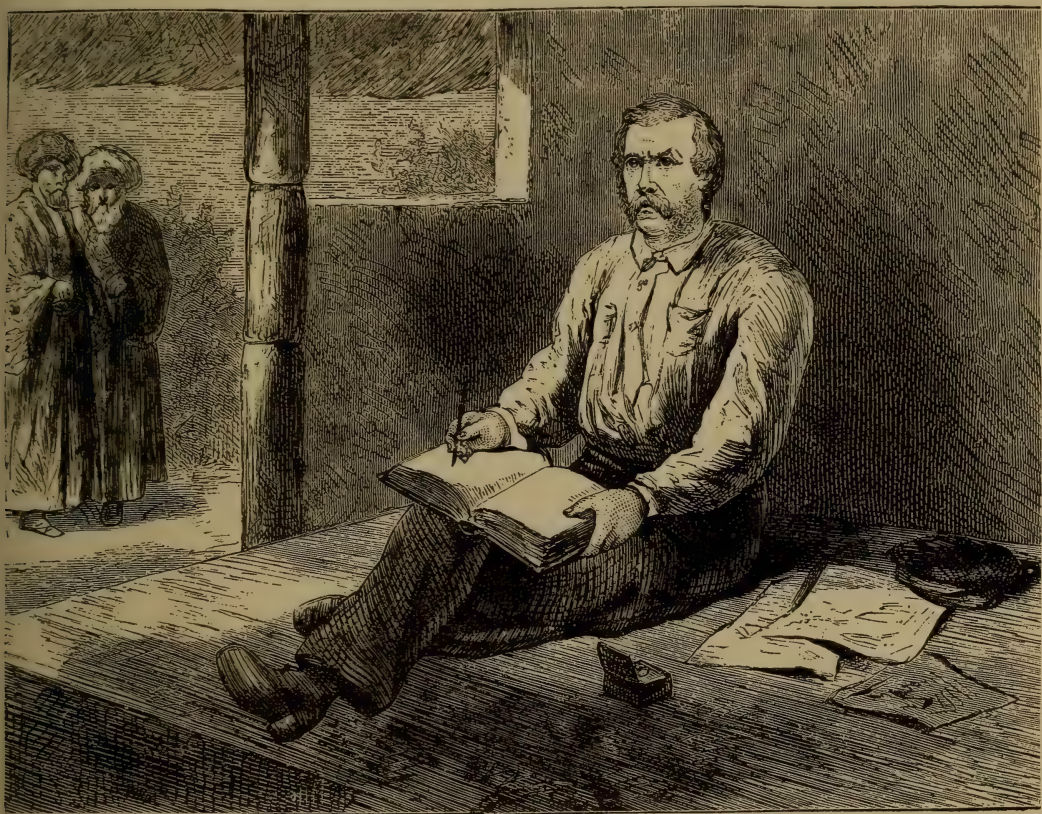
On December 12, he arrived in England, after an absence of sixteen years, and met everywhere with the welcome of a hero. He told his story in his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," with straightforward simplicity, and with no effort after literary style, and no apparent consciousness that he had done anything extraordinary. Its publication brought what he would have considered a competency had he felt himself at liberty to settle down for life. In 1858 he severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, with whom, however, he always remained on the best of terms, and in February, 1858, he accepted the appointment of "Her Majesty's consul at Kilimane for the eastern coast and the independent districts in the interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa."

GREAT ZAMBESI EXPEDITION.

The Zambesi expedition, of which Livingstone thus became commander, sailed from Liverpool in the government ship *Pearl*, on March 10, 1858, and reached the mouth of the Zambesi on May 14, and the party ascended the river from the Kongone mouth in a steam launch, the *Ma-Robert*, reaching Tette on September 8. The remainder of the year was spent in examining the river above Tette, and especially the Kebrabasa rapids. Most of the year 1859 was spent in the exploration of the river Shire and Lake Nyassa, which was discovered in September; and much of the year 1860 was spent by Livingstone in fulfilling his promise to take such of the Makalolo home as cared to go. In January of next year arrived Bishop Mackenzie and a party of missionaries sent out by the Universities Mission to establish a station on the upper Shire.

After exploring the river Rovuma for 30 miles in his new vessel, the *Pioneer*, Livingstone and the missionaries proceeded up the Shire to Chibisa's; there they found the slave trade rampant, desolating the country and paralyzing all effort. On July 15, Livingstone, accompanied by several native carriers, started to show the bishop the country. Several bands of slaves whom they met were liberated, and after seeing

the missionary party settled in the highlands of Magomero to the south of Lake Shirwa, Livingstone spent from August to November in exploring Lake Nyassa. While the boat sailed up the west side of the lake to near the north end, the explorer marched along the shore. He returned



DR. LIVINGSTONE AT WORK ON HIS JOURNAL.

more resolved than ever to do his utmost to rouse the civilized world to put down the desolating slave trade.

On January 30, 1862, at the Zambesi mouth, Livingstone welcomed his wife and the ladies of the mission, with whom were the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a river steamer which Livingstone had had built at his own expense, absorbing most of the profits of his book, and for which he never got any allowance. When the mission ladies reached the mouth of the Ruot tributary of the Shire, they were stunned to hear of the death of the bishop and of Mr. Burrup. This was a sad blow to Livingstone,

seeming to have rendered his efforts to establish a mission futile. A still greater loss to him was that of his wife at Shupanga, on April 27, 1862.

The *Lady Nyassa* was taken to the Rovuma. Up this river Livingstone managed to steam 156 miles, but further progress was arrested by rocks. Returning to the Zambesi in the beginning of 1863, he found that the desolation caused by the slave trade was more horrible and widespread than ever. It was clear that the Portuguese officials were themselves at the bottom of the traffic. Kirk and Charles Livingstone being compelled to return to England on account of their health, the doctor resolved once more to visit the lake, and proceeded some distance up the west side and then northwest as far as the watershed that separates the Loangwa from the rivers that run into the lake.

BACK AGAIN IN ENGLAND.

Meanwhile a letter was received from Earl Russell recalling the expedition by the end of the year. In the end of April, 1864, Livingstone reached Zanzibar in the *Lady Nyassa*, and on the 30th he set out with nine natives and four Europeans for Bombay, which was reached after an adventurous voyage of a month, and on July 23 Livingstone arrived in England. He was naturally disappointed with the results of this expedition, all its leading objects being thwarted through no blame of his. For the unfortunate disagreements which occurred, and for which he was blamed in some quarters, he must be held acquitted, as he was by the authorities at home ; though it is not necessary to maintain that Livingstone was exempt from the trying effects on the temper of African fever, or from the intolerance of lukewarmness which belongs to all exceptionally strong natures.

Still the results at the time, and especially those of the future, were great. The geographical results, though not in extent to be compared to those of his first and his final expeditions, were of high importance, as were those in various departments of science. Details will be found in his "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," published in 1865.

By Murchison and his other staunch friends Livingstone was as warmly welcomed as ever. When Murchison proposed to him that he should go out again, although he seems to have had a desire to spend the remainder of his days at home, the prospect was too tempting to be rejected. He was appointed consul to Central Africa without a salary, and Government contributed only \$2,500 to the expedition. The chief help came from private friends. During the latter part of the expedition Government granted him \$5,000, but that, when he learned of it, was devoted to his great undertaking. The Geographical Society contributed \$2,500. The two main objects of the expedition were the suppression of slavery by means of civilizing influences, and the ascertainment of the watershed in the region between Nyassa and Tanganyika.

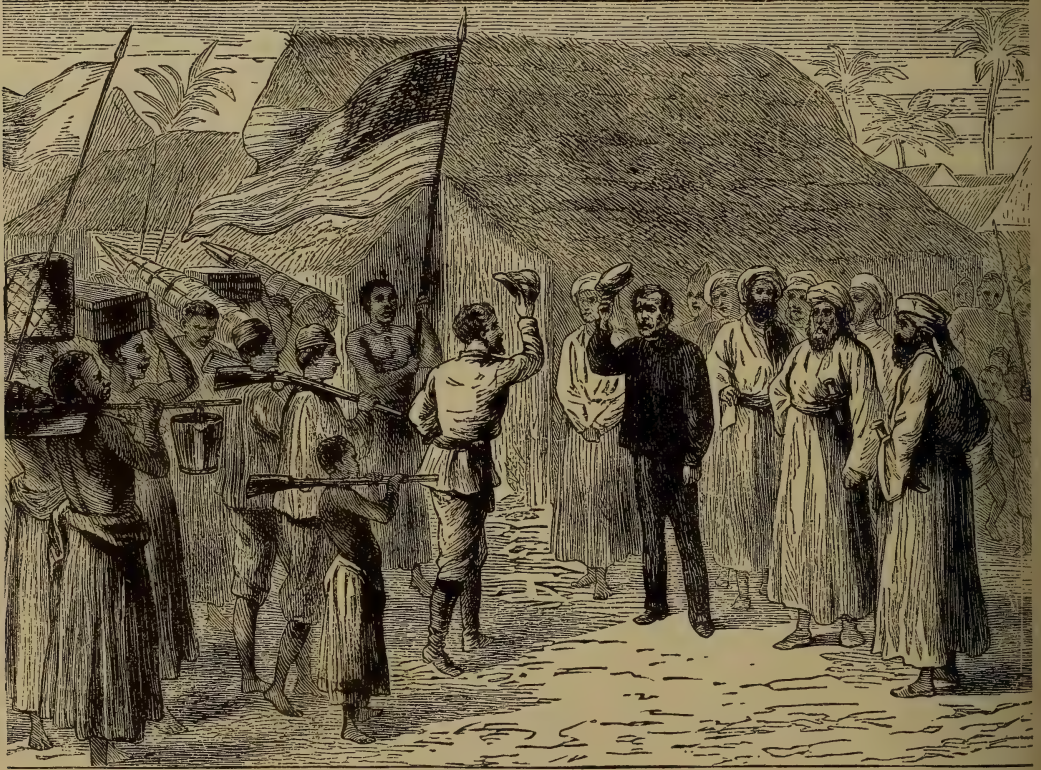
SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

At first Livingstone thought the Nile problem had been all but solved by Speke, Baker, and Burton, but the idea grew upon him that the Nile sources must be sought farther south, and his last journey became, in the end, a forlorn hope in search of the "fountains" of Herodotus. Leaving England in the middle of August, 1865, via Bombay, Livingstone arrived at Zanzibar on January 28, 1866. He was landed at the mouth of the Rovuma on March 22, and started for the interior on April 4. His company consisted of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine African boys from Nassick school, Bombay, and four boys from the Shire region, besides camels, buffaloes, mules and donkeys. This imposing outfit soon melted away to four or five boys.

Rounding the south end of Lake Nyassa, Livingstone struck in a north-northwest direction for the south end of Lake Tanganyika, over country much of which had not previously been explored. The Loangwa was crossed on December 15, and on Christmas day Livingstone lost his four goats, a loss which he felt very keenly, and the medicine chest was stolen in January, 1868. Fever came upon him, and for a time was his almost constant companion; this, with the fearful dysentery and dreadful ulcers and other ailments which subsequently attacked him, and which

he had no medicine to counteract, no doubt told fatally on even his iron frame. The Chambeze was crossed on January 28, and the south end of Tanganyika reached March 31.

Here, much to his vexation, he got into the company of Arab slave dealers, by whom his movements were hampered ; but he succeeded in reaching Lake Moero. After visiting Lake Mofwa and the Lualaba,



STANLEY FINDING LIVINGSTONE.

which he believed was the upper part of the Nile, he, on July 18, discovered Lake Bangweolo. Proceeding up the west coast of Tanganyika, he reached Ujiji on March 14, 1869, "a ruckle of bones." Supplies had been forwarded to him at Ujiji, but had been knavishly made away with by those to whose care they had been entrusted.

Livingstone recrossed Tanganyika in July, and through the country of the Manyuema he tried in vain, for a whole year, to reach and cross

the Lualaba, baffled partly by the natives, partly by the slave hunters, and partly by his long illnesses. It was, indeed, not till March 29, 1871, that he succeeded in reaching the Lualaba, at the town of Nyangwe, where he stayed four months, vainly trying to get a canoe to take him across. It was here that a party of Arab slavers, without warning or provocation, assembled one day when the market was busiest and commenced shooting down the poor women, hundreds being killed or drowned in trying to escape from the white savages.

WANTED TO PISTOL THE MURDERERS.

Livingstone had "the impression that he was in hell," but was helpless, though his "first impulse was to pistol the murderers." The account of this scene which he sent home roused indignation in England to such a degree as to lead to determined, and to a considerable extent successful, efforts to get the sultan of Zanzibar to suppress the trade. In sickened disgust the weary traveler made his way back to Ujiji, which he reached on October 13. Five days after his arrival in Ujiji he was cheered and inspired with new life, and completely set up again, as he said, by the timely arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the richly laden almoner of Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald. Mr. Stanley's residence with Livingstone was almost the only bright episode of these last sad years.

With Stanley, Livingstone explored the north end of Tanganyika, and proved conclusively that the Lusize runs into and not out of it. In the end of the year the two started eastward for Unyanyembe, where Stanley provided Livingstone with an ample supply of goods, and bade him farewell. Stanley left on March 15, 1872, and after Livingstone had waited wearily at Unyanyembe for five months, a troop of fifty-seven men and boys arrived, good and faithful fellows on the whole, selected by Stanley himself. Thus attended, he started, on August 15, for Lake Bangweolo, proceeding along the east side of Tanganyika. His old enemy, dysentery, soon found him out. In January, 1873, the party got among the endless spongy jungle on the east of Lake Bangweolo,

Livingstone's object being to go round by the south and away west to find the "fountains."

Vexatious delays took place, and the journey became one constant wade below, under an almost endless pour of rain from above. The doctor got worse and worse, but no idea of danger seems to have occurred to him. At last, in the middle of April, he had unwillingly to submit



GRAND RECEPTION TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

to be carried in a rude litter. On April 29, Chitambo's village on the Lulimala, in Ilala, on the south shore of the lake was reached. The last entry in the journal is April 27: "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

On April 30, he with difficulty wound up his watch, and early on the morning of May 1, the boys found "the great master," as they called him, kneeling by the side of his bed, dead. His faithful men preserved the body in the sun as well as they could, and wrapping it carefully up,

carried it and all his papers, instruments, and other things across Africa to Zanzibar. It was borne to England with all honor, and on April 18, 1874, was deposited in Westminster Abbey, amid tokens of mourning and admiration such as England accords only to her greatest sons. Government bore all the funeral expenses. His faithfully kept journals during these seven years' wanderings were published under the title of the "Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa," in 1874, edited by his old friend, the Rev. Horace Waller.

In spite of his sufferings and the many compulsory delays, Livingstone's discoveries during these last years were both extensive and of prime importance as leading to a solution of African hydrography. No single African explorer has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

TREATED AS A SUPERIOR BEING.

Livingstone was no hurried traveler; he did his journeying leisurely, carefully observing and recording all that was worthy of note, with rare geographical instinct and the eye of a trained observer, studying the ways of the people, eating their food, living in their huts, and sympathizing with their joys and sorrows. It will be long till the tradition of his sojourn dies out among the native tribes, who, almost without exception, treated Livingstone as a superior being; his treatment of them was always tender, gentle, and gentlemanly.

But the direct gains to geography and science are perhaps not the greatest results of Livingstone's journeys. He conceived, developed and carried out to success a noble and many-sided purpose, with an unflinching and self-sacrificing energy and courage that entitle him to take rank among the great and strong who single-handed have been able materially to influence human progress, and the advancement of knowledge. His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so pow-

erful a feeling against the slave trade that it may be considered as having received its deathblow. Personally Livingstone was a pure and tender-hearted man, full of humanity and human sympathy, simple-minded as a child. The motto of his life was the advice he gave to some school children in Scotland: "Fear God, and work hard."

HENRY M. STANLEY.

What Cicero was in eloquence, what Newton was in science, what Clay and Webster were in statesmanship, this Stanley was in exploration and adventure. For bold enterprise, for daring achievement, for unconquerable perseverance, for singular command of men, for intrepid bravery in the face of danger, he stood unrivalled among the heroes of modern times; and this is saying much considering that modern history boasts of such names as Livingstone and Du Chaillu in tropical discoveries and Franklin, Kane and Peary in Arctic voyages and perils.

The Dark Continent yielded to him its mysteries, and when it shall be changed by the onward march of civilization, the eulogies pronounced upon him will be even more eloquent, and a large share of the credit of redeeming the uncivilized wastes of Africa will be freely accorded to him.

Like many men who have distinguished themselves in every field of enterprise and discovery, Stanley came from very humble life, and by force of native genius, resolute will and self-sacrificing devotion to his work, gained the foremost rank among the noble band of explorers whose thrilling achievements have an interest surpassing that of the most marvellous tales of fiction.

Henry M. Stanley, although an American by residence and education, was born at Denbigh, in Wales, in 1840. The names of his parents were Rowland. They belonged to the very poor, yet, like many of the peasantry in old countries, they possessed some sterling qualities of mind and heart and character. These were reproduced in their son, who had risen far above the surroundings of his childhood, and had become celebrated by achievements which never could have been predicted from the

circumstances of his early life. As it was not possible for him to be cared for and supported at home, at the early age of three years he was placed in the almshouse at St. Asaph. Here it was expected he would



HENRY M. STANLEY.

receive the care and training, both meagre indeed, which such an institution was able to furnish.

Stanley remained at the almshouse until he was thirteen years old. It seems probable that there is just here a space of several years which is not accounted for, since the next we hear of him he was a teacher at Mold, in Flintshire, endeavoring by this occupation to provide himself

with the means of taking a thorough course of study and completing his education. It appears, however, that he remained at Mold only one year. By this time the restless spirit of the youth had begun to show itself, and he gave signs that his life would be one of adventure. Having shipped at Liverpool as a cabin-boy on a vessel that was bound for New Orleans, he thought he would try the New World and learn what fortune might await him there. His youthful mind had been awakened by glowing accounts of the open fields on this side of the Atlantic and the larger opportunities which awaited industrious and enterprising young men.

THOROUGHLY HONEST AND COMPETENT.

Having arrived at New Orleans, he soon obtained employment with a merchant named Stanley. This man was attracted by the frank, open-hearted manner of the boy, and not only received him into his family, but soon adopted him as his own. His friend and benefactor soon learned that his confidence had not been misplaced; that the impulsive Welsh boy was capable of great things; that he was honest and competent; and although at that time no prediction could have been made of the wonderful career which lay before him, yet, even then, it could safely have been said that in some capacity or other he was likely to become distinguished above ordinary men.

Stanley's benefactor died intestate, or at least none of his property fell to his adopted son. By the sudden bereavement which had overtaken him he was left alone in the world and brought face to face with the startling fact that he was to be the architect of his own fortune; that he was to find his surest helper in himself; that he could accomplish in life just what his own capacity and push and genius would enable him to bring to pass. In his case, as in that of others, it is interesting to trace the chain of circumstances which led him on to the great undertakings which have since startled the world.

He was seized with a strong desire to visit the Pacific coast. It is not worth while here to recount the adventures and hardships which he underwent in carrying out his cherished wish to acquaint himself with

the western part of our country ; the old saying that "where there is a will there is a way" was fully illustrated in this instance. For a time he roamed over different parts of California ; gazed upon the romantic scenes which that country affords ; made the acquaintance of miners as they sat around their camp-fires ; listened to the tales of their exploits ; wondered at the magnificent products of nature, the lofty trees of the Sierras and the sublime scenery of the Yosemite Valley, and became familiar with the character of the bold men who were attracted to this region by the fascinating tales related of the discovery of gold.

Returning from California, it was but natural that, as he had previously resided in the South, he should identify himself with the confederate army. To one like him there was something captivating about the life of a soldier ; he was not in the habit of turning back from the face of danger. His life hitherto had prepared him for just those exploits which are connected with bold military achievements. And although his connection with the confederate army was brief, it was evident that he had the material in him for a good soldier ; in fact, it was while carrying out one of his adventurous projects that he was captured by the Union troops and was made prisoner of war.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

He was confined on board the iron-clad *Ticonderoga*, and here again his manly bearing and frank, genial manner won him friends. The commander of the vessel was willing to release him on condition that he should join the United States navy. This he consented to do, although there was not much about the life of a sailor that attracted him. By this voluntary act he separated himself from the confederate army, and became an ally of the Federal forces. He remained, doing such service as was required of him, until the close of the war. Suddenly his occupation was gone, and again he seemed to be thrown upon the world. This fact had no discouragements for him ; he took it as a matter of course. It was not in the nature of things that so bright and spirited a young man should long remain idle. Having had a taste of the excitement

of military campaigns, he conceived the bold project of crossing the Atlantic, and if opportunity offered, continuing his military career.

There was trouble in Turkey at this time on account of the uprising of the Cretans, who, having borne their oppression until endurance ceased to be a virtue, resolved to throw off the yoke under which they had suffered. It was but natural that Stanley should feel sympathy for any tribe or nation struggling for independence, and at once he resolved to ally himself with the Cretans and take again the chances of war.

CAPTURED BY TURKISH BRIGANDS.

Stanley soon met with an adventure which shows the dangers through which he passed and the kind of people he encountered. A party of Turkish brigands made an attack upon him and robbed him of all his money and extra clothing. This is not an unusual occurrence in many parts of the East, where travelers run continuous risks and are constantly exposed to the marauding disposition of reckless robbers and brigands. At this time Mr. Morris was our United States Minister at Constantinople, and the case was presented to him; he immediately interested himself in behalf of Stanley and brought the matter to the attention of the Turkish officials. Mr. Morris was extremely helpful to his fellow American, and having loaned him whatever was needful, he continued his wanderings. It will be understood that during this time letters were forwarded to the New York Herald, containing graphic descriptions of eastern life and manners. Having accomplished what he desired in this direction, Stanley set his face toward England and once again arrived in the land of his birth, where the scenes of his early boyhood were laid.

It is one of the characteristics of a noble nature that it does not forget its early struggles and experiences. The remembrance of poverty has no pain for the man who has risen above it and made himself the master of circumstances. It is a tribute to Mr. Stanley's worth that he did not forget the old almshouse, where his early days were spent. One of the first things he did after arriving in England was to visit this very

place, there recalling scenes through which he had passed years before. All accounts agree that this visit was very interesting; it was so to the one who was making it and also to those who were receiving it. The children whom Stanley knew as inmates of this place had grown up and most of them had gone out into the world, but "the poor ye have always with you," and there were other little ones, with wan faces, whose sad life appealed to the heart of the great traveler.

Stanley resolved to give these little people a right good dinner, and we may be sure the intention was received with as much enthusiasm on the part of those who were to partake of the dinner as it was formed on the part of the benefactor who delighted the little ones.

AGAIN TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

The next year, 1868, found Stanley again in the United States, not long to remain, however. A civil war was raging at this time in Spain. Very soon we find Stanley again in Europe actually taking his position upon the battlefields to be a spectator of the conflicts, then relating with minuteness what had taken place, and giving a graphic description of the scenes which he had witnessed. His letters at this time gave a very accurate idea of Spanish affairs. He not only saw the events, but he saw the forces which had produced them. For a long time there had been political strife in Spain; the position of the contending parties, the ideas that were clamoring for the ascendent, all this was given as with a photographic lens by the brilliant correspondent, and was made known to the world at large. The same promptness and energy which had previously distinguished him came out vividly in his life in Spain. Just here we have one of the most striking chapters in the career of the great explorer.

Livingstone had long been absent and the curiosity which was awakened concerning his fate amounted even to anxiety. He had many personal friends in England and Scotland who had taken great interest in his travels, and who were eager now to obtain some information concerning him. The probabilities of his fate were freely discussed in newspapers and journals, and among many the opinion prevailed that the

great discoverer would never return to his native land alive. The question, "What has become of Livingstone?" was agitating both hemispheres; a singular instance of the interest which, by force of circumstances, will sometimes gather around a single great character.

James Gordon Bennett was just the one to solve the all-perplexing question. Was Livingstone alive? If alive, in what part of Africa was he located? Or was he dead? Could any intelligence of him be obtained? Where was the bold spirit who would venture out into that wild and threatening region and answer the questions which were so freely raised concerning this one man? It was believed that if the great explorer was alive, his trail could be followed, and, although it would cost an almost superhuman effort, he could be found. To find him would be sufficient glory for any one man, and the journal that should record such an achievement as this would stand in the front rank of the great newspapers of America and England.

THE TWO GREAT EXPLORERS MEET.

The account given by Stanley himself of the commission received from Mr. Bennett is somewhat amusing. It is as follows: On the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, I was in Madrid, fresh from the carnage at Valencia. At 10 A. M. I received a telegram. It read, "Come to Paris on important business." The telegram was from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the young manager of the New York Herald.

Down came my pictures from the walls of my apartments on the second floor; into my trunks went my books and souvenirs, my clothes were hastily collected, some half washed, some from the clothes-line half dry, and after a couple of hours hasty hard work my portmanteaus were strapped up and labelled "Paris."

At 3 P. M. I was on my way, and being obliged to stop at Bayonne a few hours, did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the "Grand Hotel," and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley," I answered.

"Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his robe-de chambre, Mr. Bennett asked, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not," I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"What!" said I, "do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

MUST FIND THE LOST LIVINGSTONE.

"Yes, I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps"—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—"the old man may be in want:—take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—but find Livingstone!"

Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, "Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?"

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds (\$5,000) now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but, FIND LIVINGSTONE."

Surprised, but not confused at the order—for I knew that Mr. Bennett when once he had made up his mind was not easily drawn aside from his purpose—I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme,

that he had not quite considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case.

“Probably you will hear that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar ; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can ; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible



NATIVES CONVEYING BOATS OVERLAND.

proofs of his being dead. That is all. Good night, and God be with you.”

“Good night, sir,” I said ; “what it is in the power of human nature to do I will do ; and on such an errand as I go upon God will be with me.”

The foregoing is Mr. Stanley’s interesting account of the manner in which he received one of the most important and difficult commissions ever given to mortal man. The whole story shows the bold, quick, im-

pulsive nature of men who move the world. To think, is to decide ; to decide, is to act ; to act, is to achieve.

In due time he arrived in Africa. Having started from Zanzibar with an expedition, the formation of which gave him an opportunity to show his perseverance and tact, he began his long search. Difficulties that would have appalled other men at the outset were as nothing to him : obstacles were cast aside as by a faith that moves mountains into



STANLEY SHOOTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

the sea. Threatening dangers did not turn him from his lofty purpose. On he went, across plains, down through valleys, through tangled jungles, over almost impassable rivers, displaying everywhere and always the most wonderful heroism and endurance, until the world was startled at his discovery and will evermore applaud his magnificent achievements.

No one who has never explored the wilds of Africa can understand the nature of the undertaking which Stanley had before him. In our

land we can travel into almost every section by railways, by stage coaches or by steamboats. None of these facilities for traveling were to be found in Africa, at least in that part of it that Stanley was to visit. Some of these means of transit could be created, but they were not in existence, and to the explorer was left the double work not merely of conducting the expedition, but also of preparing the way for it.

Thrilling tales have been told of the dangers attending all journeys in the Dark Continent. Every book which has been written is alive with these tales of adventure. No work has ever been published on Africa which does not read more like a romance than reality. We look upon the map, we see the location of the various provinces, we trace the great rivers winding their way towards the ocean, and, not understanding the true character of the country, it may seem to us to be a simple thing to pass from one point to another. It is much easier to travel by map than in any other way.

When Livingstone went to Africa he could go but a little way inland from the coast without finding his progress barred. While it was left to Stanley to follow in his track, there was sometimes a difficulty in learning the path which Livingstone had taken, and it was also very difficult for a man unused to African exploration to complete so long a journey without any previous experience. These things rendered Stanley's final success all the more wonderful, and it is not surprising that all readers become intensely interested in the story of the man and his exploits. He not only found Livingstone, but crossed the Dark Continent from sea to sea.

In 1890 he returned to London and met with a reception almost royal in its splendor. He was feasted and feted everywhere; the Royal Geographical Society gave him a gold medal, and Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh conferred on him honorary degrees. His marriage in Westminster Abbey to Miss Dorothy Tennant, and his subsequent election to Parliament gave a fitting climax to his brilliant career.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

No record of human achievement is more daring and marvelous than that of the bold Arctic navigators who, from time to time, have explored this unknown world of icy desolation. In the year 1818, two vessels were fitted out by the British government to proceed toward the North Pole. Captain Sir John Ross and Lieutenant Parry were appointed commanders. No former expedition had been fitted out on so extensive a scale, or so completely equipped in every respect as this one. The circumstance which stimulated the sending out of these vessels was the open character of the bays and seas in those regions, very large quantities of the polar ice having floated down into the Atlantic for the previous three years. This expedition had instructions to discover the northwest passage.

TRYING TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

Another, under Captain Beechey and Lieutenant Franklin, after ward Sir John Franklin, was to penetrate to the North Pole. The objects of the latter expedition were entirely scientific. It passed north between Greenland and Spitzbergen, but did not go much further. Captain Ross sailed about sixty miles up Lancaster Sound, and returned with the report that it was a bay, through which there was no outlet to the ocean beyond. From York Factory an overland expedition under Lieutenant Franklin was sent out with instructions to explore the north coast of America, from the mouth of the Coppermine river eastward. He proceeded five hundred and fifty miles east of the Coppermine to Point Turn-again and then, having suffered great hardships, returned to York Factory without accomplishing the object.

Franklin, in descending the Coppermine river, was accompanied by a set of officers and men as heroic as ever trod a deck; among the former, were Dr. Richardson, Lieutenant Back and Lieutenant Hood; and among the latter, a faithful seaman named Hepburn. The Coppermine river had never been thoroughly explored, and the enterprise was one of great danger. Ascending the Hayes river on their inland route to the Coppermine, they accomplished seven hundred miles of river

journey, over rapids and falls and obstacles and difficulties innumerable, from which ordinary men would have turned back.

The setting in of the ice compelled them to relinquish their labors in that direction for the present. Franklin, however, was not idle—it



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

was not in the nature of the man to be so—and therefore he, Back and Hepburn started off, in January, westward, working up eight hundred and fifty miles, until in March they reached Fort Chipewyan, where many important observations were made. In July, he was joined by Richardson and Hood, and hoped to winter that year at the mouth of the Coppermine. A large party was made up, consisting of Franklin and his friends, seven-

teen French-Canadian travelers, three interpreters, and a considerable number of Indians who were to act as guides and hunters under the leadership of one Akaitcho. The start was all that could be desired, game plentiful, and everything promised well.

But as they advanced to the north, a change came over the spirit of

their dream ; food grew scarce, the difficulty of transit increased ; and at last Akaitcho declared that to advance further meant for the whole party to perish miserably. Franklin persisted, however, and would have braved all the prophesied risks, till Akaitcho said : " I will send some of my young men with you if you persist in going forward, but from the moment they set foot in your canoes, I and my relatives shall mourn



LIEUTENANT BACK'S START—A JOURNEY OF FIVE HUNDRED MILES FOR FOOD.

for them as dead." Discretion being the better part of valor, Franklin reluctantly determined to settle in winter quarters and continue the exploration in the summer. The place chosen for wintering was at Fort Enterprise, near the head of the Coppermine.

During the winter, food grew scarcer and scarcer, until at last starvation was threatened. In addition to their own party, the Indians had to be provided for, and this greatly impoverished their resources.

The Indians knew this, and, with a generosity which Christian men might sometimes imitate, gave their own food to the strangers who seemed more to need it. "We are used to starvation, you are not;" they said. By-and-by a time came when the situation was gloomy in the extreme; ammunition, and other articles indispensable to the progress of the expedition, and food were fast failing. What was to be



RETURN WITH SUPPLIES WHEN DESPERATELY NEEDED.

done? There was only one course open, and that was to journey on foot a distance of over five hundred miles to Fort Chipewyan, in the depth of an Arctic winter, for supplies.

A volunteer was soon found. Lieutenant Back was not a man to allow his comrades to perish while he had strength and vigor to save them, and he undertook to perform the journey and obtain the needful supplies. Day after day, he and his companions toiled on over ice and

snow ; and night after night, braved the inclemency of the weather by camping out of doors. With snow-shoes galling their feet and ankles till they bled profusely ; with only sufficient food to keep them from starving, and, therefore, rendering them all the more susceptible to cold ; with weather unusual in the severe region for its severity, on they went, until, at last, they reached the station, procured four sledges, laden to the full with needful things, and the promise of more to follow, and then, after a brief rest, they set off again for Fort Enterprise.

During the journey, Back traveled eleven hundred and four miles, and when he rejoined his companions it was to find that his unprecedented journey was a success in every respect, for they had arrived at a stage in their experience when the aid he brought was indispensable.

FAMOUS GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

In 1850, an expedition was sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, a merchant of New York, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Mr. Grinnell's expedition consisted of only two small brigs, the *Advance*, of one hundred and forty tons, the *Rescue*, of only ninety tons. The command was given to Lieutenant E. De Haven, a young naval officer, who accompanied the United States exploring expedition. Dr. E. K. Kane, surgeon and naturalist, was one of the officers. The expedition was absent a little more than sixteen months. Off the coast of Labrador they met an iceberg making its way toward the tropics. The night was very dark, and as the huge voyager had no "light out," the *Advance* could not be censured for running foul. She was punished, however, by the loss of her jib-boom, as she ran against the iceberg.

When the expedition reached Melville Bay, which, on account of its fearful character, is also called the Devil's Nip, the voyagers began to witness more of the grandeur and perils of Arctic scenes. Icebergs of all dimensions came bearing down from the polar seas. They also encountered immense floes, with only narrow channels between, and at times their situation was exceedingly perilous. On one occasion, after heaving through fields of ice for five consecutive weeks, two immense



floes, between which they were making their way, gradually approached each other, and for several hours they expected their vessels would be crushed. An immense cake of ice, six or eight feet thick, slid under the *Rescue*, lifting her almost "high and dry," and careening her partially upon her beam ends. By means of ice anchors (large iron hooks) they kept her from capsizing. In this position they remained

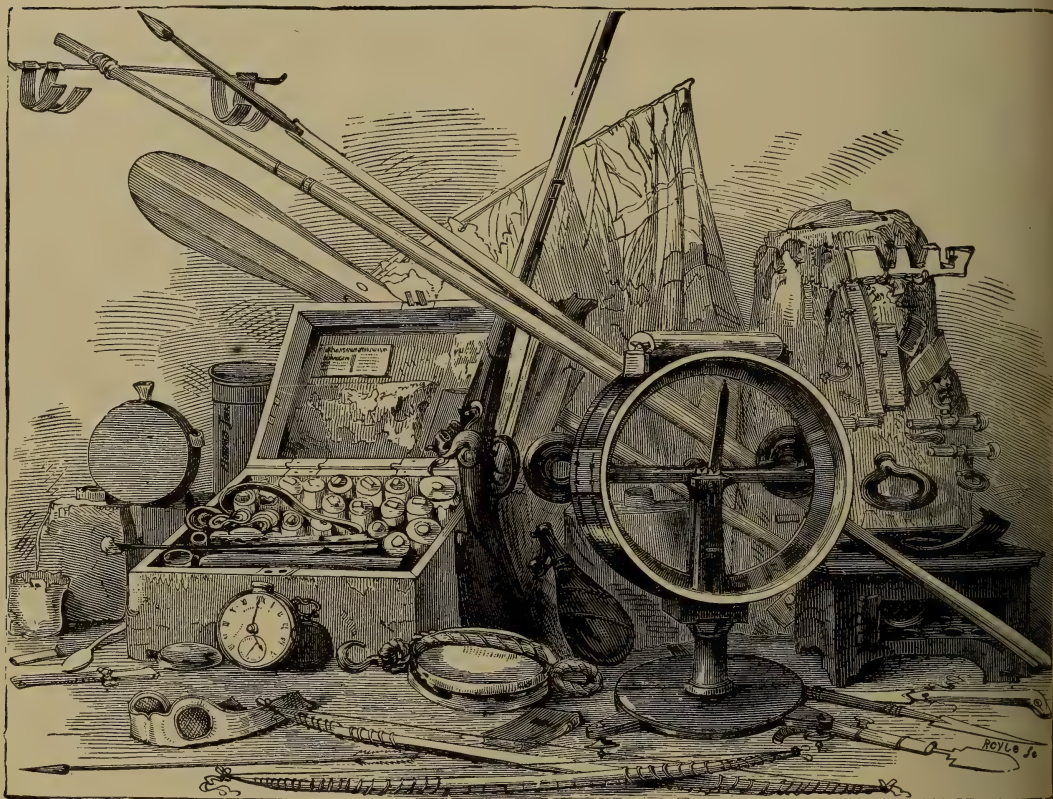


BEECHEY HEAD.

about sixty hours, when, with saws and axes, they succeeded in relieving her. The ice now opened a little, and they finally warped through into clear water. While they were thus confined, polar bears came around them in abundance, greedy for prey, and the seamen indulged a little in the perilous sports of the chase.

The navigators explored the coast at and near Cape Riley, and there found in a cove on the shore of Beechey Island, or Beechy Cape, on the

east side of the entrance to Wellington Channel, unmistakable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his companions were there in April, 1846. There they discovered many articles known to belong to the British navy, and some that were the property of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the ships under the command of Sir John. There lay, bleached to the whiteness of the surrounding snow, a piece of canvas, with the name of



RELICS OF FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

the *Terror* marked upon it with indestructible charcoal. It was very faint, yet perfectly legible.

Near it was a guideboard lying flat upon its face, having been prostrated by the wind. It had evidently been used to direct exploring parties to the vessels, or, rather, to the encampment on shore. The board was pine, thirteen inches in length, and six and a half in breadth, and nailed to a boarding pike eight feet in length. It is supposed that the

sudden opening of the ice caused Sir John to depart hastily, and in so doing this pike and its board were left behind. They also found a large number of tin canisters, such as are used for packing meats for a sea voyage; an anvil block; remnants of clothing, which evinced, by numerous patches and their threadbare character, that they had been worn as long as the owners could keep them on; the remains of an India-rubber glove, lined with wool; some old sacks; a cask, or tub, partly filled with charcoal, and an unfinished rope-mat, which, like other fibrous fabrics, was bleached white.

But the most melancholy traces of the navigators were three graves in a little, sheltered cove, each with a board at the head bearing the name of the sleeper below. These inscriptions testify positively when Sir John and his companions were there on their fatal voyage.

EXPEDITIONS SEARCHING FOR FRANKLIN.

Three expeditions were sent out in 1843 to search for Franklin, and later these were followed by several others, under the patronage of the British government and Lady Franklin. Traces of the Franklin expedition were found in 1850 at Cape Riley and Beechey Island, and articles belonging to Sir John Franklin's officers were seen in possession of the Esquimaux at Selby Bay, in 1854, by Dr. Rae, but authentic information concerning the fate of Franklin was only obtained in 1859.

An expedition sent out by Lady Franklin under Captain Francis McClintock, passed, in 1857, through Baffin's Bay, Lancaster Sound, and Prince Regent Inlet to Bellot Strait, whence sledge expeditions were made to King William Land. Here, in 1859, were found relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition. At Point Victory was found a tin case containing a brief record dated May 28, 1847, to the effect that the expedition had passed the previous winter at Beechey Island, after ascending the Wellington Channel, and returning by the west side of Cornwallis Island. All the party were then well.

On the margin was another record, dated April, 1848, to the effect that one hundred and five men under Captain Crosier had abandoned the

two vessels, that Sir John Franklin had died June 11, 1847, and that the total deaths were nine officers and fifteen men. Quantities of clothing were found, but no trace of the vessels. It was evident that the whole expedition had perished. It seems that Sir John Franklin passed up Lancaster Sound, explored Wellington Channel to a point further north than was reached by those who were sent out to search for his party, and wintered on Beechey Island.

In the spring and summer of 1846 he either navigated Bellot Strait, or more probably pushed through Peel Sound, and finally reached Victoria Strait, and thus supplied the only link wanting to complete a chain of water communication between the two oceans. Thus Sir John Franklin is the discoverer of the Northwestern Passage.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Voyages in the Polar regions of North America began in the first part of the seventeenth century, and from that time to this almost all the important nations of the world have been continually making efforts to reach the pole. From the first, the chief objects were to find waterways around both continents connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The Northeast passage between Europe and Asia was successfully made by Russian and Danish expeditions; while the Northwest passage, which was first attempted by Sebastian Cabot and the brothers Cortereal, was not actually found until about the year 1845, in the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, who perished before he could make his discovery known.

It was in search of this brave Englishman that the United States undertook its first important Polar expedition, in which our greatest Arctic explorer, Elisha Kent Kane, made his first journey to the Arctic zone.

The expedition was started by Mr. Henry Grinnell, a wealthy New York merchant, after Lady Franklin's appeal to our government to send out a search party for her lost husband. Mr. Grinnell took up the enterprise at once. He laid the plans, and offered two vessels, supplies, extra.

pay to the men who would volunteer to go, and means for about all the other expenses necessary to carry out the search and to make the expedition of scientific value. Then he used his influence to get Congress to take charge of it. Volunteer officers were called for from the navy, and at last everything was ready and placed in command of Lieutenant De Haven. Dr. Kane was one of the under-officers—of no higher rank than



DR. ELISHA KENT KANE.

assistant surgeon. He was then a young man of thirty years, whose life so far had been a continual fight against ill-health.

Although in the list of officers Dr. Kane started out as nothing more than an assistant surgeon in the *Advance*, when the expedition returned he had the honorable record of having been the most active and able man in the party. Through all their journey—which began on the 22d of May, 1850, and did not end until October of the next year—he was a

zealous worker, on the watch for the object of their search, and wideawake to all discoveries of the region through which they had passed.

He kept a careful account of what was done, what was seen, and all that happened in each day, records that were afterward published, and made a most valuable and interesting history of the expedition. Several times during the journey Dr. Kane was very sick, but his great interest in all that was to be seen and done seemed to keep him from breaking down entirely, as a man with less nerve would have done.

WONDERFUL AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

This expedition met some British relief ships in Lancaster Sound and accomplished a journey as far north as a point in Baffin's Bay. They discovered many wonderful and important things about these regions that were before unknown to science, but they did not succeed in finding more than a very few traces of Sir John Franklin—the graves of three of his men, and a cairn or two and a small number of articles which some of them had lost or thrown away.

This was but small success, but it gave hopes of more, so, a short time after the return, Mr. Grinnell offered the use of the *Advance* for another trip. This was put in charge of Dr. Kane, who had proved himself one of the greatest men of the first expedition, and able to undertake much more than the duties of an assistant surgeon, great as they were at certain times, and nobly as he filled them.

In addition to his other work he had formed a plan by which he thought the search could be made more succesful than it had been. He believed from the observations he had made that Greenland extended even farther to the north than the American continent; he also thought that it was safer to travel by land than by water when it was possible, and that by such a route the parties could keep themselves supplied with food by hunting.

After his return he spent several months in carefully thinking these plans out, in laying them before prominent people interested in the search for Franklin, and in lecturing about them and what had been seen in the

first Grinnell expedition. In this way he aroused a great deal of enthusiasm in the project of another journey. Its chief object was to find the Sir John Franklin party, or at least to solve the mystery of their fate—for Dr. Kane still believed that some of the number must be living somewhere among the remote Esquimaux villages.

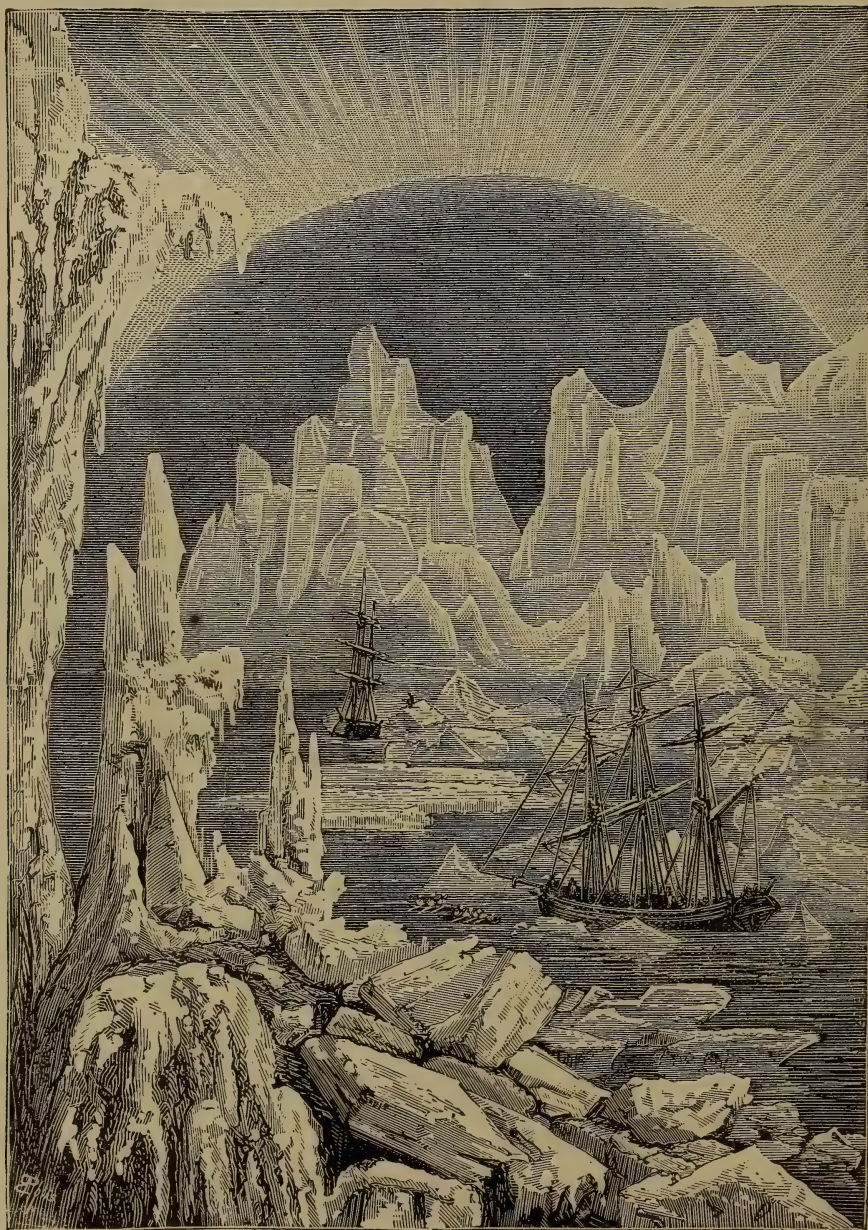
During all this time Dr. Kane's health was very bad; and when every-



KANE AND HIS COMPANIONS BRAVING THE COLD.

thing was ready he was hardly able to write to Congress about it; but he was too courageous to give up, and besides he knew he would be better in the colder climate.

In this journey, as in the first one, Dr. Kane was historian. He has told us in his "Arctic Explorations" the full story of the expedition. From New York the *Advance* carried her party directly to Greenland,



SHIPS AND ICEBERGS ARCHED BY THE MARVELOUS AURORA.

where their first sight of the cold country of the north was the "broad valleys, deep ravines, mountains and frowning black and desolate cliffs" that burst into view from beneath the dense curtain of a lifting fog.

Then, with icebergs in full view around them, like castles in a fairy tale, they worked their way along the western coast till they reached Smith's Sound.

Sometimes the commander would spend whole days in the "crow's nest" at the top of the mast, looking out for the best course for the vessel, and keenly watching for all of interest to their search. The magnificent views which he saw from this lofty perch are often beautifully described in his book. In one place he says: "The midnight sun came out over the northern crest of the great berg, kindling variously-colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around us one great piece of gem-work, blazing carbuncles and rubies, and molten gold."

HOW THEY PASSED THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

After being tossed and crashed about for some time in the gales of Smith's Sound, it was found impossible to get the *Advance* through the ice to the shore; so they left her there, and fitting up ice-sledges, set out on their search for the lost explorers and also to see if better winter quarters could be found for the brig. The commander tells us in his book how both of these errands were in vain, and how they came back and prepared to pass the long cold Arctic night in Rensselaer Harbor.

Their stores and provisions were carried to a storehouse on Butler's Island, and provision depots were also established at intervals further north. This work was finished just as the "long, staring day," which had clung to them more than two months, was drawing to a close, and the dark night was beginning to settle down upon them. It was only at mid-day that they could see to read the figures on the thermometer without a light. The hills seemed like huge masses of blackness, with faint patches of light scattered here and there, made by the snow.

The faithful journal records these days and their doings, relating sorrowfully how the dogs fell sick from the darkness and the cold, and almost all of them died in a sort of insanity, ending in lockjaw; and how great the travelers felt this loss when the glimmering light of day told them that spring had come, and the time would soon be for them to go on.

The stations which they had begun to set up in the fall were intended for provision depots, so that when the explorers went out on their sledge journeys to search for the Franklin party, they would not have to go back to the brig every time they needed supplies. Now, when the first ray of light appeared, Dr. Kane sent out a party with a load of provisions to establish another depot still further to the north ; but they were overtaken by a gale and lost their way. They would have died



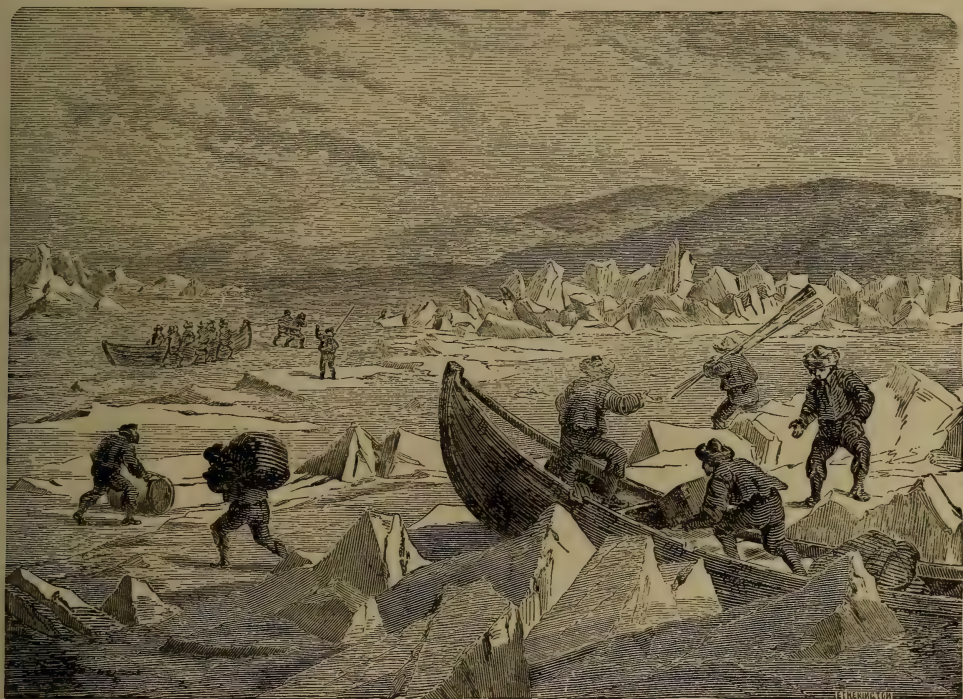
START OF KANE'S SLEDGE EXPEDITION.

if three of the men had not been able to grope their way back to the vessel. Benumbed and exhausted, they stumbled into the brig unable to talk.

But Dr. Kane knew their errand without the aid of words, and hurried to the rescue of the others, with the strongest men in the boat. Guided almost by instinct, he soon found them huddled together and barely alive. "We knew you would come," they said ; "we were watching for you." He and his comrades had had a long march to find them,

and had taken no sleep meanwhile, so they were suffering themselves by this time ; but they did not stop to rest ; it had to be quick work to save their comrades' lives. They sewed them up in thick bags of skin, then, putting them in the sledges, they started back to the brig. This was a journey of most terrible suffering from cold, hunger, and sleeplessness.

After awhile nearly all the men were overcome with drowsiness and grew delirious ; they reeled and stumbled as they walked, and finally one



THE PERILOUS JOURNEY

sat down and declared he would sleep before he stirred another step. Dr. Kane let him sleep three minutes and then awakened him, and then another three minutes and awakened him, till he was quite rested. This worked so well that all were allowed a few such short naps before the march was taken up again. But in spite of all their efforts, all but three—Dr. Kane and two others—gave out before they reached the brig.

These poor fellows stumbled on to the last, so delirious that they could never remember how they finally got to the vessel. There they

were at once taken care of and fresh men were sent out after the fallen ones, who were only five miles away. Two of the party that were rescued died from the terrible exposure. All the others got well.

A few more such attempts and perilous searches were made with ill-success and great sickness, and another winter came and went. Then as the vessel was still so firmly frozen in the ice that it was impossible to



VIEW OF SANDERSON'S HOPE, NEAR UPPERNAVIK, BAFFIN BAY.

get her out, Dr. Kane gave the order to leave her to her fate, and to prepare for an overland journey to Upernavik, a whaling station on the west coast of Greenland. This was thirteen hundred miles away.

Meanwhile the people at home were watching for news of the expedition, and when the second winter came on and Dr. Kane did not return, they began to feel anxious, and fitted out a relief expedition to go in search of him. It left New York at about the same time the disabled explorers

started on their southward journey, and while it was sailing through the open seas of the North Atlantic, Kane and his men were struggling over ice and snow, all other thought lost but that of saving their lives.

This was the most perilous journey of the whole expedition; the toil and cold were severe enough, but besides these they had continually to cross gaps in the ice, in which they were drenched with water. When they reached a large opening and took to their boats—which they had carried over the ice—they were almost always in danger of being crushed in the floes. But worse than all these trials, was that of hunger. Their provisions ran so low that a fortunate shot at a seal was all that saved them from starving several times.

REACH OPEN WATER BEYOND ICE.

At last they caught glimpses of open water, beyond the ice, and began to see signs of human beings; a row-boat appeared, then a whaler, and finally they sighted the safe harbor of Upernavik. Here the rescue party found them, just as they were about to take passage in a Danish vessel for the Shetland Islands; and the heroic little band of the Second Grinnell Expedition reached New York on the 11th of October, 1855.

They had not succeeded in finding any of the Franklin party which was a great disappointment to Dr. Kane and to all who had taken part in the expedition; but they had made such important discoveries and explorations that Congress awarded the gallant commander a gold medal; the Royal Geographical Society of London gave him another, and the Queen another; in fact, it is said that probably no explorer and traveler, acting in a private capacity as such, has ever received greater tributes of respect.

The results of his expedition comprise the survey and delineation of the north coast of Greenland to its termination by a great glacier; the survey of this glacier and its extension northward into the new land named Washington, and a survey of the American coast.

Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1820. He died at Havana, Cuba, February 10, 1857.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

The most important Polar expedition of recent date, and the one from which the greatest things were expected, was that under command of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary. His great experience in Arctic work, his persistence, his fine equipment and his intelligent, well-thought-out plans, all gave promise of success in penetrating farther north than any of his predecessors, and the possibility, even, of reaching the Pole itself. Peary went north on his last trip in 1898. He had been communicated with at intervals, the last word from him coming in August, 1901. He was expecting then to make a final dash for the Pole early in the spring, according to his plan of campaign, and much interest had been felt in scientific circles as to the result achieved.

On July 14, the relief steamer *Windward*, provided by the Peary Exploration Club, newly equipped and heavily provisioned, sailed from New York to reach Lieutenant Peary at the appointed rendezvous at Cape Sabine and bring him home. Mrs. Peary and the little daughter, who was born in Greenland, accompanied the ship. On July 20, the *Windward* took on coal at Sydney, Cape Breton, and sailed to the north. On September 18, the *Windward* reached the same port on its return trip, bringing Peary and the two other members of the expedition. Peary and the others were in good health, but he was only just recovering from an accident to one of his legs, which rendered him slightly lame.

BELIEVES NORTH POLE CAN BE REACHED.

Peary had to report that he did not discover the North Pole, but said that in the last dash, with that object in view, he made important discoveries. The most northerly point reached was 84 degrees, 17 minutes to the northwest of Cape Hecla. He still felt certain that the Pole could be reached, and furthermore, if he were a man of independent means, he would persevere until he succeeded. He thinks it can best be reached from Franz Josef Land, which lies north of Russia, or from Grant Land, in latitude 83 degrees, if winter quarters are established as far north as possible. The mark made by Peary in the frozen path

to the Pole is higher than any other on the Greenland route. Lockwood, in May, 1882, reached 83.24, or about 460 miles from the Pole. Peary exceeded this by 53 minutes, about 61 miles.

Peary reported his operations since August, 1901. He left Erik Harbor, in Ellsmere Land, August 29, to establish winter quarters further north. All his Eskimos were taken sick, and by November six



KASER FRANZ-JOSEPH'S LAND.

adults and one child were dead. More Eskimos were gathered, survivors of a tribe which had also been visited by a fatal epidemic. In February a large depot of food was established sixty miles north of Cape Sabine, and in March Peary started, with eighteen sledges, for Fort Conger, an advance party with six sledges having preceded him. A further advance was made to Cape Hecla, from where the real advance began. In Peary's words :

"April 1, started northward over the Polar Sea, with Henson, four Eskimos and six sledges. Old floes, covered deep with snow, and intersected with rubble ridges and lanes of young ice, were encountered from the moment we left the ice foot. The same kind of traveling, except the lanes of young ice, as found by the English expedition of 1876. After six marches, open leads and floes in motion were encountered. Two natives were sent back.

"As we advanced the floes became smaller, the pressure ridges on a grander scale, and the open leads more frequent. Each day's march was



A VISIT TO THE ESQUIMAUX.

more perilous, and our general course deflected west by the character of the ice. Finally, at 84.17 degrees north latitude, northwest of Hecla, the polar pack became impracticable, and further efforts to advance were given up. New leads and pressure ridges, with foggy weather, made our return, in some respects, more trying than the advance. Hecla was reached April 29, and Conger May 3. Leaving Conger May 6, Cape Sabine was reached on the 15th.

"The ice broke up earlier than in 1901, and Payer Harbor was blockaded almost continuously. The Windward bored her way through the ice and entered the harbor the morning of August 5, and got out again the same afternoon with scarcely fifteen minutes to spare before

the harbor was closed by the ice. The summer voyage has been without mishap, and Windward, with her new engines, has made as good time as the larger and more powerful ships that have been going north the past ten years.

"The year at Payer Harbor was passed comfortably, though an anxious strain, caused by the ravages of disease among my faithful people, was not light. Food was abundant, and our supply of musk ox and deer meat continued throughout the year. The northern sledge trip in the spring was arduous but not marked by special exposure, suffering or danger more than is necessarily incidental to serious Arctic



MUSK-OX HUNTING.

work. Equipment and personnel were satisfactory, and further advance was vetoed by insuperable natural conditions." This was Peary's deliberate abandonment of his well-equipped expedition.

Though he has not yet reached the goal of his ambition, Lieutenant Peary has achieved a record as a most indefatigable, earnest and successful Arctic explorer. His last year was the twelfth consecutive year, and the thirteenth in all, some portion of which he spent in the Arctic regions. He went to Greenland in 1886, and practically crossed that continent at that time. When he went again, in 1891, he wintered on the west coast, and in the spring went diagonally over the ice cap to a point on the northeast coast of Greenland, never before visited. As he was yet on

the spot on July 4, 1892, he named the great indentation of the continent which he found there, "Independence Bay."

The next time he visited the Arctic, in 1893, it was to stay two years. Mrs. Peary accompanied him on this occasion, although she returned to the United States the following summer. It was only a few weeks after her arrival at the site chosen for the winter camp that first year that Mrs. Peary's only child was born. Peary made trips to the northward from Anniversary Lodge, on Whale Sound, in the spring seasons of both 1894 and 1895. Furious storms and inadequate supplies thwarted his effort on the first occasion. On the second, with two companions, he tramped up to Independence Bay, on the north shore of Greenland, and came back with only one dog and no food as the result of his trip.

A HUGE METEORITE.

In 1896, and again in 1897, Peary went north, and returned the same season. On the former occasion he brought down some small masses of iron, believed to be of meteoric origin, and in 1897 he brought an immense block of the same character, said to contain nearly one hundred tons of metal.

Before his next start, in 1898, Peary visited England, where he received much attention from geographical and other scientific societies. At this time he outlined his plans for the future in public lectures. To that trip is due, perhaps, the gift of the ship *Windward*, then owned by Mr. Harmsworth, and afterwards used by Jackson for an expedition to Franz Josef Land.

Peary also received handsome backing from his own fellow countrymen. A club was organized, composed of twenty-five members, each of whom was to contribute \$1,000 a year for four years to promote Peary's plans. It is under these auspices that his last expedition was equipped and maintained.

Peary left for his last trip in July, 1898. He hoped to be able to push the *Windward* up the west coast of Greenland through Smith Sound and Robeson Channel, and establish a winter camp on Sherard Osborn

Fjord, near the eighty-second parallel of latitude. His intention was, when early spring came, to start over the ice pack north of the continent with dogs and sledges. But the ice prevented the Windward going more



PEARY AND PARTY CROSSING A HEAVY ICE-PACK.

than fifty miles above Cape Sabine, and the latter stayed there from August 18, 1898, to August 2, 1899. All during the autumn, winter and spring sledge parties went out in various directions. Much geographical data, for perfection of maps, was secured, and a great deal of game shot.

The most important of all these ventures was a journey in sledges from the ship up to Fort Conger, on Lady Franklin Bay. This is on the west side of Robeson Channel, and, though visited repeatedly since that time (December, 1898) it had then been deserted ever since Greely's party left it in 1883. While on the way Peary was overtaken by a severe storm and one of his feet was frost-bitten. When he got back to his ship again it was necessary to have several toes amputated. This experience unfitted him for any attempt to reach the Pole, and none was made. The Peary Club sent the *Diana* up in 1899 with food and mail, and she returned two or three months later, preceded by the *Windward*.

REACHED MOST NORTHERN POINT.

Starting from Fort Conger with his faithful negro servant, Henson, and five Eskimos on April 15, 1900, Peary crossed Robeson Channel on the ice to Greenland. He pursued the plan of sending back his Eskimos with their sleds as fast as the provisions loaded upon the latter were exhausted, so that early in May he had with him only one strong team, one Eskimo and Henson. Skirting the north coast, Peary reached the cairn left by Lockwood in 1882—then the furthest north reached by man—on May 13, 1900. He rounded the northernmost point of Greenland, in latitude 83.39, a few days later. This, by the way, is the northernmost land yet trod by human feet.

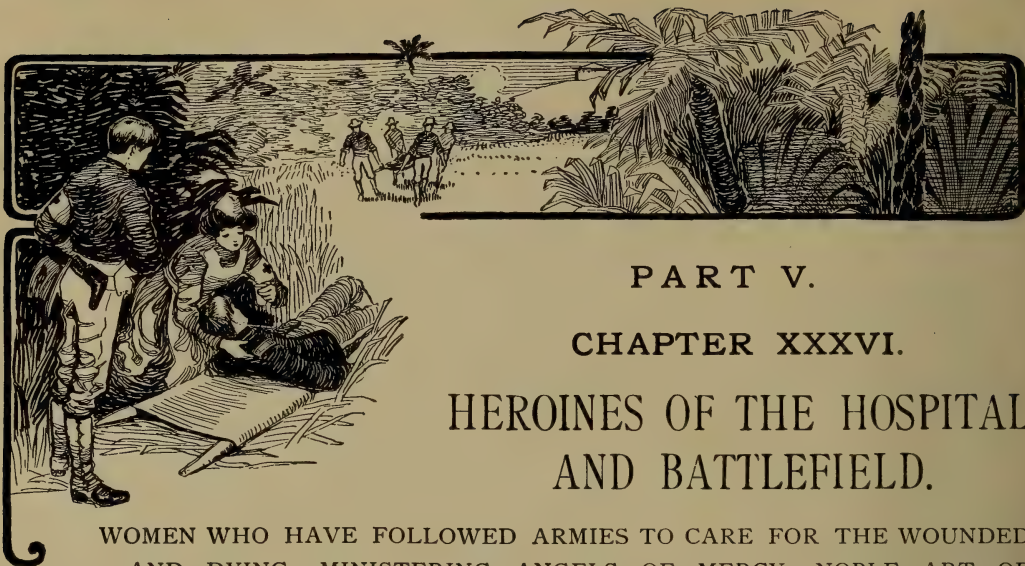
Peary here pushed out upon the ice, in hope of reaching the Pole. Eleven miles further north, in latitude 83.50, he found so wide a streak of water that he could not cross. That settled his fate for 1900. Turning back to the land, he followed the coast on eastward, 160 miles beyond Lockwood's "furthest," and within a degree of Independence Bay, visited by him seven or eight years before. Fort Conger was reached in safety on July 10th, almost three months from the time of his departure.

To open up communication with Peary, in 1900, the *Windward* was dispatched northward. Mrs. Peary went with the ship. It had been planned to have the vessel return before cold weather, but the season was

not favorable. On the way up the *Windward* stopped first at Etah, and then pushed on to Cape Sabine, where Peary had already arrived. The ship remained there, or, rather, in Payer Harbor, close by—from August 15, until July, 1901.

Satisfied by the experience of a previous year that the ice pack north of Greenland was not solid enough to encourage a fresh venture, Peary decided that his attempt in the spring of 1901 should be made from Grant Land, on the west side of Robeson Channel. He would make Fort Conger his preliminary base again, and seek to leave the land at Cape Hecla, said to be the northernmost point of land in the vast archipelago west of Greenland. Late in the winter, therefore, instead of staying down near his ship, Peary was quartered at Fort Conger.

April 5, 1901, he started with Henson, one Eskimo, two sledges and twelve dogs for the vicinity of Cape Hecla. On reaching the vicinity of Lincoln Bay, he found the condition of the men and dogs was such that he was obliged to turn back. Late in April, he started southward, and arrived at Cape Sabine on his birthday, May 6th. Several weeks later the *Erik* arrived from the south with mail and food. Then both the relief ship and the *Windward* returned to lower latitudes, Mrs. Peary coming home on her husband's own ship. The report of this last year's accomplishment, as given earlier in this article, completes substantially the record of these years of effort in the North.



PART V.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HEROINES OF THE HOSPITAL AND BATTLEFIELD.

WOMEN WHO HAVE FOLLOWED ARMIES TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED
AND DYING—MINISTERING ANGELS OF MERCY—NOBLE ART OF
NURSING—ONE ATTRACTIVE ELEMENT IN THE SAVAGERY OF WAR.

Among the personal influences that have altered the everyday life of the present century, the future historian will probably allot a prominent place to that of Florence Nightingale. Before she took up the work of her life, the art of sick nursing in England can hardly have been said to exist. Almost every one had a well-founded horror of the hired nurse; she was often ignorant, cruel, rapacious, and drunken; and when she was not quite as bad as that, she was prejudiced, superstitious, and impervious to new ideas or knowledge.

The worst type of the nurse of the pre-Nightingale era has been portrayed by Dickens in his "Sairey Gamp" with her bottle of gin or rum upon the "chimbley piece," handy for her to put it to her lips when she was "so disposed." "Sairey Gamp" is one of the blessings of the good old days which have now vanished forever; with her disappearance has also gradually disappeared the repugnance with which the professional nurse was at one time almost universally regarded; and there is now hardly any one who has not had cause to be thankful for the quick, gentle, and skilful assistance of the trained nurse.

Miss Nightingale never favored the curiosity of those who would wish to pry into the details of her private history. She was indeed so

retiring that there is some difficulty in getting accurate information about anything concerning her, with the exception of her public work. In a letter she allowed to be published, she says, "Being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me."

It would be very ungrateful and unbecoming in those who have benefited by her self-forgetful labors to attempt in any way to thwart her desire for privacy as to her personal affairs. The attention of the readers of this sketch will therefore be directed to Miss Nightingale's public work, and what the world, and women in particular, have gained by the noble example she set of how women's work should be done.

CARE OF THE SICK IS WOMEN'S WORK.

From time immemorial it has been universally recognized that the care of the sick is women's work; but somehow, partly from the low standard of women's education, partly from the false notion that all paid work was in a way degrading to a woman's gentility, it seemed to be imagined that women could do this work of caring for the sick without any special teaching or preparation for it; and as all paid work was supposed to be unladylike, no woman undertook it unless she was driven to it by the dire stress of poverty, and had therefore neither the time nor means to acquire the training necessary to do it well.

The lesson of Florence Nightingale's life is that painstaking study and preparation are just as necessary for women's work as they are for men's work. No young man attempts responsible work as a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or even a gardener or mechanic, without spending long years in fitting himself for his work; but in old times women seemed to think they could do all their work, in governessing, nursing, or what not, by the light of nature, and without any special teaching and preparation whatever. There is still some temptation on the part of women to fall into this fatal error.

A young woman, not long ago, who had studied medicine in India only two years, was placed at the head of a dispensary and hospital for native women. Who would have dreamt of taking a boy, after only two

years' study, for a post of similar responsibility and difficulty? Of course failure and disappointment resulted, and it will probably be a long time before the native community in that part of India recover their confidence in lady doctors.

Miss Nightingale spent nearly ten years in studying nursing before she considered herself qualified to undertake the sanitary direction of even a small hospital. She went from place to place, not confining her studies to her own country. She spent about a year at the hospital and nursing institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine in 1849. This had been founded by Pastor Fliedner, and was under the care of a Protestant Sisterhood who had perfected the art of sick nursing to a degree unknown at that time in any other part of Europe.

WEALTH NO OBSTACLE TO HER LABORS.

From Kaiserswerth she visited institutions for similar purposes, in other parts of Germany, and in France and Italy. It is obvious she could not have devoted the time and money which all this preparation must have cost if she had not been a member of a wealthy family. The fact that she was so makes her example all the more valuable. She was the daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy country gentleman of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embly Park in Hampshire. As a young girl she had the choice of all that wealth, luxury, and fashion could offer in the way of self-indulgence and ease, and she set them all on one side for the sake of learning how to benefit suffering humanity by making sick nursing an art in England.

In the letter already quoted Miss Nightingale gives, in reply to a special appeal, advice to young women about their work: "1. I would say also to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can only become by hard study.

"2. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges

—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work."

Here without intending it, Miss Nightingale drew a picture of her own character and methods. Years of hard study prepared her for her work; no inaccuracy, no weakness, no muddleheadedness was to be found in what she undertook; everything was business-like, orderly, and thorough. Those who knew her in the hospital spoke of her as combining "the voice of velvet and the will of steel."

"BETTER THAN NURSE OR DOCTOR"

She was not content with having a natural vocation for her work. It is said that when she was a young girl she was accustomed to dress the wounds of those who were hurt in the lead mines and quarries of her Derbyshire home, and that the saying was, "Our good young miss is better than nurse or doctor." If this is accurate, she did not err by burying her talent in the earth, and thinking that because she had a natural gift there was no need to cultivate it. She saw rather that because she had a natural gift it was her duty to increase it and make it of the utmost benefit to mankind.

At the end of her ten years' training, she came to the nursing home and hospital for governesses in Harley Street, an excellent institution, which at that time had fallen into some disorder through mismanagement. She stayed here from August, 1853, till October, 1854, and in those fourteen months placed the domestic, financial and sanitary affairs of the little hospital on a sound footing.

Now, however, the work with which her name will always be associated, and for which she will always be loved and honored, was about to commence. The Crimean war broke out early in 1854, and within a very few weeks of the commencement of actual fighting, every one at home was horrified and ashamed to hear of the frightful disorganization of the

supplies, and of the utter breakdown of the commissariat and medical arrangements. The most hopeless hugger-mugger reigned triumphant. The tinned meats sent out from England were little better than poison ; ships arrived with stores of boots which proved all to be for the left foot. (Muddleheads do not all belong to one sex.) The medical arrangements for the sick and wounded were on a par with the rest.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, speaks of the hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari as being in an absolutely chaotic condition. "In some instances," he writes, "medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. The medical officers were able and zealous men ; the stores were provided and paid for so far as our Government was concerned ; but the stores were not brought to the medical men. These had their hands all but idle, their eyes and souls tortured by the sight of sufferings which they were unable to relieve for want of the commonest appliances of the hospital."

MEN DYING LIKE SHEEP IN CAMP.

The result was that the most frightful mortality prevailed, not so much from the inevitable risks of battle, but from the insanitary conditions of the camp, the want of proper food, clothing, and fuel, and the wretched hospital arrangements. Mr. Mackenzie, author of a *History of the Nineteenth Century*, gives the following facts and figures with regard to the total losses in the Crimea : "Out of a total loss of 20,656, only 2598 were slain in battle ; 18,058 died in hospital." "Several regiments became literally extinct. One had but seven men left fit for duty ; another had thirty. When the sick were put on board transports, to be conveyed to hospital, the mortality was shocking. In some ships one man in every four died in a voyage of seven days. In some of the hospitals recovery was the rare exception. At one time four-fifths of the poor fellows who underwent amputation died of hospital gangrene. During the first seven months of the siege the men perished by disease at a rate which would have extinguished the entire force in little more than a year and a half."

When these facts became known in England, the mingled grief, shame, and anger of the whole nation were unbounded. It was then that Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was Minister of War, appealed to Miss Nightingale to organize and take out with her a band of trained nurses. It is needless to say that she consented. She was armed with full authority to cut the swathes of red tape that had proved shrouds to so many soldiers. On the 21st of October, 1854, Miss Nightingale, accompanied by forty-two other ladies, all trained nurses, set sail for the Crimea. They arrived at Constantinople on the 4th of November, the eve of Inkerman, which was fought on the 5th of November.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT IN HOSPITAL SERVICE.

Their first work, therefore, was to receive into the wards, which were already filled by 2300 men, the wounded from what proved the severest and fiercest engagement of the campaign. Miss Nightingale and her band of nurses proved fully equal to the charge they had undertaken. She, by a combination of inexorable firmness with unvarying gentleness, evolved order out of chaos. After her arrival, there were no more complaints of the inefficiency of the hospital arrangements for the army. The extraordinary way in which she spent herself and let herself be spent will never be forgotten.

She has been known to stand for twenty hours at a stretch, in order to see the wounded provided with every means of easing their condition. Her attention was directed not only to nursing the sick and wounded, but to removing the causes which had made the camp and the hospitals so deadly to their inmates. The extent of the work of mere nursing may be estimated by the fact that a few months after her arrival ten thousand sick men were under her care, and the rows of beds in one hospital alone, the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, measured two miles and one-third in length, with an average distance between each bed of two feet six inches.

Miss Nightingale's personal influence and authority over the men were immensely and deservedly strong. They knew she had left the

comforts and refinements of a wealthy home to be of service to them. Her slight, delicate form, her steady nerve, her kindly, conciliating manner, and her absolute self-devotion, awoke a passion of chivalrous feeling on the part of the men she tended. Sometimes a soldier would refuse to submit to a painful but necessary operation until a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm, and the man would submit willingly to the ordeal he had to undergo.

One soldier said, "Before she came here, there was such cursin' and swearing, and after that it was as holy as a church." Another said to Mr. Sidney Herbert, "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds—but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content."

WELCOMED BY WHOLE NATION.

This incident, of the wounded soldier turning to kiss her shadow as it passed, was woven into a beautiful poem by Longfellow. It is called "Santa Filomena." The fact that she had been born in, and had been named after the city of Florence, may have suggested to the poet to turn her name into the language of the country of her birth.

Miss Nightingale suffered from an attack of hospital fever in the spring of 1855, but as soon as possible she returned to her laborious post, and never quitted it till the war was over and the last soldier was on his way home. When she returned to England she received such a welcome as probably has fallen to no other woman; all distinctions of party and of rank were forgotten in the one wish to do her honor.

She was presented by the Queen with a jewel in commemoration of her work in the Crimea, and a national testimonial was set on foot, to which a sum of £50,000 (\$250,000) was subscribed. It is unnecessary to say that Miss Nightingale did not accept this testimonial for her own personal benefit. The sum was devoted to the permanent endowment of schools for the training of nurses in St. Thomas's and King's College Hospitals.

Since the Crimea no European war has taken place without calling

forth the service of trained bands of skilled nurses. Within ten years of Florence Nightingale's labors in the East, the nations of Europe agreed at the Geneva Convention upon certain rules and regulations, with the object of ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded in war. By this convention all ambulances and military hospitals were neutralized, and their inmates and staff were henceforth to be regarded as non-combatants. The distinguishing red cross of the Geneva Convention is now universally recognized as the one civilized element in the savagery of war.

SANTA FILOMENA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,

Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deepest souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp ;
The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see

Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkened walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

"These French Zouaves," wrote Dr. Russell, the celebrated correspondent of the London Times, "are first-rate foragers. You may see

them in all directions laden with eggs, meat, fish, vegetables (onions) and other good things, while our fellows can get nothing. Sometimes, our servant is sent out to cater for breakfast or dinner; he returns with the usual 'Me and the colonel's servant has been all over the town, and can get nothing but eggs and onions, sir;' and lo! round the corner appears a red-breeched Zouave or Chasseur, a bottle of wine under his left arm, half a lamb under the other, and poultry, fish, and other luxuries dangling round him. 'I'm sure, I don't know how these French manages it, sir,' says the crestfallen Mercury, and retires to cook the eggs."

Some of the general officers, instead of directing their energies to remedying this state of things, appear to have been chiefly concerned in compelling men to shave every day, and to wear their leathern stocks on parade. One of the generals, it is said, hated hair on the heads and faces of soldiers with a kind of mania. "Where there is much hair," said he, "there is dirt, and where there is dirt there will be disease;" forgetting that hair was placed upon the human head and face to protect it against winds and weather such as these soldiers were experiencing.

LOUD CHEERS FROM THE SOLDIERS.

It was not until the army had been ten weeks in the field, and were exposed to the blazing heat of summer, that the Queen's own guards were permitted to leave off those terrible stocks, and they celebrated the joyful event by three as thundering cheers as ever issued from the emancipated throats of men. After six months' service, the great boon was granted of permitting the men to wear a mustache, but not a beard. It was not until almost all order was lost and stamped out of sight in the mire and snow of the following winter, that the general in command allowed his troops to enjoy the protection of the full beard. Nor were the private habits of the men conducive to the preservation of their health.

Twenty soldiers of one regiment were in the guard-house on the same day for drunkenness, at Gallipoli. As late as the middle of April there was still a lamentable scarcity of everything required for the hos-

pital. "There were no blankets for the sick," wrote Dr. Russell, "no beds, no mattresses, no medical comforts of any kind; and the invalid soldiers had to lie for several days on the bare boards, in a wooden house, with nothing but a single blanket as bed and covering."

Every time the army moved it seemed to get into worse quarters, and to be more wanting in necessary supplies. The camp at Aladyn, where the army was posted at the end of June, was a melancholy example of this truth. The camp was ten miles from the sea, in the midst of a country utterly deserted, and the only communication between the camp and the post was furnished by heavy carts, drawn by buffaloes, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; and by this kind of transportation an army of twenty-five thousand men, and thirteen thousand horses, had to be fed. The scene can be imagined, as well as the results upon the comfort and health of the troops.

LAMENTABLE OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA.

In July the cholera broke out, and carried off officers and men of both armies in considerable numbers. July the 24th, it suddenly appeared in the camp of the light division, and twenty men died in twenty-four hours. A sergeant attacked at seven, a. m., was dead at noon. What was, at once, remarkable and terrible in this disease, it was often quite painless. And yet, in the midst of all this horror and death, the soldiers of both armies exhibited a wonderful recklessness.

"You find them," wrote Dr. Russell, "lying drunk in the kennels, or in the ditches by the roadsides, under the blazing rays of the sun, covered with swarms of flies. You see them in stupid sobriety, gravely paring the rind off cucumbers of portentous dimensions, and eating the deadly cylinders one after another, to the number of six or eight,—all the while sitting in groups, in the open streets; or, frequently, three or four of them will make a happy bargain with a Greek, for a large basketful of apricots, watermelons, wooden pears, and green gages, and then they retire beneath the shades of a tree, where they divide and eat the luscious food till naught remains but a heap of peels, rind, and stones.

They dilute the mass of fruit with peach brandy, and then straggle home, or go to sleep as best they can."

Think of the military discipline which could compel the wearing of stocks, forbid the growth of a beard, and permit such heedless suicide as this, of men appointed to maintain the honor of their country's flag on foreign soil! How incredible it would be, if we had not abundant proof of the fact, that, at this very time, a lieutenant-general issued an order directing cavalry officers to lay in a stock of yellow ochre and pipe clay, for the use of the men in rubbing up their uniforms and accoutrements!

IN A RAINSTORM WITHOUT TENTS.

On the 13th of September, 1854, twenty-seven thousand British troops were landed upon the shores of the Crimea, and marched six miles into the country. There was not so much as a tree for shelter on that bleak and destitute coast. The French troops who landed on the same day had small shelter tents with them; but in all the English host there was but one tent. Towards night the wind rose, and it began to rain. At midnight, the rain fell in torrents, and continued to do so all the rest of the night, penetrating the blankets and overcoats of the troops, and beating pitilessly down upon the aged generals, the young dandies, the steady going gentlemen, as well as upon the private soldiers of the English army, who slept in puddles, ditches, and watercourses, without fire, without grog, and without any certain prospect of breakfast. One general slept under a cart, and the Duke of Cambridge himself was no better accommodated. This was but the beginning of misery.

On the following day, signals were made on the admiral's ship for all the vessels of the great fleet to send their sick men on board the Kangaroo. Thoughtless order! In the course of the day, this vessel was surrounded by hundreds of boats filled with sick soldiers and sailors, and it was soon crowded to suffocation. Before night closed in, there were fifteen hundred sick on board of her, and the scene was so full of horror that the details were deemed unfit for publication. The design was that these sick men should be conveyed on the Kangaroo to the

neighborhood of Constantinople, to be placed in hospital. But when she had been crammed with her miserable freight, she was ascertained to be unseaworthy, and all the fifteen hundred had to be transferred to other vessels. Many deaths occurred during the process of removal.

On the same day men were dying on the beach, and did actually die, without any medical assistance whatever. When the hospital was about to be established at Balaklava, some days after, sick men were sent thither before the slightest preparation for them had been made, and many of them remained in the open street for several hours in the rain.

TENTS THEIR ONLY SHELTER IN WINTER.

Winter came on—such a winter as we are accustomed to in and near the city of New York or Chicago. The whole army were still living in tents. No adequate preparation had been made, of any kind, for protecting the troops against such snows, and cold, and rain, as they were certain to experience. This hurricane broke upon the camp early in the morning of November the fourteenth, an hour before daylight, the wind bringing with it torrents of rain. The air was filled with blankets, coats, hats, jackets, quilts, bedclothes, tents, and even with tables and chairs. Wagons and ambulances were overturned by the force of the wind. Almost every tent was laid prostrate.

The cavalry horses, terrified at the noise, broke loose, and the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with galloping horses. During the day the storm continued to rage, while not a fire could be lighted, nor any beginning made of repairing the damage. Towards night it began to snow, and a driving storm of snow and sleet tormented the army during the night. This storm proved more deadly on sea than on shore, and many a ship, stored with warm clothing, of which these troops were in perishing need, went to the bottom of the Black Sea.

A few days after, Doctor Russell wrote: "It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or water-proof

clothing—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches,—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives.

“These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar, who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe. They are well fed, indeed, but they have no shelter, no rest, and no defense against the weather. The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and now continually drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through ‘like sieves,’ and are perfectly useless as protections against the weather.”

DEMAND FOR EDUCATED NURSES.

The great horror was the neglect of the sick in the hospitals, and a demand arose for a corps of skilful, educated nurses. There was but one woman in England fitted by character, position, and education, to head such a band. Sidney Herbert, a member of the British Cabinet, was an old friend of Florence Nightingale's father. Mr. Herbert was thus acquainted with the peculiar bent of Miss Nightingale's disposition and the nature of her training. By a curious coincidence, and yet not an unnatural one, she wrote to him offering her services, and he wrote to her asking her aid, on the same day. Other ladies of birth and fortune volunteered to accompany her, to whom were added some superior professional nurses. October the 24th, 1854, Florence Nightingale, accompanied by a clerical friend and his wife, and by a corps of thirty-seven nurses, left England for the Crimea, followed by the benedictions of millions of their countrymen.

They traveled through France to Marseilles. On their journey the ladies were treated with more than the usual politeness of Frenchmen; the innkeepers and even the servants would not take payment for their accommodation, and all ranks of people appeared to be in most cordial

sympathy with their mission. Among other compliments paid Miss Nightingale by the press, one of the newspapers informed the public that her dress was charming, and that she was almost as graceful as the ladies of Paris.

From Marseilles they were conveyed in a steamer to Scutari, where the principal hospitals were placed, which they reached on the 5th of November. In all the town, crowded with misery in every form, there were but five unoccupied rooms, which had been reserved for wounded officers of high rank; these were assigned to the nurses, and they at once entered upon the performance of their duty. They came none too soon. In a few hours wounded men in great numbers began to be brought in from the action of Balaklava, and, ere long, thousands more arrived from the bloody field of Inkerman. Fortunately the "Times" commissioner was present to supply Miss Nightingale's first demands. Some days elapsed, however, before men ceased to die for want of stores, which had been supplied, which were present in the town, but which could not be obtained at the place and moment required. One of the nurses reported that, during the first night of her attendance, eleven men died before her eyes, whom a little wine or arrow-root would almost certainly have benefited and probably have saved.

NO TIME FOR RED TAPE.

Miss Nightingale at once comprehended that it was no time to stand upon trifles. On the second day after her arrival six hundred wounded men were brought in, and the number increased until there were three thousand patients under her immediate charge. Miss Nightingale, one of the gentlest and tenderest of women, surveyed the scene of confusion and anguish with unruffled mind, and issued her orders with the calmness that comes of certain knowledge of what is best to be done.

If red tape interposed, she quietly cut it. If there was no one near who was authorized to unlock a storehouse, she took a few Turks with her, and stood by while they broke it open. During the first week her labors were arduous beyond what would have been thought possible for

any one ; she was known to stand for twenty hours directing the labors of men and women. Yet, however fatigued she might be, her manner was always serene, and she had a smile or a compassionate word for the suffering as she passed them by.

As soon as the first needs of the men were supplied, she established a washing-house, which she found time herself to superintend. Before that was done, there had been a washing contract in existence, the conditions of which were so totally neglected by the contractor, that the linen of the whole hospital was foul and rotten. She established a kitchen, which she also managed to inspect, in which hundreds of gallons of beef tea, and other liquid food, were prepared every day. She knew precisely how all these things should be done ; she was acquainted with the best apparatus for doing them ; and she was thus enabled, out of the rough material around her—that is to say, out of boards, camp-kettles, camp-stores, and blundering Turks—to create laundries and kitchens which answered the purpose well, until better could be provided.

A MINISTERING ANGEL IN HOSPITALS.

She also well understood the art of husbanding skilful labor. When a few nurses could be spared from the wards of the hospital, she set them to preparing padding for amputated limbs, and other surgical appliances ; so that when a thousand wounded suddenly arrived from the battlefield, men no longer perished for the want of some trifling but indispensable article, which foresight could have provided.

The “Times” commissioner wrote : “She is a ministering angel in these hospitals ; and, as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow’s face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.” What a picture is this !

The same writer continues : “The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy,

hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, and promptitude, and decision of character."

Incredible as it now seems, the arrival of these ladies was far from being welcomed either by the medical or military officers, and it required all the firmness and tact of a Florence Nightingale to overcome the obstacles which were placed or left in her way. Several weeks passed before the hospital authorities cordially co-operated with her. A witty clergyman remarked: "She belongs to a sect which unfortunately is a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritans."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND ATTRACTIONS.

An excellent and liberal-minded chaplain, the Rev. S. G. Osborne, in his work on the Hospitals of Scutari, describes, in the most interesting manner, the appearance and demeanor of Miss Nightingale. "In appearance," he says, "she is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she pleases, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous.

"In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the pressure of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplin-

arian ; she throws herself into a work as its head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful ! I have been with her at very severe operations : she was more than equal to the trial.

“She has an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.” Only a Florence Nightingale could do this.

IN RAPTURES OVER BRIGHT FLOWERS.

Speaking of the delight which the sick take in flowers, she says: “I have seen in fevers (and felt when I was a fever patient) the most acute suffering produced, from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of window, and the knots in the wood being the only view. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid.”

By this time, excursionists and yachtsmen began to arrive at the Crimea, one of whom lent her a yacht, the use of which much aided her recovery. When she first sailed in it, she had to be carried to the vessel in the arms of men.

She remained in the Crimea a year and ten months, and reached home again in safety, but an invalid for life, on the 8th of September, 1856. All England felt that something must be done to mark the national gratitude, and perpetuate the memory of it forever. Fifty thousand pounds were raised, as already stated, almost without an effort, and it was concluded at length, to employ this fund in enabling Miss Nightingale to establish an institution for the training of nurses. She sanctioned and accepted this trust, and was chiefly employed afterwards

in labors connected with it. The Sultan of Turkey sent her a magnificent bracelet. The Queen of England gave her a cross beautifully formed, and blazing with gems. The queen invited her also to visit her retreat at Balmoral, and Miss Nightingale spent some days there receiving the homage of the royal family.

Not the least service which this noble lady has rendered the suffering sons of men has been the publication of the work just referred to, entitled "Notes on Nursing; what it is and what it is not,"—one of the very few little books of which it can be truly said that a copy ought to be in every house. In this work, she gives the world, in a lively, vigorous manner, the substance of all that knowledge of nursing, which she so laboriously acquired. Her directions are admirably simple, and still more admirably wise, and are the result of experience.

CHIEF DUTIES OF A GOOD NURSE.

"The chief duty of a nurse," she says, "is simply this: 'To keep the air which the patient breathes as pure as the external air, but without chilling him.'" This, she insisted, is the main point, and is so important that if you attend properly to that you may leave almost all the rest to nature. She dwells most forcibly upon the absolute necessity, and wonderfully curative power, of perfect cleanliness and bright light. Her little chapter upon Noise in the Sick Room, in which she shows how necessary it is for a patient never to be startled, disturbed, or fidgeted, is most admirable and affecting. She seems to have entered into the very soul of sick people, and to have as lively a sense of how they feel, what they like, what gives them pain, what hinders or retards their recovery, as though she were herself the wretch whose case she is describing. If she had done nothing else in her life but produce this wise, kind and pointed little work, she would deserve the gratitude of suffering man.

The book, too, although remarkably free from direct allusions to herself, contains much biographical material. We see the woman on every page—the woman who takes nothing for granted, whom sophistry

cannot deceive, who looks at things with her own honest eyes, reflects upon them with her own fearless mind, and speaks of them in good, downright, Nigthingale English. She ever returns to her grand, fundamental position, the curative power of fresh, pure air. Disease, she remarks, is not an evil, but a blessing; it is a reparative process—an effort of nature to get rid of something hostile to life. That being the case, it is of the first importance to remove what she considers the chief cause of disease—the inhaling of poisonous air. She laughs to scorn the impious cant, so often employed to console bereaved parents, that the death of children is a “mysterious dispensation of Providence.” No such thing. Children perish, she tells us, because they are packed into unventilated school-rooms, and sleep at night in unventilated dormitories.

BLESSINGS OF PURE, FRESH AIR.

“An extraordinary fallacy,” she says, “is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice! An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one.” Better, she remarks, shut the windows all day than all night. She maintains, too, that the reason why people now-a-days, especially ladies, are less robust than they were formerly, is because they pass the greater part of their lives in breathing poison. Upon this point she expresses herself with great force:—

“The houses of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of this generation (at least, the country houses), with front door and back door always standing open, winter and summer, and a thorough draft always blowing through—with all the scrubbing, and cleaning, and polishing, and scouring, which used to go on—the grandmothers, and, still more, the great-grandmothers, always out-of-doors, and never with a bonnet on except to go church; these things entirely account for a fact so often seen of a great-grandmother who was a tower of physical vigor, descending into a grandmother, perhaps a little less vigorous, but still sound as

a bell, and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and her house, and lastly into a daughter sickly and confined to her bed.

“For, remember, even with a general decrease of mortality, you may often find a race thus degenerating, and still oftener a family. You may see poor, little, feeble, washed-out rags, children of a noble stock, suffering, morally and physically, throughout their useless, degenerate lives; and yet people who are going to marry and to bring more such into the world, will consult nothing but their own convenience as to where they are to live or how they are to live.”

SMALL POX NOT ALWAYS FROM CONTAGION.

On the subject of contagion she has decided and important opinions. “I was brought up,” she says, “both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog (or a first pair of dogs), and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog. Since then I have seen with my eyes, and smelt with my nose, small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or in overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been caught, but must have begun. Nay, more. I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now, dogs do not pass into cats. I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and, with a little more, typhoid fever; and, with a little more, typhus; and all in the same ward or hut. Would it not be far better, truer, and more practical, if we looked upon disease in this light?”

“Again,” she says, “why must a child have measles? If you believed in and observed the laws for preserving the health of houses, which inculcate cleanliness, ventilation, whitewashing, and other means (and which, by the way, are laws) as implicitly as you believe in the

popular opinion (for it is nothing more than an opinion) that your child must have children's epidemics, don't you think that, upon the whole, your child would be more likely to escape altogether?"

She has a very pleasing and suggestive passage upon the kind of conversation which is most beneficial to the sick. "A sick person," she observes, "does so enjoy hearing good news; for instance, of a love and courtship while in progress to a good ending. If you tell him only when the marriage takes place, he loses half the pleasure, which, God knows, he has little enough of; and, ten to one, but you have told him of some love-making with a bad ending. A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any material good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so much of books and fiction, of principles, and precepts, and theories! Do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically; it is like a day's health to him.

POWER TO THINK BUT NOT TO DO.

"You have no idea what the craving of the sick, with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it. Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety. They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them; they like you to be fresh, and active, and interesting; but they cannot bear absence of mind; and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter whom it is, they see.

"There is no better society than babies and sick people for one another. Of course you must manage this so that neither shall suffer from it, which is perfectly possible. If you think the air of the sick-room bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid, too, and therefore

you will of course correct it for both. It freshens up the sick person's whole mental atmosphere to see 'the baby.' And a very young child, if unspoiled, will generally adapt itself wonderfully to the ways of a sick person, if the time they spend together is not too long."

These passages give us a more correct conception of the mind and character of Florence Nightingale than any narrative of her life which has yet been given to the public. There has been nothing of chance in her career. She gained her knowledge, as it is always gained, by faithful and laborious study, and she acquired skill in applying her knowledge by careful practice.

There can be no doubt that the example of Miss Nightingale had much to do in calling forth the exertions of American women during our late war. As soon as we had wounded soldiers to heal, and military hospitals to serve, the patriotic and benevolent ladies of America thought of Florence Nightingale, and hastened to offer their assistance; and, doubtless, it was the magic of her name which assisted to open a way for them, and broke down the prejudices which might have proved insurmountable. When Florence Nightingale overcame the silent opposition of ancient surgeons and obstinate old sergeants in the Crimea, she was also smoothing the path of American women on the banks of the Potomac and the Mississippi, and in our war with Spain. Her name and example belong to the race which she has honored; but to us, whom she taught the art of nursing, and thus associated her name with the benevolent and heroic ladies of our land, she will ever be peculiarly dear.

Her career is a good example of overcoming obstacles by heroic courage, indomitable will and a patience that never fails. She was calm and self-possessed under the most trying circumstances. This is a temperament that does not belong naturally to every one, but can be cultivated. Trained nurses need to have rare qualities and experience in order to succeed and perform well their very difficult work. It is a noble and useful calling.

CLARA BARTON.

Of those whom the first blast of our Civil War trump roused and called to lives of patriotic devotion and philanthropic endeavor, some were led instinctively to associated labor, and found their zeal inflamed, their patriotic efforts cheered and encouraged by communion with those who were like-minded. To these the organizations of the Soldiers' Aid Societies and of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were a necessity; they provided a way and place for the exercise and development of those capacities for noble and heroic endeavor, and generous self-sacrifice, so gloriously manifested by many of our American women.

But there were others endowed by their Creator with greater independence of character and higher executive powers, who while not less modest and retiring in disposition than their sisters, yet preferred to mark out their own career, and pursue an independent course.

To this latter class pre-eminently belongs Miss Clara Barton.

Quiet, modest, and unassuming in manner and appearance, there is beneath this quiet exterior an intense energy, a comprehensive intellect, a resolute will, and an executive force, which is found in few of the stronger sex, and which mingled with the tenderness and grace of refined womanhood eminently qualifies her to become an independent power.

CAME FROM AN EXCELLENT FAMILY.

Miss Barton was born in North Oxford, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Her father, Stephen Barton, Sr., was a man highly esteemed in the community in which he dwelt, and by which his worth was most thoroughly known. In early youth he had served as a soldier in the West under General Wayne, the "Mad Anthony" of the early days of the Republic, and his boyish eyes had witnessed the evacuation of Detroit.

The little Clara was the youngest by several years in a family of two brothers and three sisters. She was early taught that primeval benediction, miscalled a curse, which requires mankind to earn their bread. Besides domestic duties and a very thorough public school training she learned the general rules of business by acting as clerk and bookkeeper

for her eldest brother. Next she betook herself to the district school, the usual stepping-stone for all aspiring men and women in New England. She taught for several years, commencing when very young, in various places in Massachusetts and New Jersey. The large circle of friends thus formed was not without its influence in determining her military career. So many of her pupils volunteered in the first years of the war that at the second battle of Bull Run she found seven of them, each of whom had lost an arm or a leg.

BEGINS AND CARRIES ON A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

One example will show her character as a teacher. She went to Bordentown, N. J., in 1853, where there was not, and never had been, a public school. Three or four unsuccessful attempts had been made, and the idea had been abandoned as not adapted to that latitude. The brightest boys in the town ran untaught in the streets. She offered to teach a free school for three months at her own expense, to convince the citizens that it could be done; and she was laughed at as a visionary. Six weeks of waiting and debating induced the authorities to fit up an unoccupied building at a little distance from the town. She commenced with six outcast boys, and in five weeks the house would not hold the number that came.

The commissioners, at her instance, erected the present school building of Bordentown, a three-story brick building, costing four thousand dollars; and there, in the winter of 1853-4, she organized the city free school with a roll of six hundred pupils. But the severe labor, and the great amount of loud speaking required, in the newly plastered rooms, injured her health, and for a time deprived her of her voice—the prime agent of instruction. Being unable to teach, she left New Jersey about the 1st of March, 1854, seeking rest and a milder climate, and went as far south as Washington.

While there, a friend and distant relative, then in Congress, voluntarily obtained for her an appointment in the Patent Office, where she continued until the fall of 1857. She was employed at first as a copyist,

and afterwards in the more responsible work of abridging original papers, and preparing records for publication. As she was an excellent chirographer, with a clear head for business, and was paid by the piece and not by the month, she made money fast, as matters were then reckoned, and she was very liberal with it.

"I met her," says a friend, "often during those years, as I have since and rarely saw her without some pet scheme of benevolence on her hands which she pursued with an enthusiasm that was quite heroic, and sometimes amusing. The roll of those she has helped, or tried to help, with her purse, her personal influence or her counsels, would be a long one; orphan children, deserted wives, destitute women, sick or unsuccessful relatives, men who have failed in business, and boys who never had any business—all who were in want, or in trouble, and could claim the slightest acquaintance, came to her for aid and were never repulsed. Strange it was to see this generous girl, whose own hands ministered to all her wants, always giving to those around her, instead of receiving, strengthening the hands and directing the steps of so many who would have seemed better calculated to help her.

SPECIAL ATTENDANT OF A SICK BROTHER.

"She must have had a native genius for nursing; for in her twelfth year she was selected as the special attendant of a sick brother, and remained in his chamber by day and by night for two years, with only a respite of one half-day in all that time. Think, O reader! of a little girl in short dresses and pantalettes, neither going to school nor to play, but imprisoned for years in the deadly air of a sick room, and made to feel, every moment, that a brother's life depended on her vigilance. Then followed a still longer period of sickness and feebleness on her own part; and from that time to the present, sickness, danger and death have been always near her, till they have grown familiar as playmates, and she has come to understand all the wants and ways and waywardness of the sick; has learned to anticipate their wishes and cheat them of their fears.

“Those who have been under her immediate care, will understand me when I say there is healing in the touch of her hand, and anodyne in the low melody of her voice. In the first year of Mr. Buchanan’s administration she was hustled out of the Patent Office on a suspicion of anti-slavery sentiments. She returned to New England, and devoted her time to study and works of benevolence. In the winter following the election of Mr. Lincoln, she returned to Washington at the solicitation of her friends there, and would doubtless have been reinstated if peace had been maintained. I happened to see her a day or two after the news came that Fort Sumter had been fired on. She was confident, even enthusiastic, and ready for her work.

WILLING TO GIVE ALL TO HER COUNTRY.

“For herself she had saved a little in time of peace, and she intended to devote it and herself to the service of her country and of humanity. If war must be, she neither expected nor desired to come out of it with a dollar. If she survived, she could no doubt earn a living; and if she did not, it was no matter. This is actually the substance of what she said, and pretty nearly the words—without appearing to suspect that it was remarkable.”

Three days after Major Anderson had lowered his flag in Charleston Harbor, the Sixth Massachusetts Militia started for Washington. Their passage through Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861, is a remarkable point in our national history. The next day about thirty of the sick and wounded were placed in the Washington Infirmary, where the Judiciary Square Hospital now stands. Miss Barton proceeded promptly to the spot to ascertain their condition and afford such voluntary relief as might be in her power. Hence, if she was not the first person in the country in this noble work, no one could have been more than a few hours before her.

The regiment was quartered at the Capitol, and as those early volunteers will remember, troops on their first arrival were often very poorly provided for. The 21st of April happened to be Sunday. No omnibuses

ran that day, and street cars as yet were not; so she hired five colored persons, loaded them with baskets of ready prepared food, and proceeded to the Capitol. The freight they bore served as countersign and pass; she entered the Senate Chamber, and distributed her welcome store. Many of the soldiers were from her own neighborhood, and as they thronged around her, she stood upon the steps to the Vice-Presidents' chair and read to them from a paper she had brought, the first written history of their departure and their journey.

SMALL BEGINNINGS OF MILITARY EXPERIENCE.

These two days were the first small beginnings of her military experience—steps which naturally led to much else. Men wrote home their own impressions of what she saw; and her acts found ready reporters. Young soldiers whom she had taught or known as boys a few years before, called to see her on their way to the front. Troops were gathering rapidly, and hospitals—the inevitable shadows of armies—were springing up and getting filled. Daily she visited them, bringing to the sick news, and delicacies and comforts of her own procuring, and writing letters for those who could not write themselves. Mothers and sisters heard of her, and begged her to visit this one and that, committing to her care letters, socks, jellies and the like.

Her work and its fame grew week by week, and soon her room, for she generally had but one, became sadly encumbered with boxes, and barrels and baskets, of the most varied contents. Through the summer of 1862, the constant stock she had on hand averaged about five tons. The goods were mainly the contributions of liberal individuals, churches and sewing-circles to whom she was personally known. But, although articles of clothing, lint, bandages, cordials, preserved fruits, liquors, and the like might be sent, there was always much which she had to buy herself.

During this period, as in her subsequent labors, she neither sought nor received recognition by any department of the Government, by which we mean only that she had no acknowledged position, rank, rights or

duties, was not employed, paid, or compensated in any way, had authority over no one, and was subject to no one's orders. She was simply an American lady, mistress of herself and of no one else; free to stay at home, if she had a home, and equally free to go where she pleased, if she could procure passports and transportation, which was not always an easy matter. From many individual officers, she received most valuable encouragement and assistance; from none more than from General Rucker, the excellent Chief Quartermaster at Washington. He furnished her storage for her supplies when necessary, transportation for herself and them, and added to her stores valuable contributions at times when they were most wanted. She herself declares, with generous exaggeration, that if she has ever done any good, it has been due to the watchful care and kindness of General Rucker.

HER DUTY NOW AT HOME.

About the close of 1861, Miss Barton returned to Massachusetts to watch over the declining health of her father, now in his eighty-eighth year, and failing fast. In the following March she placed his remains in the little cemetery at Oxford, and then returned to Washington and to her former labors. But, as the spring and summer campaigns progressed, Washington ceased to be the best field for the philanthropist. In the hospitals of the Capitol the sick and wounded found shelter, food and attendance. Private generosity now centered there; and the United States Sanitary Commission had its office and officers there to minister to the thousand exceptional wants not provided for by the Army Regulations. There were other fields where the harvest was plenteous and the labors few.

Yet could she, as a young and not unattractive lady, go with safety and propriety among a hundred thousand armed men and tell them that no one had sent her? She would encounter rough soldiers, and camp-followers of every nation, and officers of all grades of character; and could she bear herself so wisely and loftily in all trials as to awe the impertinent, and command the respect of the supercilious, so that she

might be free to come and go at her will, and do what should seem good to her? Or, if she failed to maintain a character proof against even inuendoes, would she not break the bridge over which any successor would have to pass? These questions she pondered, and prayed and wept over for months, and has spoken of the mental conflict as the most trying one of her life.

She had foreseen and told all these fears to her father; and the old man, on his death-bed, advised her to go wherever she felt it a duty to go. He reminded her that he himself had been a soldier, and said that all true soldiers would respect her. He was naturally a man of great benevolence, a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Degree of Royal Arch Masons; and in his last days he spoke much of the purposes and noble charities of the Order. She had herself received the initiation accorded to the daughters of Royal Arch Masons, and wore on her bosom a Masonic emblem, by which she was easily recognized by the brotherhood, and which subsequently proved a valuable talisman.

RESOLVES TO GO INTO ACTUAL BATTLE.

At last she reached the conclusion that it was right for her to go amid the actual tumult of battle and shock of armies. And the fact that she moved and labored with the principal armies in the North and in the South for two years and a half, and that now no one who knows her would speak of her without the most profound respect, proves two things—that there may be heroism of the highest order in American women—and that American armies are not to be judged of by the recorded statements concerning European ones.

Her first tentative efforts at going to the field were cautious and beset with difficulties. Through the long Peninsula campaign as each transport brought its load of suffering men, with the mud of the Chickahominy and the gore of battle baked hard upon them like the shells of turtles, she went down each day to the wharves with an ambulance laden with dressings and restoratives, and there, amid the turmoil and dirt, and under the torrid sun of Washington, toiled day by day, alleviating such

suffering as she could. And when the steamers turned their prows down the river, she looked wistfully after them, longing to go to those dread shores whence all this misery came.

But she was alone and unknown, and how could she get the means and the permission to go? The military authorities were overworked in those days and plagued with unreasonable applications, and as a class are not very indulgent to unusual requests. The first officer of rank who gave her a kind answer was a man who never gave an unkind reply without great provocation—Dr. R. H. Coolidge, Medical Inspector. Through him a pass was obtained from Surgeon-General Hammond, and she was referred to Major Rucker, Quartermaster, for transportation. The Major listened to her story so patiently and kindly that she was overcome, and sat down and wept. It was then too late in the season to go to McClellan's army, so she loaded a railroad car with supplies and started for Culpepper Court-House, then crowded with the wounded from the battle of Cedar Mountain and in need of nurses.

FIRST TO VOLUNTEER AID.

With a similar carload she was the first of the volunteer aid that reached Fairfax Station at the close of the disastrous days that culminated in the second Bull Run, and the battle of Chantilly. On these two expeditions, and one to Fredericksburg, Miss Barton was accompanied by friends, at least one gentleman and a lady in each case, but at last a time came, when through the absence or engagements of these, she must go alone or not at all.

On Sunday, the 14th of September, 1862, she loaded an army wagon with supplies and started to follow the march of General McClellan. Her only companions were Mr. Cornelius M. Welles, the teacher of the first contraband school in the District of Columbia—a young man of rare talent and devotion—and one teamster. She traveled three days along the dusty roads of Maryland, buying bread as she went to the extent of her means of conveyance, and sleeping in the wagon by night. After dark, on the night of the sixteenth, she reached Burnside's corps, and found the two

armies lying face to face along the opposing ridges of hills that bound the valley of the Antietam. There had already been heavy skirmishing far away on the right where Hooker had forded the creek and taken position on the opposite hills; and the air was dark and thick with fog and exhalations, with the smoke of camp-fires and premonitory death.

There was little sleep that night, and as the morning sun rose bright and beautiful over the Blue Ridge and dipped down into the valley, the firing on the right was resumed. Reinforcements soon began to move along the rear to Hooker's support. Thinking the place of danger was the place of duty, Miss Barton ordered her mules to be harnessed and took her place in the swift train of artillery that was passing. On reaching the scene of action they turned into a field of tall corn, and drove through it into a large barn. They were close upon the line of battle; the enemy's shot and shell flew thickly around and over them; and in the barnyard and among the corn lay torn and bleeding men—the worst cases—just brought from the places where they had fallen. The army medical supplies had not yet arrived, the small stock of dressings was exhausted, and the surgeons were trying to make bandages of corn husks.

RENDERS HELP TO THE SURGEONS.

Miss Barton opened to them her stock of dressings, and proceeded with her companions to distribute bread steeped in wine to the wounded and fainting. In the course of the day she picked up twenty-five men who had come to the rear with the wounded, and set them to work administering restoratives, bringing and applying water, lifting men to easier positions, stopping hemorrhages, etc., etc. At length her bread was all spent; but luckily a part of the liquors she had brought were found to have been packed in meal, which suggested the idea of making gruel. A farm house was found connected with the barn, and on searching the cellar, she discovered three barrels of flour, and a bag of salt which the enemy had hidden the day before. Kettles were found about the house, and she prepared to make gruel on a large scale, which was carried in buckets and distributed along the line for miles.

On the ample piazza of the house were ranged the operating tables, where the surgeons performed their operations; and on that piazza she kept her place from the forenoon till nightfall, mixing gruel and directing her assistants, under the fire of one of the greatest and fiercest battles of modern times. Before night her face was as black as a negro's, and her lips and throat parched with the sulphurous smoke of battle. But night came at last, and the wearied armies lay down on the ground to rest; and the dead and wounded lay everywhere. Darkness, too, had its terrors; and as the night closed in, the surgeon in charge at the old farm house, looked despairingly at a bit of candle and said it was the only one on the place; and no one could stir till morning.

A THOUSAND DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

A thousand men dangerously wounded and suffering terribly from thirst lay around, and many must die before the light of another day. It was a fearful thing to die alone and in the dark, and no one could move among the wounded, for fear of stumbling over them. Miss Barton replied, that, profiting by her experience at Chantilly, she had brought with her thirty lanterns, and an abundance of candles. It was worth a journey to Antietam, to light the gloom of that night. On the morrow the fighting had ceased, but the work of caring for the wounded was resumed and continued all day. On the third day the regular supplies arrived; and Miss Barton having exhausted her small stores, and finding that continued fatigue and watching were bringing on a fever, turned her course towards Washington.

It was with difficulty that she was able to reach home, where she was confined to her bed for some time. When she recovered sufficiently to call on Colonel Rucker, and told him that with five wagons she could have taken supplies sufficient for the immediate wants of all the wounded, that officer shed tears, and charged her to ask for enough next time.

It was about the 23d of October, when another great battle was expected, that she next set out with a well appointed and heavily laden train of six wagons and an ambulance, with seven teamsters, and thirty-

eight mules. The men were rough fellows, little used or disposed to be commanded by a woman ; and they mutinied when they had gone but a few miles. A plain statement of the course she should pursue in case of insubordination, induced them to proceed and confine themselves, for the time being, to imprecations and grumbling. When she overtook the army, it was crossing the Potomac, below Harper's Ferry. Her men refused to cross. She offered them the alternative to go forward peaceably, or to be dismissed and replaced by soldiers. They chose the former, and from that day forward were all obedience, fidelity and usefulness.

HURRYING TOWARD RICHMOND.

The expected battle was not fought, but gave place to a race for Richmond. The army of the Potomac had the advantage in regard to distance, keeping for a time along the base of the Blue Ridge, while the enemy followed the course of the Shenandoah. There was naturally a skirmish at every gap. The enemy were generally the first to gain possession of the pass, from which they would attempt to surprise some part of the army that was passing, and capture a portion of our supply trains. Thus every day brought a battle or a skirmish, and its accession to the list of sick and wounded ; and for a period of about three weeks, until Warrenton Junction was reached, the National army had no base of operations, nor any reinforcements or supplies. The sick had to be carried all that time over the rough roads in wagons or ambulances.

Miss Barton with her wagon train accompanied the Ninth Army Corps, as a general purveyor for the sick. Her original supply of comforts was very considerable, and her men contrived to add to it every day such fresh provisions as could be gathered from the country. At each night's encampment, they lighted their fires and prepared fresh food and necessaries for the moving hospital. Through all that long and painful march from Harper's Ferry to Fredericksburg, those wagons constituted the hospital larder and kitchen for all the sick within reach, etc.

It will be remembered that after Burnside assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, the route by Fredericksburg was selected, and the

march was conducted down the left bank of the Rappahannock to a position opposite that city. From Warrenton Junction Miss Barton made a visit to Washington, while her wagons kept on with the army, which she rejoined with fresh supplies at Falmouth. She remained in camp until after the unsuccessful attack on the works behind Fredericksburg. She was on the bank of the river in front of the Lacy House, within easy rifle shot range of the enemy, at the time of the attack of the 11th of December—witnessed the unavailing attempts to lay pontoon bridges directly into the city, and the heroic crossing of the 19th and 20th Massachusetts Regiments and the 7th Michigan.

ORGANIZED HOSPITAL KITCHENS.

During the brief occupation of the city, she remained in it organizing the hospital kitchens; and after the withdrawal of the troops, she established a private kitchen for supplying delicacies to the wounded. Although it was now winter, and the weather inclement, she occupied an old tent while her train was encamped around; and the cooking was performed in the open air. When the wounded were recovered by flag of truce, fifty of them were brought to her camp at night. They had lain several days in the cold, and were wounded, famished and frozen. She had the snow cleaned away, large fires built and the men wrapped in blankets. An old chimney was torn down, the bricks heated in the fire, and placed around them. The result was that they slept comfortably until morning, when the medical officers took them in charge.

A circumstance which occurred during the battle of Fredericksburg, will illustrate very strikingly the courage of Miss Barton, a courage which has never faltered in the presence of danger, when what she believed to be duty called. In the skirmishing of the 12th of December, the day preceding the great and disastrous battle, a part of the Union troops had crossed over to Fredericksburg, and after a brief fight had driven back a body of the enemy, wounding and capturing a number of them, whom they sent as prisoners across the river to Falmouth, where Miss Barton as yet had her camp. The wounded Confederates were

brought to her for care and treatment. Among them was a young officer, mortally wounded by a shot in the thigh. Though she could not save his life, she ministered to him as well as she could, partially staunching his wound, quenching his raging thirst, and endeavoring to make his condition as comfortable as possible.

MESSAGE FROM A MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

Just at this time, an orderly arrived with a message from the Medical Director of the Ninth Army Corps requesting her to come over to Fredericksburg, and organize the hospitals and diet kitchens for the corps. The wounded officer heard the request, and beckoning to her, for he was too weak to speak aloud, he whispered a request that she would not go. She replied that she must do so; that her duty to the corps to which she was attached required it.

"Lady," replied the wounded man, "you have been very kind to me. You could not save my life, but you have endeavored to render death easy. I owe it to you to tell you what a few hours ago I would have died sooner than have revealed. The whole arrangement of the Confederate troops and artillery is intended as a trap for your people. Every street and lane of the city is covered by our cannon. They are now concealed and do not reply to the bombardment of your army, because they wish to entice you across. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock and attempts to move along the streets, they will find Fredericksburg only a slaughter pen, and not a regiment of them will escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death!"

While her tender sensibilities prevented her from adding to the suffering of the dying man, by not apparently heeding his warning, Miss Barton did not on account of it forego for an instant her intention of sharing the fortunes of the Ninth Corps on the other side of the river. The poor fellow was almost gone, and waiting only to close his eyes on all earthly objects, she crossed on the frail bridge, and was welcomed with cheers by the Ninth Corps, who looked upon her as their guardian angel. She remained with them until the evening of their

masterly retreat, and until the wounded men of the corps in the hospitals were all safely across.

While she was in Fredericksburg, after the battle of the 13th, some soldiers of the corps who had been roving about the city, came to her quarters bringing with great difficulty a large and very costly and elegant carpet. "What is this for?" asked Miss Barton. "It is for you, ma'am," said one of the soldiers; "you have been so good to us, that we wanted to bring you something." "Where did you get it?" she asked. "Oh! ma'am, we confiscated it," said the soldiers. "No! no!" said the lady; "that will never do. Governments confiscate. Soldiers, when they take such things, steal. I am afraid, my men, you will have to take it back to the house from which you took it. I can't receive a stolen carpet." The men looked sheepish enough, but they shouldered the carpet and carried it back to the place from which it came.

TOILED ON AND INFUSED HOPE AND CHEERFULNESS.

In the wearisome weeks that followed the Fredricksburg disaster, when there was not the excitement of a coming battle, and the wounded, whether detained in the hospitals around Falmouth or forwarded through the deep mud to the hospital transports on the Potomac, still with saddened countenances and depressed spirits, looked forward to a dreary future, Miss Barton toiled on, infusing hope and cheerfulness into sad hearts, and bringing the consolations of religion to her aid, pointed them to the only true source of hope and comfort. She was more than a nurse to the body; she spoke words of consolation.

In the early days of April, 1863, Miss Barton went to the South with the expectation of being present at the combined land and naval attack on Charleston. She reached the wharf at Hilton Head on the afternoon of the 7th, in time to hear the crack of Sumter's guns, as they opened in broadside on Dupont's fleet. That memorable assault accomplished nothing, unless it might be to ascertain that Charleston could not be taken by water. The expedition returned to Hilton Head, and a period of inactivity followed, enlivened only by unimportant raids,

newspaper correspondence, and the small quarrels that naturally arise in an unemployed army.

Later in the season, Miss Barton accompanied the Gilmore and Dahlgren expedition, and was present at nearly all the military operations on James, Folly and Morris Islands. The ground occupied on the latter by the army during the long siege of Fort Wagner, was the low sandhills forming the seaboard of the island. No tree, shrub or weed grew there; and the only shelter was light tents without floors. The light sand that yielded to the tread, the walker sinking to the ankles at almost every step, glistened in the sun, and burned the feet like particles of fire, and as the ocean winds swept it, it darkened the air and filled the eyes and nostrils, causing great discomfort.

EXPOSED TO STORM AND BURNING SUN.

There was no defense against it, and every wound speedily became covered with a concrete of gore and sand. Tent pins would not hold in the treacherous sand, every vigorous blast from the sea overturned the tents, leaving the occupants exposed to the storm or the torrid sun. It was here, under the fire of the heaviest of the enemy's batteries, that Miss Barton spent the most trying part of the summer. Her employment was, with three or four men detailed to assist her, to boil water in the lee of a sandhill, to wash the wounds of the men who were daily struck by shot, to prepare tea and coffee, and various dishes made from dried fruits, farina, and desiccated milk and eggs.

On the 19th of July, when the great night assault was made on Wagner, and everybody expected to find rest and refreshments within the fortress, she alone, so far as we can learn, kept up her fires and preparations. She alone had anything suitable to offer the wounded and exhausted men who streamed back from the repulse, and covered the sandhills like a flight of locusts.

Through all the long bombardment that followed, until Sumter was reduced, and Wagner and Gregg were captured, amid the scorching sun and the prevalence of prostrating diseases, though herself more than

once struck down with illness, she remained at her post, a most fearless and efficient co-worker with the indefatigable agent of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. M. M. Marsh, in saving the lives and promoting the health of the soldiers of the Union army. "How could you," said a friend to her subsequently, "how could you expose your life and health to that deadly heat?" "Why," she answered, evidently without a thought of the heroism of the answer, "the other ladies thought they could not endure the climate, and as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went." It was a characteristic reply.

AGAIN ON DUTY IN WASHINGTON.

In January, 1864, Miss Barton returned to the North, and after spending four or five weeks in visiting her friends and recruiting her wasted strength, again took up her position at Washington, and commenced making preparations for the coming campaign, which from observation, she was convinced would be the fiercest and most destructive of human life of any of the war. The first week of the campaign found her at the secondary base of the army at Belle Plain, and thence with the great army of the wounded she moved to Fredericksburg. Extensive as had been her preparations, and wide as was the circle of friends who had entrusted to her the means of solace and healing, the slaughter had been so terrific that she found her supplies nearly exhausted, and for the first time during the war was compelled to appeal for further supplies to her friends at the North, expending in the meantime freely, as she had done all along, of her own private means for the succor of the poor wounded soldiers.

Moving on to Port Royal, and thence to the James River, she presently became attached to the Army of the James, where General Butler, at the instance of his Chief Medical Director, Surgeon McCormick, acknowledging her past services, and appreciating her abilities, gave her a recognized position, which greatly enhanced her usefulness, and enabled her, with her energetic nature, to contribute as much to the welfare and comfort of the army in that year, as she had been able to do

in all her previous connection with it. In January, 1865, she returned to Washington, where she was detained from the front for nearly two months by the illness and death of a brother and nephew, and did not again join the army in the field.

By this time, of course, she was very generally known, and the circle of her correspondence was wide. Her influence in high official quarters was supposed to be considerable, and she was in the daily receipt of inquiries and applications of various kinds, in particular in regard to the fate of men believed to have been confined in Southern prisons. The great number of letters received of this class, led her to decide to spend some months at Annapolis, among the camps and records of paroled and exchanged prisoners, for the purpose of answering the inquiries of friends and supplying them with information.

PLAN APPROVED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Her plan of operation was approved by President Lincoln, March 11, 1865, and notice of her appointment as "General Correspondent for the Friends of Paroled Prisoners" was published in the newspapers extensively, bringing in a torrent of inquiries and letters from wives, parents, State officials, agencies, the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. On reaching Annapolis, she encountered obstacles that were vexatious, time-wasting, and, in fact, insupportable. Without rank, rights or authority credited by law, the officials there were at a loss how to receive her.

The town was so crowded that she could find no private lodgings, and had to force herself as a scarce welcome guest upon someone for a few days, while her baggage stood out in the snow. Nearly two months were consumed in negotiations before an order was obtained from the War Department to the effect that the military authorities at Annapolis might allow her the use of a tent and its furniture, and a moderate supply of postage stamps. This was not mandatory, but permissive; and negotiations could now be opened with the gentlemen at Annapolis.

In the meantime, the President had been assassinated, Richmond

taken, and Lee's army surrendered. All prisoners were to be released from parole, and sent home, and nothing would remain in Annapolis but the records. Unfortunately these proved to be of very little service—but a small percentage of those inquired for, were found on the rolls; and obviously these, for the most part, were not men who had been lost, but who had returned. She was also informed, on good authority, that a large number of prisoners had been exchanged without roll or record and that some rolls were so fraudulent and incorrect, as to be worthless.

Poor wretches in the prisons seemed even to forget the names their mothers called them. The Annapolis scheme was therefore abandoned, with mortification that thousands of letters had lain so long unanswered, that thousands of anxious friends were daily waiting for tidings of their loved and lost. The pathos and simplicity of these letters was often touching.

INQUIRIES FROM ANXIOUS FRIENDS.

An old man writes that he has two sons and three grandsons in the army, and of two of the five he could get no tidings. Another says she knew her son was brave, and if he died, he died honorably. He was all she had and she gave him freely to the country. If he be really lost she will not repine; but she feels she has a right to be told what became of him. Many of the writers seemed to have a very primitive idea of the way information was to be picked up. They imagined that Miss Barton was to walk through all hospitals, camps, armies and prisons, and narrowly scrutinizing every face, would be able to identify the lost boy by the descriptions given her. Hence the fond mother minutely described her boy as he remained graven on her memory on the day of his departure.

The result of these delays was the organization, by Miss Barton, at her own cost, of a Bureau of Records of Missing Men of the Armies of the United States, at Washington. Here she collected all rolls of prisoners, hospital records, and records of burials in the prisons and elsewhere, and at short intervals published Rolls of Missing Men, which, by the franks of some of her friends among the members of Congress, were sent to all

parts of the United States, and posted in prominent places, and in many instances copied into local papers. The method adopted for the discovery of information concerning these missing men, and the communication of that information to their friends who had made inquiries concerning them may be thus illustrated.

A Mrs. James, of Kennebunk, Maine, has seen a notice in the paper that Miss Clara Barton of Washington will receive inquiries from friends of "missing men of the Army," and will endeavor to obtain information for them without fee or reward. She forthwith writes to Miss Barton that she is anxious to gain tidings of her husband, Eli James, Sergeant Company F, Fourth Maine Infantry, who has not been heard of since the battle of ———. This letter, when received, is immediately acknowledged, registered in a book, endorsed and filed away for convenient reference. The answer satisfied Mrs. James for the time, that her letter was not lost and that some attention is given to her inquiry. If the fate of Sergeant James is known or can be learned from the official rolls the information is sent at once. Otherwise the case lies over until there are enough to form a roll, which will probably be within a few weeks.

TRYING TO FIND MISSING MEN.

A roll of Missing Men is then made up—with an appeal for information respecting them, of which from twenty thousand to thirty thousand copies are printed to be posted all over the United States, in all places where soldiers are most likely to congregate. It is not impossible, that in say two weeks' time, one James Miller, of Keokuk, Iowa, writes that he has seen the name of his friend James posted for information; that he found him lying on the ground, at the battle of ——— mortally wounded with a fragment of shell; that he, James, gave the writer a few articles from about his person, and a brief message to his wife and children, whom he is now unable to find; that the national troops fell back from that portion of the field leaving the dead within the enemy's lines, who consequently were never reported.

When this letter is received it is also registered in a book, endorsed

and filed, and a summary of its contents is sent to Mrs. James, with the intimation that further particulars of interest to her can be learned by addressing James Miller, of Keokuk, Iowa.

Soon after entering fully upon this work in Washington, and having obtained the rolls of the prison hospitals of Wilmington, Salisbury, Florence, Charleston, and other prisons of the South, Miss Barton ascertained that Dorrance Atwater, a young Connecticut soldier, who had been a prisoner at Andersonville, Georgia, had succeeded in obtaining a copy of all the records of interments in that field of death, during his employment in the hospital there, and that he could identify the graves of most of the thirteen thousand who had died there.

HEADBOARDS ON GRAVES OF SOLDIERS.

Atwater was induced to permit Government officers to copy his roll, and on the representation of Miss Barton that no time should be lost in putting up head-boards to the graves of the Union soldiers, Captain James M. Moore, Assistant Quartermaster, was ordered to proceed to Andersonville with young Atwater and a suitable force, to lay out the grounds as a cemetery and place head-boards to the graves; and Miss Barton was requested by the Secretary of War to accompany him. She did so, and the grounds were laid out and fenced, and all the graves, except about four hundred which could not be identified, were marked with suitable head-boards. On their return, Miss Barton resumed her duties, and Captain Moore caused Atwater's arrest on the charge of having stolen from the Government the list he had loaned them for copying, and after a hasty trial by court-martial, he was sentenced to be imprisoned in the Auburn State Prison for two years and six months. The sentence was immediately carried into effect.

Miss Barton felt that this whole charge, trial and sentence, was grossly unjust; that Atwater had committed no crime, not even a technical one, and that he ought to be relieved from imprisonment. She accordingly exerted herself to have the case brought before the President. This was done; and in part through the influence of General Benjamin

F. Butler, an order was sent on to the warden of the Auburn Prison to set the prisoner at liberty. Atwater subsequently published his roll of the Andersonville dead, to which Miss Barton prefixed a narrative of the expedition to Andersonville.

Her Bureau had by this time become an institution of great and indispensable importance not only to the friends of missing men but to the Sanitary Commission, and to the Government itself, which could not without daily and almost hourly reference to her records settle the accounts for bounties, back pay, and pensions. Thus far, however, it had been sustained wholly at her own cost, and in this and other labors for the soldiers she had expended her entire private fortune of eight or ten thousand dollars. Soon after the assembling of Congress, Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, who had always been her firm friend, moved an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars to remunerate her for past expenditure, and enable her to maintain the Bureau of Records of Missing Men, which had proved of such service. To the honor of Congress it should be said, that the appropriation passed both houses by a unanimous vote, a tribute to a worthy woman.

MISS BARTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In person Miss Barton is about of medium height, her form and figure indicating great powers of endurance. Though not technically beautiful, her dark expressive eye is attractive, and she possesses, evidently unconsciously to herself, great powers of fascination. Her voice is soft, low, and of extraordinary sweetness of tone. As we have said she is modest, quiet and retiring in manner, and is extremely reticent in speaking of anything she has done, while she is ever ready to bestow the full meed of praise on the labors of others. Her devotion to her work has been remarkable, and her organizing abilities are unsurpassed among her own sex and equalled by very few among the other.

In 1869, she went to Geneva, and there first heard of the Red Cross Society, which had been founded by Durrant about 1864. In the Franco-Prussian war, she did efficient service for the Red Cross. The German

Emperor gave her the Iron Cross. In 1882, she succeeded in getting this country to sign the Geneva convention. Her work as head of the Red Cross Society in aiding the Johnstown flood sufferers and in the Spanish war has added to her reputation as a philanthropist.

In May, 1903, Miss Barton paid a visit to Philadelphia and was welcomed with the respect and consideration due to her distinguished career. Over a thousand persons attended a public reception tendered to her, and greeted her with every demonstration of affection.

HARRIET F. HAWLEY.

Among the many thousands of patriotic women, during our Civil War, who earnestly desired, from the first moment of the great struggle, to take such part in it as a woman might, whose whole soul was in the issues of the conflict, was Mrs. Harriet W. F. Hawley, a native of Guilford, Connecticut. When Sumter was fired on, her husband, since United States Senator for Connecticut, Joseph R. Hawley, was the editor of the Hartford Evening Press. He at once laid down his pen, and enlisted for the war—the first one enrolled in the first volunteer company that was accepted by the State, and became its captain before it was on its way to Washington.

During the first campaign, no opportunity was afforded Mrs. Hawley to participate directly in the glorious work going forward, other than that given to every woman at home, who labored in the work of equipping the soldiers for the field, and forwarding to them such comforts as were indispensable to the sick and wounded, thus helping to care for our brave men at the front.

Indeed, it was not supposed by Mrs. Hawley's friends that she would ever be able to do anything more than home work in the war. With a slight frame, a constitution not strong, health never firm, an organization delicate and nervous, she seemed entirely unfitted to endure hardships. But an indomitable spirit continually urged; and in the fall of 1862, her long-hoped-for opportunity came. Her husband was in the Department of the South, and in November, she obtained permission to go to Beau-

fort, South Carolina, with the intention of teaching the colored people, whose first cry in freedom was for the primer.

But circumstances, and the necessities of the sick and wounded soldiers, directed her into another field of labor, in which she continued, with little intermission, until the war ended. She became a regular visitor at the hospitals in Beaufort. Of her services here, and the like at other places, it is not necessary to speak in detail; we all know the nature of the duties of the noble women who devoted themselves to hospital work.

AT THE REGIMENTAL HOSPITALS.

In January, 1863, she went to Fernandina, Florida, where her husband—then colonel, afterwards brevet major-general, and since governor of Connecticut—was placed in command. Here, and afterwards at St. Augustine, she was a regular visitor of the post and regimental hospitals, remaining until November, when she rejoined her husband on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, to which he had returned from the siege of Charleston. During the winter, frequently, and as often as her strength would permit, she visited the post hospital at St. Helena, and the general hospitals at Beaufort and Hilton Head, especially exerting herself when the ship-loads of wounded men arrived, after the battle of Olustee, in February.

In April, 1864, when the Tenth army corps went north to join Butler's expedition up the James, greatly desirous to be near the regiment and brigade of her husband, in the individual welfare of the men composing which her sympathies were strongly enlisted, she endeavored to procure a situation as attendant or nurse at Chesapeake Hospital, to which the wounded of that expedition were likely to be sent.

Failing to do so she went to Washington, and was placed in charge of a ward in Armory Square Hospital. This hospital was at that time one of the most arduous places of labor in the country, besides being, from its low situation, subject to malarious diseases. Standing near the Potomac, it usually received the most severely wounded, who arrived by boat from below and could not be moved far.

Mrs. Hawley reached there the morning after the wounded began to arrive from the battles of the Wilderness. Her ward was in the armory itself; it was always large, and for a time contained more patients than any other—ninety-seven during those dreadful April days. To add to the horrors of her ward, it had no separate operating room, and surgical operations were necessarily performed within it. The poor fellows who arrived there, the mutilated wrecks of that fierce campaign, were so exhausted by their marching before, and by the long journey after they were wounded, that they died very rapidly. One day forty-eight were carried out of the hospital, dying, with singular regularity, about one in every half hour. The entire hospital was calculated to accommodate about nine hundred, but it was made to take in over fourteen hundred for a time.

HARDSHIPS SHE WAS COMPELLED TO ENDURE.

Surrounded by such scenes, a daily witness of the results of the terrible Virginia campaign of 1864, Mrs. Hawley lived in this hospital, in charge of the ward assigned her, for four months; months of the severest labor, taxing her utmost strength; and drawing upon her deepest sympathies, and that, too, in a climate peculiarly trying to a Northerner.

In September her overtaxed energies gave way, and she was forced, by illness, to relinquish her charge. She returned, however, to the same ward in November, and remained in the hospital until March, 1865. The writer visited this hospital in the May following, and found Mrs. Hawley's name a cherished one there, many a poor fellow, lying on his weary bed, speaking of her kindness and devotion with beaming face and tears in his eyes.

After the capture of Wilmington, Brigadier-General Hawley was assigned to the command of the southwest portion of North Carolina; headquarters at that city. Thither Mrs. Hawley followed him shortly, and there encountered new horrors of the war of which she had already so much sad experience. When Wilmington surrendered, it was in a shockingly filthy condition, destitute of supplies, of medicines, of comforts

for the sick. The conquering army which entered it was stripped for marching and fighting, and poorly supplied with what the city so shortly needed—hospital stores and clothing for the destitute.

When Mrs. Hawley arrived, nine thousand Union prisoners had just been delivered there, recently released from Andersonville and Florence. The North remembers in what sorry plight they were, all of them in immediate need of food and clothing, and three thousand of them subjects of hospital treatment. As if this were not enough, there came also a motley crowd of refugees, which had hung upon the skirts of Sherman's march—old men, women, and children, white and black, dirty, ragged hungry, helpless. Such a conglomeration crowded into the little city—never a healthy place—soon bred a pestilence, a sort of jail or typhus fever.

MANY THOUSANDS IN GREAT WANT.

The medical officers exerted themselves to the utmost; the Union citizens and all good people contributed liberally such clothing as they could spare, and what delicacies they had for the sick. But what could they do to alleviate the suffering of so many thousands? The fever increased in virulence, and those attacked died rapidly. At one time there were four thousand sick soldiers, including a few wounded from Sherman's army, in the extemporized hospitals of the city, the large dwellings and the churches. Supplies could not be obtained, and it was some time before even one clean garment could be given to each released prisoner; and meantime disease increased, and deaths multiplied.

The chief of the medical staff died, and others were seriously sick: of five professional lady nurses from the North, three sickened, and two died. One of the chaplains died, and another was severely ill; and among the detailed soldier nurses the pestilence was decidedly worse than any battle—they died by scores. It is needless to say that Mrs. Hawley exerted herself to the utmost to mitigate the sufferings by which she was surrounded. She organized the efforts of the women who would lend their aid, superintended the making of garments, went among the refugees, visited the hospitals, shunning no danger, not even small pox.

Some idea of the condition of the town, and of the labors thrown upon the few there who were competent to improve it, may be gained from the following extract from a private letter, written about this time by Mrs. Hawley, in the freedom of friendly correspondence, with no thought of its publication. She wrote :

“You know that over nine thousand of our prisoners were delivered to us here ; and no human tongue or pen can describe the horrible condition which they were in. Starving to death, covered with vermin, with no clothing but the filthy rags they had worn during their whole imprisonment—a period of from five to twenty months ; cramped by long sitting in one position, so that they could not straighten their limbs ; their feet rotted off ! O God ! I cannot even now endure to speak of it.

LACK OF HOSPITAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

“Of course, they brought the jail fever with them—it could not be otherwise ; yet they must be fed, and cleansed, and clothed, and cared for. There were no hospital accommodations here worth mentioning. There were not doctors enough, and those here overworked themselves, and caught the fever and died. Buildings of all sorts were converted into temporary hospitals, and the nurses (enlisted men) fell sick at the rate of fifty a day.

“The chaplains worked as only Christian men can work ; and they sickened, too. Chaplain Eaton (Seventh Connecticut volunteers) died, a real martyr. Mr. Tiffany (Sixth Connecticut) has barely struggled through a most terrible attack of the fever, and is slowly recovering. Another, whose name I cannot recall, is still very low, and can hardly be expected to live. Three out of the five lady nurses sent by Mrs. Dix have been very ill, and one, Miss Kimball, died this morning, resigned and happy, as such a woman could not fail to be, yet leaving many friends to mourn for her, and a place here that no one can fill. Such are our sad experiences.

“Dr. Buzzell, the general medical officer, and one who cannot be too highly spoken of, both as a man and a physician, died of the fever last week.

Dr. Palmer has since followed him ; but the terrible list of those dead and still sick of the fever is too long for me to try to write it. It is only within the last five days that they have received any hospital supplies ; previous to that time many of the sick men were lying on straw spread on the floor, although the Union citizens have given and done all in their power.

“What could a few families do, from their private supplies, towards furnishing three thousand nine hundred men with beds and bedding ? Besides these, there were the convalescent ones to be clothed. Thank God ! the vessel that the Sanitary Commission sent came soon, with nine thousand shirts and drawers, so that when I first saw them, they had at least so much in the way of clothing.

MATERIALS HURRIEDLY MADE UP.

“We got possession of twelve hundred yards of cotton cloth and a bale of cotton. I called a meeting of the benevolent ladies of the place. The Sanitary Commission gave us thread, and in a week’s time the materials were made up ; one hundred and thirty-eight pillow-cases, one hundred and fifty-three pillows, eighty-four bed sacks, and as many sheets. And now the hospitals are all tolerably well supplied, that is, for battlefield hospitals.

“Of course many have been sent North—all who were able to go—and many have died on the road ; yet there are still many here. And, as if this were not misery enough for one poor little city, Sherman sent here six thousand refugees—black and white, old men, women, children, and babies, with nothing but what they could carry on their backs, or, as in a few cases, drag in a little old mule cart.

“And these poor wretches must be housed and fed, with the city already crowded, and the fever spreading among the citizens. It is impossible for you to imagine the misery which has stared me in the face at every step since I have been here. I can find no words to describe it. Why, this very afternoon I carried food and wine to a woman who had been lying sick, for three days, on a little straw in an old wagon, in

an open shed, discovered accidentally by one of our officers. Of course this is not an every day case, but it is a wonder that it is not.

“Many of these refugees have been sent North, and many more will be; but the mere fact of their being thus transported involves a vast amount of labor, which must mostly fall upon the soldiers; and the garrison here is small, as small as it can be kept, and do the necessary work and guard duty. And, besides all this, the city has been shamefully neglected for many months, and it is fearfully dirty, and there is but a small number of teams and wagons to do so great an amount of scavenger work.

“It did, and still does, sometimes, look very hopeless here, on all sides. You at the North will never be able to conceive or believe the true condition of our prisoners. You may see all the pictures, and read all the accounts, and believe, or think you believe, every word of them, and then you will have but a faint idea. Men have lain on the ground here dying, with the vermin literally swarming, in steady paths, up and down their bodies, as ants go in lines about their ant-hills.

A DEPLORABLE CASE.

“One poor fellow, a sergeant, died in the house of a kind lady here, whose limbs were so cramped by long sitting, through weakness, that they could not be straightened, even when he died, so that his coffin had to be made with the cover shaped like a tent, or house roof, to accommodate his knees. Women were afraid to walk over the plank sidewalks where some of the prisoners had been congregated for a little time, through fear of vermin. Men who had once been educated and cultivated, with fine minds, were reduced to idiocy—to utter and hopeless imbecility.”

By the arrival of supplies and aid from the North, the exertions of the military authorities in cleaning the city, and the shipment North of the prisoners, and many of the sick and wounded, the disease was at length subdued, and by the latter part of June, though the town was unhealthy, the worst was over.

In July Mrs. Hawley accompanied her husband to Richmond, the

latter being appointed chief of staff to Major General Terry, and, quartered in the spacious and comfortably furnished mansion of the fugitive chief of the Confederacy, she enjoyed a most needed rest from the labors and turmoil of the camp and the hospital. Thus the summer passed, and she looked forward to a speedy return home.

But the full price of her presence among the exciting scenes of the war was not yet paid. In October, while returning from the battle ground at Five Forks, whither she had gone, with an uncle, to find the grave of his son (Captain Parmalee, of the First Connecticut Cavalry), the ambulance in which she rode was overturned, and she received an injury on her head, which for a long time made her life doubtful. Her whole nervous system sustained an almost irreparable shock, and she continued an invalid for many years.

Such is a brief sketch of one of the many noble women of the country who have fought the good fight, sustained by a pure patriotism, the story of whose sacrifices will always be sweet and sacred in our annals.

ANNIE E. WHEELER.

General Joe Wheeler not only went into our war with Spain himself, but his daughter became a prominent member of the Red Cross organization and distinguished herself for her noble services in caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. She had charge of the Red Cross nurses at the Nautical Club Hospital, Santiago de Cuba, and proved her superior qualifications for nursing the sick and ameliorating the sufferings of the battlefield.

Clara Barton says in her Report on Relief Work in Cuba: "While we were at Santiago we were joined by Mrs. Fanny B. Ward of Washington, D. C.; Miss Annie M. Fowler of Springfield, Ill., and Miss Annie Wheeler, of Alabama, a daughter of General Joe Wheeler, the celebrated and much-liked cavalry leader. All of these ladies did splendid work in their several fields, and hundreds of soldiers will gratefully remember their kindly ministrations."

To show the systematic and efficient manner in which the work under Miss Wheeler's charge was carried on, we here append an extract from the above report, which will also give the reader an insight into the methods of the Red Cross throughout the Cuban campaign.

"The surrender of Santiago having been arranged to take place at ten o'clock on the morning of July 17, and Miss Barton being anxious to get to that city at the earliest possible moment, knowing full well the terrible conditions that existed there, the steamer *State of Texas* steamed down from Siboney that day to the entrance of Santiago Bay. Miss Barton sent word to Admiral Sampson that she was ready to go into the city whenever he was ready to have her; and he answered that he would send her a pilot to take her ship in as soon as the channel was made safe by the removal of torpedoes that had been planted by the Spaniards.

MISS WHEELER'S ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO.

"Accordingly about 4.30 in the afternoon a Cuban pilot came aboard the *Texas* from the flagship *New York* and we were soon on our way to Santiago, where we arrived just before sundown. We came to anchor just off the main wharf and Messrs. Elwell and Warner went ashore to make arrangements for warehouse room and to engage men to unload the ship on the morrow.

"Early the next morning the *Texas* was drawn up beside the principal wharf and one hundred Cuban stevedores began the work of discharging her. These poor fellows were a sorry looking crowd of undersized and half starved men, the effects of their long fast being plainly visible in their hollow cheeks and thin arms and legs. Many women and children were on the wharf ready to sweep up any stray bits of meal or beans that might escape from leaky sacks or boxes.

"As the stores came from the ship they were loaded on hand cars and rolled to the land end of the wharf, where they were placed under a large shed and a guard of soldiers was placed over them to keep back the hungry people and dogs who hung around like a pack of famished wolves.

"A central committee of citizens was appointed, to whom was deputed the duty of dividing the city into districts, and of appointing sub-committees of responsible persons to distribute the supplies to the needy. All applications for relief from the sub-committees had to be approved by the general committee, and then brought to the Red Cross warehouse, where they were filled in bulk and sent back to the district committees for distribution. In this way all confusion was avoided, and our headquarters kept comparatively free from crowding.

"By steady work and long hours the cargo of the State of Texas was discharged, and she left on her return trip to New York on the fifth day after her arrival; and we were thus left without any means of transportation that we could depend upon in any direction, the railroads being broken, and there being none but government ships in the harbor.

RED CROSS ACTING THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"The government not having many delicacies for its sick men, and such as it had being so hard to get that those in quest of them could hardly get their orders filled until their patients had died or recovered, it was only natural that they should come to the Red Cross when they needed anything of that kind, where it was only necessary to state the need and write a requisition to be supplied with anything that we had in stock. That this privilege was appreciated can be attested by hundreds of chaplains, surgeons and officers; and if it was abused in rare instances, there is little to complain of when it is remembered how many lives were thus saved, and how many poor fellows were made comfortable and happy."

The Red Cross afforded Miss Wheeler an organization of trained nurses through which she could carry on her patriotic and Good-Samaritan work. She went about her duties in a quiet, faithful, self-sacrificing way that showed at once her ability for the undertaking she had in charge and her adaptation for the labors that were required. While her distinguished father, the hero of many a battlefield, was leading his cavalry and fighting for his country, his gifted daughter was assuaging the

calamities and horrors of war by her personal devotion to the welfare of our suffering heroes.

Theodore Roosevelt, contrary to all precedent for a subordinate officer, and almost in downright disobedience of military rules, demanded that our regiments, after the surrender of the Spanish army, should be removed to more healthful surroundings on Long Island. Thither Miss Wheeler accompanied the soldiers, established another hospital and continued her ministrations in behalf of the sick and wounded. Her presence in camp was perpetual sunshine, the bright gleam of hope and good cheer to the men who found it easy under inspiring helpfulness to bear with heroic fortitude their ills and misfortunes.

Miss Wheeler is a type of many heroines who went to Cuba to afford relief to our soldiers in hospital and camp. These noble women submitted to all sorts of annoyances, encountered every kind of danger incident to war, and faced the perils and hazards of climate that our brave "boys" might be befriended, and that all might be done for their relief which woman's gentle hands and loving ministries could do. These ministering spirits are heroines no less than the men are heroes who obey their country's call and withstand the shock of battle.

While we write the names of our statesmen, orators, and generals high on our nation's historic scroll, let the names stand side by side with those of the grand army of women who are worthy of equal honor.

MARGARET L. CHANLER.

Miss Margaret Livingston Chanler, independently wealthy, member of the Astor family, and a Red Cross nurse during the Spanish-American war, figures prominently in Greater New York as the woman in politics and charity. As vice president of the Women's Municipal League she occupies an office in the Syndicate Building overlooking City Hall, and this most active young woman keeps in close touch with municipal affairs.

The league takes a sisterly interest in the proper government of the city because of the prominent part it took during the last campaign and

the great influence it exerted on behalf of good government. Not only did the members make a house-to-house canvass and buttonhole voters to cast their ballots for fusion, but they carried out their sympathy on a still more practical line and about two weeks before election day a committee of the women went before the leaders at the Republican and Citizen's Union headquarters with a certified check for \$20,000 and turned it over to the Campaign Committee with the remark: "Here, gentlemen, is a contribution from the women of New York city who desire to see a cleaner city administration."

ASSISTED TO OVERTHROW BAD GOVERNMENT.

Then, too, they distributed tracts, held meetings and in other ways assisted in overthrowing bad government.

So that the Woman's League has an acknowledged right to keep tabs on his Honor the Mayor, and to see that his subordinates are performing their duties properly. Indeed, they even went so far as to ask for an office in the City Hall building itself, but when it was explained that all the available room was occupied and that the city was compelled to rent space in the big skyscraper in the vicinity of the public buildings, they withdrew their request.

Miss Chanler, who has been placed in charge of this bureau, is a remarkable product of an ancient and wealthy family. Her standing in a social way entitles her to occupy a position far up near the top of the "400," and her wealth would enable her to maintain this place in a fitting manner. But she does not care for the whirl of social life and her money has given her less pleasure than the results obtained by her activity along lines that are peculiarly her own.

When a state of war was declared between the United States and Spain Miss Chanler at once volunteered to serve as a Red Cross nurse without pay. Her offer was accepted and she went to the front with that little band of women under Clara Barton. Miss Chanler proved to be a capable nurse of wonderful energy, and at the camp of Montauk Point she received high praise for her work.

During the past few years Miss Chanler has been living quietly in New York devoting much of her time to settlement work. When she was prevailed upon to take charge of the City Hall office of the league, there was much rejoicing among her associates for her acceptance carried with it the assurance that the work would be well done.

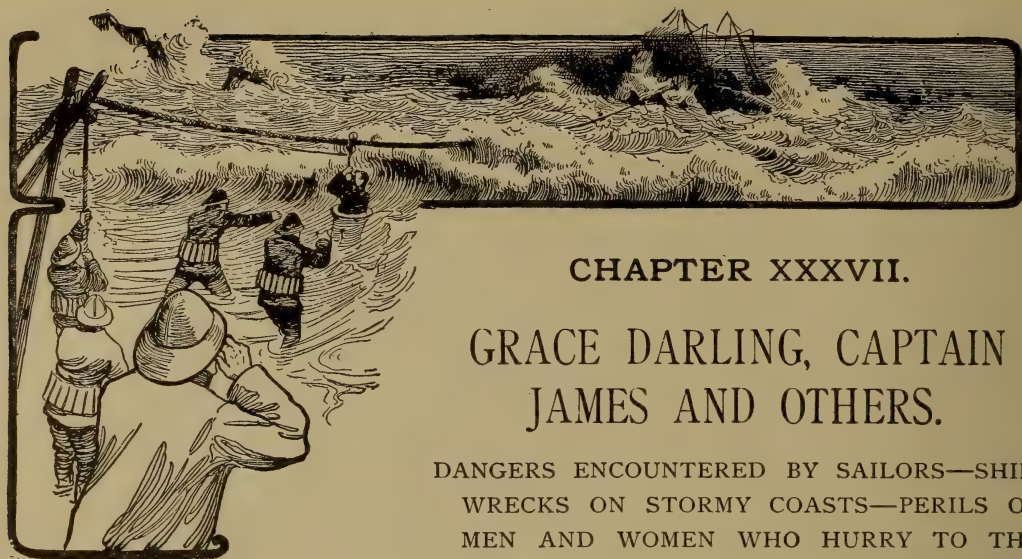
Miss Chanler is virtually the executive head of women's part in the control and government of New York. She receives reports from the many branches of the league all over the greater city and acting upon these she makes complaints or recommendations to the Mayor, and sees to it that they are acted upon. On the whole, it is the most systematic attempt to make women a force in municipal affairs that has ever been attempted, and has been attended with success.

KEEPING AN EYE ON CITY OFFICIALS.

Speaking of the hopes of the league she said: "The City Hall office will be a sort of clearing house for the greater body. We expect to have there representatives of all our larger committees who will be familiar with the questions which may arise and who can act speedily. For instance, should a complaint be made that the streets in a part of the city were not being cleaned properly the representative of our Committee on Streets could present the facts to the Street Cleaning Commissioner.

"The Mayor has taken a decided interest in our work and has promised to aid us as far as he can. Already, he has made several suggestions, and we are working upon them at the present time. It may interest you to know that the women have taken a great interest in the movement to abolish the Park Avenue Railroad tunnel. We sent a petition signed by thousands of persons to Albany protesting against the use of smoke in the tunnel and we shall continue the fight until the unhealthy tunnel is gotten rid of."

The Women's League, which is made up of many of the most prominent and public-spirited women in New York, has on its roll members of distinguished families and persons of education, refinement and tact.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

GRACE DARLING, CAPTAIN JAMES AND OTHERS.

DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY SAILORS—SHIP-
WRECKS ON STORMY COASTS—PERILS OF
MEN AND WOMEN WHO HURRY TO THE
RESCUE—DEEDS OF SPLENDID COURAGE.

The accounts of those who risk their own lives to rescue others who are in danger from storm and shipwreck, furnish us with some of the brightest examples of heroism. Almost every part of the Atlantic coast is swept by gales or obscured by fogs at some season of the year. Our government maintains life-saving stations at many ports, but it may well be questioned whether these are sufficient in number or properly furnished and maintained.

The salaries paid to the heroic men who man the life-boats and sometimes succeed in rescuing scores of persons who otherwise would go down to a watery grave, are thought not to be commensurate with the hardships and dangers that are encountered. The number of lives lost each year is much smaller than it would be except for the noble deeds performed by the men who act as life-savers along our shores.

Even women have made themselves famous, as Grace Darling did, by going out in the frail life-boat to save those who were in peril. This woman's name is celebrated in the annals of heroism. She was the daughter of William Darling, lighthouse-keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne islands, and was born at Bamborough, November 24, 1815.

On the morning of September 7, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a vessel bound from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, struck

the Harker's rock, among the Farne islands, and in fifteen minutes forty-three persons were drowned. The vessel was seen by Grace Darling from the lighthouse at a quarter to five lying broken on the rocks.

Darling and his daughter agreed that if they could get to her, some of the shipwrecked crew would be able to assist them in getting back. It was a hazardous undertaking, but if not promptly carried out, all on board the ship would be lost. By wonderful skill and strength, they brought their boat to where the sufferers, nine in number, crouched, expecting every moment would be their last. There was one woman in the company, and she was cared for first.

Besides her, four men were safely taken to Longstone. Two of the men returned with Darling, and succeeded in bringing the remainder off by nine o'clock in the morning. It was only by the greatest effort that the survivors were all saved. The fact that a woman helped to row the boat through the boiling surf, struck a note of admiration whenever the story was told. The undertaking was a daring one, and was successfully accomplished. It was one of those deeds which are applauded by the public and eulogized.

The lighthouse at Longstone, solitary and unknown no more, was visited by many of the wealthy and the great. Presents, testimonials and money were heaped at the feet of Grace Darling, but she did not long survive her change of circumstances. She died of consumption, after a year's illness, on October 20, 1842, leaving a name that will always be associated with the records of the noblest heroism.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA JAMES.

As already remarked, among the bravest men, whose valiant deeds stand on the pages of history, those who man the life-saving stations along our coasts hold a prominent place. We only hear of their achievements when the thrilling tale is told of some vessel that has been rescued from a watery grave. It has been said repeatedly that the life-saving service has never received the recognition from the public which it deserves, nor any adequate support by our government. It is difficult

to account for this, because the value of the service rendered must be apparent to everybody.

The men who push out in their lifeboats to a shattered wreck are never sure that they will return. Not only is there an insufficient number of men scattered along our coasts, but since they do their work in comparative obscurity, there are few to sound their praises. And yet every year hundreds of lives are saved by these men, who take no account of storm or danger when human life is in peril. Persons who happen to be present at a life-saving station when the boat with its gallant rescuers pushes off on its mission of mercy, can appreciate the wonderful services rendered by these men to those who are in peril.

EQUIPPED FOR SAVING LIFE.

If you were on a shattered ship, ready to sink at any moment, you would hail the sight of a lifeboat coming to your help, and would be apt to bestow proper appreciation upon those who had undertaken your deliverance. Life-saving stations are furnished with all the means of rescue. Sometimes it is impossible for the lifeboat to reach the ship, but a line may be shot over the vessel from the shore, and an apparatus sent out by which the passenger or the sailor may be safely landed. As an illustration of this mode of rescue take the following from one of our prominent journals.

“A Norwegian vessel named the *Esras*, of 266 tons register, bound from Christiansand to Pamviauf, ran ashore on the Hasboro' sands about 8 o'clock in the evening. There she lay the whole night through, at the mercy of the howling winds and huge seas, and during the hours of darkness her mast went by the board. Next morning she dropped anchor and found herself stranded on the Norfolk coast about opposite East Runton. Her position was one of peril to the crew, and just before 6 o'clock the Cromer and Sheringham Rocket Brigades were summoned.

“The vessel lay at the mercy of huge breakers, and after about two hours broke from her moorings and came broadside on the Runton beach some 500 yards from land. The rocket apparatus was got to work, but

at first it failed. At the fifth attempt the Cromer rocket succeeded in reaching the Esras and all the crew were saved. The work of the Rocket Brigade is deserving of the highest commendation. The sight was watched with keen interest by hundreds of people."

From a Boston journal we take the following account of a disaster that occurred on our Atlantic coast :

"The loss of twelve lives off the treacherous shoals of Monomoy is said to be the worst disaster of its class that has occurred since the life-saving station was established. And what a magnificent service it has



LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AT WORK.

been and is ; how rich in human achievement, how glorious in its record of daring and sacrifice, how modest in its pretensions and its claims ! Its field of operations is the angry and tumultuous sea. It is attended by

no martial pomp; it is stimulated by no artificial excitements. Those who enlist in it have to rely upon their own stoutness of heart and steadfastness of purpose.

"They endure almost constant hardships; their life is an almost continual struggle with the elements and their battles are always to save and never to destroy their fellowmen. When they succeed, as so often they do, the names of these heroes are rarely mentioned. The papers



LIFE BOAT HURRYING TO THE RESCUE.

tell us that the life-saving station at such a point went to the relief of the distressed crew.

"Yet epics have been built upon less than is covered by such a bald and bare statement. The casual reader looks upon it all as a matter of course. The rescuers have done what they were engaged to do. A skirmish in the bush, a successful fight with savages will set his blood tingling; but he looks with indifference upon a battle with angry waves through icy waters. His imagination is not kindled by these homely exploits, and he goes home to dinner without another thought of the

terrible struggles and splendid achievements of these devoted men who seem to find their reward in doing and not in glory or in gain.

"It is only when we contemplate totals that we get a truly realizing sense of what this service means to our country, to our humanity, and to the interests of those who go down to the sea in ships or trust their ventures to its fickle mercies. It is a little over thirty years since this service was established. In that time it has saved in various portions of the country about ninety thousand lives, and property enough to pay several times over the cost of maintenance.

"These 90,000 witnesses have known something of the true worth of these men, and their gratitude to them has doubtless been greater than that which they feel toward any other class in the world. They have known the dangers involved, the bravery and the skill that carried them through their perilous duty. The saviors are constantly facing dangers which the saved perhaps experience only once in a lifetime.

GENUINE TYPES OF A NOBLE CLASS.

"And some of the best and most genuine types of this noble class were the men who went down at Monomoy. They knew what they had to encounter better than anyone else; but they did not flinch for an instant. Whether life or death awaited them they would make the attempt, and the men who still survive would face an equal peril to-day with as little hesitation should the occasion arise."

Another journal furnishes an additional account of the same catastrophe. The article is appropriately headed: "The Heroes of Monomoy."

"Monomoy Point, where the sea tragedy occurred, when seven men lost their lives in the vain effort to save five, is the most southerly point of the mainland of Massachusetts. Just where Cape Cod bends its elbow in the Atlantic Ocean surges a splinter of sand just downward, and on the lower point is Monomoy Life Saving Station, all but two of the crew of which were drowned trying to save the crews of two barges stranded on Shovelful Shoal, three-quarters of a mile from the point.

"On Monday the weather grew thick. An easterly gale rose, and

the men aboard the stranded barges hoisted a signal for help. It was a fearful sea, but the men of Monomoy knew only the word of duty while those signals of distress were flying. The boat was pushed off into the hungry sea manned by eight of the nine men at the station, and after mastering almost insurmountable difficulties the errand of mercy was nearly accomplished, when a cross sea caught the boat and of the thirteen men in it only one was left to tell the story. 'Dinner was all ready for them,' said the one left at the station. 'The table was set and the coffee and soup were hot on the stove. It was my cook week, and while the rest of them took the boat out to the barge I had to stay behind and get the meals ready. Perhaps that's why I'm here now.' And he continued: 'There wasn't a braver, a better set of men anywhere on the coast than these comrades of mine who have gone. They were friends all—never a hard word, never anything out of the way except in jest; as happy a family as you ever saw. The worst night that any one of them had to go out in never made any difference in their spirits.'

CARING FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE HEROES.

"Boston raised a fund to care for the families of these heroes of Monomoy. It soon reached \$14,000. But while this is the only material comfort that can now be given the bereaved, some other tribute is due the men who pushed out their boat into the angry sea and went on an errand which to all but one of them meant death. Their names deserve to be inscribed among the bravest of heroes who have lost their lives in the service of humanity."

This is the story of Captain Joshua James. It is a simple story, yet it is one well worth reading, for it is a narrative of a man known as the world's greatest life saver. During his career of seventy-seven years it is estimated that over one hundred persons were rescued by him from death by drowning. "I shall die with my boots on," he often said, and so he did die. One morning Captain James was sending his crew through the drill at Point Allerton.

"Now, the next thing boys," he said, and fell unconscious. Doctors

were hastily sent for, but he had passed away. Heart disease, the doctors said, was the cause of death. But these two words by no means express the years of watching on the coast by night, the lonely vigils, the plunges through the stormy sea, and the daring rescues which required the expenditure of life's forces.

Captain James was a well-known character in Hull, and a man of picturesque appearance. He was over six feet tall, and he was thin, but his muscles were like steel. The power and determination expressed in his face were not concealed in the six inches of whiskers which seemed to be his only vanity. He was known to all seafaring men along the Atlantic coast,



LIFE-SAVERS LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

and respected and honored by them. For nearly thirty years he had been connected with the life-saving service. At first he had a volunteer crew, but when the Government took charge of this work he was made captain by a special act of Congress, as he was many years older than the prescribed age.

Captain James was born in Hull. His father, Captain William James, a native of Holland, came to this country about 1805. Esther Dill, his mother, a lineal descendant of the earliest settlers of Plymouth County, was noted for her philanthropy and bravery. She was a veritable mother to the many men employed on her husband's vessels. When only 44 years old she was accidentally drowned in the whirlpools of Hull Gut. One of the noblest acts of bravery ever performed in the life-saving service took place at Nantasket Beach, when Captain James and his crew rescued the men of the three-masted schooner *Ulrica* and nearly lost their own lives in the attempt.

The storm, which had been raging furiously, increased so rapidly as to make an attempt to reach port impossible, and Captain Patterson, of the *Ulrica*, decided to stand out in the open sea. About 6 o'clock in the morning the *Ulrica* was off the lightship, and, soon after this friendly beacon was sighted, there was a succession of sharp reports as the sails were rent from their fastenings and blown away like shreds of paper.

SEAS BREAKING OVER THE VESSEL.

The seas were breaking over the vessel, and the half-frozen crew made preparations to get out the anchors. They were successful in this, but the anchors did not hold, and the helpless craft was blown across the bay and onto the sands of Nantasket, with her crew powerless to save her. The *Ulrica* struck broadsides on, about 1500 feet off shore, just opposite the Kenberma Station, at that part of the beach called Strawberry Hill. Immense breakers pounded against her sides like a battering ram, and in a few minutes, with a report like a cannon, the back of the ship was broken in two. The *Ulrica* was seen by a boy named Henry Baker, who sent word to the life-saving station at Stony Beach, three miles away.

Captain James and his crew started for the scene of the wreck on a special train, leaving two men to follow with the life-saving gun. When they reached Kenberma, hundreds of persons had collected on the beach, but they were powerless to aid the imperiled sailors. It looked like

instant death to face the raging storm. They could see the crew of the *Ulrica* in the darkness huddling together on the forward part of the vessel. The waves were dashing over them, and now and again some one lost his footing and was swept across the deck, but the men whose business it was to save life were undaunted.

They launched their boat in the face of the fierce gale and before they could grasp an oar an enormous breaker hurled them back upon the beach. A second time were they driven back ; but the third attempt was more successful. Slowly they proceeded toward the *Ulrica*. Waves dashed over them every second, almost exhausting their strength. Cheered by the words and spirit of their undaunted captain they had proceeded about one hundred and fifty yards, when a gigantic comber struck the boat and threw it high in the air. Captain James lost his balance and fell into the roaring waters. The other members of the crew managed to retain their seats, but in the next minute they were washed ashore 500 feet from where they started.

BROUGHT SAFELY TO SHORE.

The instant the lifeboat struck the sand, every man plunged back into the sea to rescue their captain, who was making an awful battle for life in the roaring waters, which seemed to engulf him at every instant. The scene was memorable. Many of the spectators on the beach were so enthused at the sight that they, too, braved the surf to assist the life-savers. Captain James was brought safely to shore ; but weak and exhausted as he was, directed the firing of the Hunt gun, which at that moment had arrived.

The first shot carried the life line among the rigging near the mast-head, so that the men aboard the *Ulrica* were unable to get near it. A second shot was fired, and again the line fell beyond the reach of the exhausted and half-frozen sailors. On the third shot the hopeful life line dangled again in the upper rigging. A few minutes later, however, it fell across the deck, where it was secured by one of the men.

Unable to mount into the rigging, the poor fellows were obliged to

fasten a hawser on the deck near the anchor chains. This allowed the line to the shore to slacken so that it was impossible to work the breeches buoy, and it seemed as if the crew must perish. When all hope seemed abandoned, Captain James thought of a last plan. The big hawser still held secure from shore to ship, and he thought that the lifeboat might be pulled out to the doomed vessel by means of this rope. Another rope



CREW AND PASSENGERS ABANDONING THE WRECK.

was attached to the stern of the lifeboat, and then the brave fellows jumped in to make a last effort to save the crew of the *Ulrica*.

Awaiting a favorable opportunity, the lifeboat was pushed off, and then every man in her grasped the big cable and pulled with might and main. The waves broke over the little band, and the water freezing, covered them with ice. But they held on pluckily. Slowly and surely the boat climbed the mountain waves and descended into green yawning chasms, until the side of the stranded vessel was reached.

MORAL HEROISM.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Frances E. Willard---Ellen Stone---Sammy Belnap.

FIRMNESS FOR THE RIGHT—SACRIFICES FOR PRINCIPLE—LEADERS IN GREAT LABORS FOR HUMANITY—CHARACTERISTICS OF MORAL HEROES.

One of the most observing women of these times is Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith. In writing of Frances E. Willard, this keen-eyed, strong-hearted and judicially-minded woman says: "Miss Willard has been to me the embodiment of all that is lovely and good and womanly and strong and noble and tender in human nature. She is one of God's best gifts to the American women of the nineteenth century. She has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook and develop our gifts than any man or any other woman of her time."

A vast number of the best women of America who have been inspired by the genius, cheered and encouraged by the sympathy, made wise through her wisdom, and made victorious in the battle of life by her enthusiastic, unyielding faith, know how true is this estimate of Frances E. Willard, who was one of the most remarkable women of this wonderful country.

Her career is evidence of what a gifted, consecrated woman can accomplish for the good of her own sex, in fact, for the good of humanity. Her mind was cultivated; her eloquence was admitted by everybody; her sympathies were warm; her zeal never grew weary, and her success was a marvel.

She was the fourth in a family of five children in the home of Josiah Flint Willard and Mary Thompson Hill Willard, and was born on Thursday, September 28, 1839, at Churchville, Monroe county, New York. Miss Willard's father descended from Major Simon Willard, a Puritan of Puritans, who, in 1634, at the age of thirty-one, emigrated

from Kent county, England, to Massachusetts, where he could enjoy his religious opinions undisturbed and unquestioned.

By the roadside in the suburbs of Concord, Massachusetts, may be seen a large granite boulder, on which is the following inscription: "On this farm dwelt Simon Willard, one of the founders of Concord, who did good service for town and colony for more than forty years." Two presidents of Harvard University, one pastor of Old South Church, Boston, and the architect of Bunker Hill monument were among the immediate descendants of Major Willard. The mother of Miss Willard descended from a family in whose veins ran the best blood of Scotland and New England.

In 1841, at two years of age, little Frank Willard was carried in her mother's arms from Churchville, New York, to Oberlin, Ohio, the family making the journey by carriage all the way. When seven years old, in 1846, the family moved on. Three emigrant wagons constituted the Willard procession westward from Oberlin, Ohio, to Forest Home, near Janesville, Wisconsin, where "indoors," under the best training of a Christian household, and "outdoors" on the prairie, by Rock river side, among blossoming orchards, flowering shrubs and widespreading fields of wheat and corn, she spent twelve years of her girlhood.

WILLARD FAMILY GOES WEST.

At nineteen, in 1858, the Willard family removed to the western shore of Lake Michigan, and settled down for a permanent home at Evanston, then a flourishing town four years of age, where had been located the Northwestern University, the Garrett Biblical Institute, and the Northwestern Female College. From 1858, as student, teacher, traveler, and foremost woman in "every good work" in America, Evanston was Miss Willard's home. The student life of this wonderful woman began in her very early childhood, when during the Ohio period of her residence she came in contact with the spirit of Oberlin, listened to the rehearsal of the students' declamations and orations, and was inspired by the sermons of President Finney.

At Forest Home, Wisconsin, a home school for the children was established, where for five years Frances received instructions from the world's best teacher, an intelligent Christian mother, until the little district schoolhouse a mile away, became to the ambitious girl "a temple of learning." In 1857 she became a pupil at the Milwaukee Female College, and in 1858 entered the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, where, in 1859, she graduated with high honors.

WISHED TO BECOME A TEACHER.

Miss Willard's chief ambition during her school days was to become a teacher. Within the sixteen years between 1858 and 1874 she was a successful teacher in eleven separate institutions of learning, in six different localities, and made her impress upon two thousand students who to this day rise up and call her blessed, as in their strong manhood and womanhood they gratefully remember the school days when Frances E. Willard inspired them to be somebody. In 1870 she was chosen President of the Evanston College for Ladies, which institution was subsequently merged in the Northwestern University. Miss Willard was made Professor of *Æsthetics* in the University and Dean of the Faculty.

In June, 1874, she resigned these positions, the highest yet attained by any woman, and forever terminated her calling as a pedagogue. She turned her head and heart towards a work in which her achievements are without a parallel.

Miss Willard from her childhood had been thoughtful on the supreme question of life, the Christian religion. She was born in a Christian household, and received religious training from the hour she could prattle at her mother's knee. She demanded the why, and "how do you know?" In her girlhood at Forest Home she was the heartiest, happiest, rollicking youth in the neighborhood. Hers was a rarely happy existence on the Wisconsin farm, where she could be seen riding a horse for the corn-ploughing or galloping a mile away to water the steed. She could fight a prairie fire as vigorously as any "hired man."

She organized her comrades without distinction of sex into two

fighting forces, one of Indians attacking the frontier settlement, the other of pale faces resisting the savage. On whichever side Frank Willard commanded there was victory. From her outdoor sports and ramblings in field and forest she turned to her books, and as eagerly studied as she had played. She was somewhat averse to being interviewed on the subject of religion, but attentively read her Bible and the standard hymns of the church. The home song-service stirred her soul more than sermon or exhortation. Not until nineteen years of age did Miss Willard give her heart to Christ, and her name to the Methodist Episcopal Church, but from that glad day she lived a life of rejoicing consecration to God.

Her father and sisters had all died. Her mother and herself constituted the Willard household. They were poor as the world estimates values, but rich in faith. At thirty-five years of age Miss Willard's only deposit from which she was to check for the support of her mother, then "three score and ten," and herself was in the words of the Psalmist, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The Woman's Temperance Crusade, beginning in Ohio in the closing days of 1873, had inaugurated the "irrepressible conflict" between the home and the saloon, a conflict which will not cease until there shall be no legalized dram-shop where floats the Stars and Stripes. The movement arrested the attention of Miss Willard, who had been rooted and grounded in the total abstinence faith. The crusade stirred her soul, and she made a solemn covenant that with God's blessing and guidance she would become an active aggressive force against those monstrous evils, the drink habit and the liquor traffic, and would devote her every energy to the utter overthrow of the latter as the only cure of the former.

When her cherished plans and purposes as an educator had been abandoned, the temperance work in all its departments filled her heart head and hands. She immediately visited the Eastern cities and con-

ferred with the leaders in Gospel temperance work. She listened to the stirring words of Francis Murphy, who by the grace of God had just been transformed from a drunkard to a flaming herald of Gospel temperance. She sat at the feet of Neal Dow and studied the problem of legal prohibition. She received hearty, enthusiastic encouragement from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who in that day was sowing with her own hands the golden grain of which the harvest waveth now. She heard Jerry McCauley in Water street tell the story of his redemption.

MARCHED WITH THE CRUSADERS.

In Pittsburg she marched with the crusaders, knelt with them on pavements and on the sawdust floor of the saloon. She cried aloud to God in prayer that startled the saloonkeeper and strengthened the hearts of her comrades. Her voice led the host in singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and a thronging multitude in the crowded streets of Pittsburg wondered at what they saw and heard. Returning to Chicago she immediately began the work she had never for a moment laid down. She rejected many most tempting offers of high place at a high salary in educational institutions. Instead of happy, peaceful days in one of many professional chairs East and West, she enlisted for war against the saloon, and on her banner inscribed for "God and Home and Native Land."

She at once became President of the Woman's Temperance Organization in Chicago, and opened the first "headquarters" known to Woman's Christian Temperance Union annals. She lived on half rations, frequently on no rations, and walked many a mile that she might save the five-cent fare for the prosecution of her work, or drop a nickel in the hand of the drunkard's suffering wife or child.

At Cleveland, in November, 1874, convened a company of women who organized the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and elected as corresponding secretary thereof Miss Frances E. Willard. Ready pen and eloquent words were needed at that hour of the beginning of a movement that has filled the whole world with wonder. Miss Willard's

prophetic soul saw the coming conflict and the storms through which they were to pass.

A resolution written by herself became the threshold over which the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union stepped into usefulness and conquest. It read as follows: "Resolved, That recognizing that our cause is and will be contested by mighty, determined and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer." Miss Willard continued in the office of corresponding secretary until her resignation in 1877: In committees and conventions, and on many platforms, she bravely bore the banner of the Union.

HELPER IN THE MOODY MEETINGS.

In the Moody meetings in Chicago and Boston, in 1877, she rendered magnificent service. In the latter city she discovered Anna Gordon, whom she styled her "Little Organist." It was a case of "love at first sight." Miss Gordon from that very hour was her constant, devoted friend, accomplished secretary, and helpful, loving, traveling companion. At Indianapolis, in 1879, Miss Willard was elected President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and was re-elected annually, by a substantially unanimous vote, by that most thoroughly intelligent and conscientious body of women. In every State and Territory of our National Union she traveled in the interest of the Temperance Union. Her eloquent pleading in behalf of the homes of this land has stirred the hearts of millions.

A separate and distinct political party, whose corner-stone would be the overthrow of the beverage liquor traffic, and whose platform would declare for the ballot for woman, had been boldly advocated by Miss Willard in the earlier years of her close alliance with the temperance cause. In her first annual address as President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its convention in Boston in 1880, she said, "A horde of ignorant voters committed to the rum

power fastens the dram-shop like a leech on our community; but let the Republic take notice that our unions are training an army to offset this horde, one which will be the only army of voters specifically educated to their duty which has ever yet come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

“For slowly, but surely, the reflex influence of this mighty reform, born in the church and nurtured at the crusade altars, is educating women to the level of the most solemn and ominous ideas: First, that they ought to vote; second, that they ought to vote against the grog-shops.” That was the skirmish line up to which steadily marched the National Woman’s Temperance Union and deployed its forces for the conflict.

FOUNDED HOME PROTECTION PARTY.

“Home Protection Party” were the musical syllables Miss Willard would weave as a name for the “third party” she saw by faith rising to ultimate victory. In 1882, she, in Chicago, assisted in the organization of the Prohibition Home Protection party. The national political conventions of 1884 were all memorialized by the National Woman’s Christian Temperance Union in behalf of the American home against the American saloon.

Miss Willard presented the memorials in person. She and her good cause found no favor in either the Republican, Democratic, or Greenback conventions. She finally made a pilgrimage to the Pittsburg convention of Prohibitionists, held in July, 1884, to which she had been delegated. After her brief address and presentation of the memorial, it was adopted by the convention by unanimous uprising.

Miss Willard was invited by the Kansas delegation of the convention to nominate in their behalf Governor St. John for the Presidency. No other nominating speech in any national political convention of that year compared with the eloquent words which gave Kansas’ great leader the hearty and unanimous nomination of the Prohibition party.

Miss Willard was one of the five women elected as delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which convened

in the Metropolitan Opera House, in the city of New York, May 1, 1888. The admission of women as delegates to the General Conference was the subject of the first great debate in that body. The discussion was able and in good temper. Upon a pure technicality the women were ruled out of that General Conference.

In October following the General Conference, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in the same great opera house for their annual convention. Among the more or less distinguished men-folk invited by Miss Willard to seats by her side on the platform, and by her asked to address the convention, was Dr. J. M. Buckley, the leader in the discussion against the admission of women to the General Conference. She felt no resentment and had no grudges.

HER LITERARY WORK.

But few pens were more busy than that held by Miss Willard. Her "Glimpses of Fifty Years," is one of the most readable books. In it she tells frankly and with fidelity the story of her "Fifty Years of Life." The reader of that story will see passing in review the "welcome child," the "romping girl," the "happy student," the "young teacher," the "tireless traveler," the "temperance organizer," and the "politician and advocate of woman's rights."

"Rest Cottage," at Evanston, Illinois, was the attractive home of Miss Willard. In that charming household of women sat Mother Willard, serene and joyful at eighty-five. "Rest Cottage" was the executive mansion where the presiding genius, Miss Frances E. Willard, surrounded by department secretaries, directed movements that will uplift humanity the wide world over.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, designated as the "Sober, Second Thought" of the woman's crusade against the saloon in 1874, has, under the masterly leadership of Miss Willard with its numerous departments of work, become a powerful organization throughout the land, and is now compassing the globe itself with its benign influences. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore who had so large a place in the esteem of all

Christian patriotic citizens, said it is "so grand in its aims, so superb in its equipment, so phenomenal in its growth, and has done so much for women as well as for temperance, that it challenges the attention of Christendom and excites the hope of all who are interested in the welfare of humanity."

When the National Council of Women was convened in Washington, in March, 1888, for the furtherance of greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, through an organized movement of women in conserving the highest good of the family and the State, and the noble women of that great council banded themselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the golden rule to society, custom and law, Miss Willard was chosen President of the National Federation and enlisted the organized womanhood of the land in an effort for solidarity among women workers.

Miss Willard did with all her might whatsoever she could to hasten the coming of Christ's advancing kingdom. No woman or man in America had more welcoming doors swung wide open for their coming than Miss Willard, with her *Fidus Achates*, Anna Gordon. The best homes in this land and the lowliest homes were made happier and brighter with their presence.

ELLEN STONE.

On September 3, 1901, Miss Ellen Stone, an American lady missionary working in the Macedonian district of the Turkish Empire, was captured by a band of the brigands which infest the Balkan mountain ranges. Miss Stone was one of a party of sixteen, of whom fourteen were released after being "held up" by the brigands and relieved of their valuables. Those released consisted mainly of young native converts.

Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, a graduate of the Presbyterian hospital of New York, but a Bulgarian citizen, so not under the protection of the United States, were carried away by the band. Miss Stone is a middle-aged lady, but Mrs. Tsilka being young and pretty, it was feared that she might be forced to marry one of the brigands as was the case with a

young Frenchwoman captured some years ago. The same fate—or death—was also reported to have been threatened to Miss Stone if her ransom of \$110,000 was not paid by October 8.

Large subscriptions were raised in America, but the whole amount was not realized by that date, and the fate of Miss Stone was left in painful suspense. Several letters were received from Miss Stone, from which it appeared that she was fairly well treated, but that, owing to the brigands being hard pressed by the Turkish and Bulgarian soldiery, she and Mrs. Tsilka, who was expecting a child, had suffered considerably through being rushed from one hiding place to another. Mr. C. M. Dickinson, United States Consul-General at Constantinople, endeavored to obtain Miss Stone's release, but for a long time without avail.

FOREBODINGS OF A PRINCE.

A correspondent in the brigand-haunted district wrote from Samokov that such was the disturbance created by the capture of Miss Stone that Prince Ferdinand brooded wearily over it as he sat in his solitary studio at Sofia, wondering what kind of people these Americans must be, seeing that their newspapers threatened to upset his "tin throne" merely because an elderly lady had been kidnapped.

The Russian Minister called the American diplomatic agent "an ass" because Consul-General Dickinson had higgled about the ransom. The American representative made a bosom friend of the consul from Belgrade because King Alexander's agent would conceal no secrets calculated to injure Bulgaria.

The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs propounded a sum in the rule of three: Suppose Turkey has to pay 25,000 Turkish pounds for a woman of over fifty summers, a woman who has practically finished her life's work, and since according to Mohammedan ideas a man is worth four times as much as a woman, how much will Turkey have to pay for a young man kidnapped in the morning of a useful life?

Miss Stone is better known throughout Bulgaria than in her native State of Massachusetts for she spent twenty-three years in "the peasant

State." In fact, Samokov, where she was the directress of the female section of the American Institute, knows her better than Chelsea, Mass., where she was born.

Miss Stone is an excellent horse-woman. She was thus mounted, accompanying a party of her Bible teachers from Banisko to Djumia in Macedonia, when she was captured and carried off by forty brigands. These "heroes of the hills" showed their chivalry by taking the two best horses belonging to the itinerant missionaries and mounting upon them Miss Stone and

her captive companion, Mrs. Tsilka, thus making provision for them.

But when they made the women ford a river up to their waists the



THE KIDNAPPED MISSIONARIES, MISS STONE AND MADAM TSILKA, MEETING THEIR RESCUERS.

After the ransom had been paid, the ladies were brought into the presence of the search party. On the left in the background is the Albanian who found the kidnapped party in the mountains at Gradachor.

Robin Hoods of the Balkans showed that they are degenerate descendants of the chivalrous brigands who firmly believed if they molested a defenceless woman they should die in a Turkish prison. They acceded, however, to Miss Stone's request when they permitted her to take her Bible and umbrella with her.

A student of Samokov, who was of Miss Stone's party and was released the day following the capture, tells a sad story of how the



RANSOM OF THE MISSIONARIES: MADAM TSILKA MEETING HER HUSBAND.

brigands robbed him of his savings. He had upon him the money he meant to pay for his next term's tuition. The brigands slowly went through his pockets and left him penniless. A fellow captive was more fortunate. He saved his watch by putting it in his hat. On the very first day of their capture the brigands showed the captives a touch of savagery by beating out the brains of a Turk with the butt ends of their guns.

The captives were not permitted to look into the faces of their cap-

tors, not because of the glory of their countenances, but because the brigands held revolvers to their heads and declared they must not do so. Miss Mary Haskell, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Haskell, and professor at the American Institute of Samokov, had a nocturnal experience with an emissary of Miss Stone's brigands which she will never forget. As she slept dreaming of the sad fate of her former teacher, she heard a decided knocking at her widow. Quickly rising she saw a young man clothed in all the panoply of a brigand's armor. His words were few but pointed. They amounted to this:

"Give this letter to your father. Look not into my face or you are a dead woman. Say to your father that if he tells any one except those mentioned therein of the contents of this letter I will murder you all." The brigand touched his hat and rode away.

EFFORTS TO FIND MISS STONE.

One of the most active and intelligent men who engaged in an effort to find Miss Stone is the Rev. Mr. Baird, purser of the American Institute at Samokov. He went alone to Djumia and made every effort to get into communication with the brigands. Upwards of \$70,000 were finally contributed to secure the release of the missionaries, and the brigands agreed to take it and set their captives free.

A correspondent who followed the American Mission in search of Miss Stone, thus describes the arrival of the ransom at Djuma-i-bala as follows: "The Commandant and Saaddetdin Bey headed the procession on prancing Arab steeds, and they were followed by ten travel-stained troopers, a belt of cartridges around each man's waist, and a rifle laid across his saddle. Next came three carriages, ramshackle conveyances, all drawn by four horses.

"The first was closed, but through the dusty windows we saw a pile of cases roped and wrapped in sacking. The second carriage contained the men who had brought it from Constantinople—the second Dragoman of the American Legation and the Deputy American Consul, with the Montenegrin Cavasse. The third carriage held Messrs. Guar-

joulo and Peet, and beside the driver sat another Cavasse in a gorgeous blue and gold uniform. Captain Teffik Bey, the commander of the guard, rode alongside, and behind him, fifteen more troopers on jaded steeds. As the procession entered the town the side alleys were packed with inquisitive women, their yashmaks drawn tight over their faces, the children clinging to the ample folds of their trousers.

"The soldiers walked alongside the cavalcade, talking to their comrades of the escort until an officer ordered them back. At every door and window fez tassels trembled with excitement. The clatter of horses' feet and the clank of sabres filled the air as the procession groped its way through the dark and ill-paved streets of the bazaar."

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

The same correspondent who went with the party that rescued the missionaries related the following: "A dramatic incident occurred on the journey from Strumnitza to the railway after the ladies had been released. As our cavalcade reached the top of the Chipelli Pass, Madame Tsilka's husband suddenly appeared. A scene of much emotion followed, as he embraced the wife from whom he had so long been separated. He was soon introduced to his seven weeks' old daughter, and carried her down the mountain path."

Miss Stone arrived in America about six months after her capture. Her coming was hailed joyfully by the multitude of persons who had become deeply interested in her misfortunes. In all religious assemblies she received an enthusiastic welcome. In many of our cities she was greeted by large audiences, to whom she told in simple but most effective language, the story of her hardships and subsequent release from the hands of the cut-throats who had carried her away and held her captive in the hope of obtaining a large ransom for her release. With unaffected manner and graphic details, she deeply interested people everywhere, who followed with unabated interest her vivid account of her experiences with the band of brigands, from whom it was feared at one time she would not be able to escape.

SAMMY BELNAP.

Sammy Belnap was a strong young boy of nine when the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army came to the township of Redding, Connecticut, for the winter of 1778. "Old Put," as everyone called the great fighter, General Israel Putnam, had been keeping the tavern over in Brookline before the war broke out, but when he came to the "Nutmeg" State, as a hardy pioneer, he had settled at Pomfret, and his farm had adjoined that of Sammy's grandfather, who had come from Danvers, Massachusetts, with him.

The famous general was very fond of boys—boys who were brave and full of life. He had not forgotten that he was once one himself, and we have seen how brave he was when a young man. Sammy was just the kind of boy that the old general would like. He was full of life, and, alas, full of mischief. So, when the general was riding through the little village of Redding one afternoon soon after the three camps of the Continental soldiers had been established, he saw Sammy and inquired if there was not a son of Uriah Belnap living in the village. The general was taking the first few moments of his leisure in looking up his old friend.

ROSY FACE AND SMILING EYES.

Sammy never forgot the expression of his great rosy face and smiling eyes, when he answered :

"Why, yes, sir ; he was my grandfather, and Samuel Belnap, who lives over yonder, is my father." He was almost breathless, for he knew the man on horseback, and he had heard a great deal about his bravery in the midst of these trying days. But he was reassured at once, for the great big general came down from his horse, and sitting on the curb, took him in his arms, and began to tell him about his grandfather.

"I might have known you were Uri Belnap's grandson, if I had looked twice," he said, "for you are for all the world just like him, and I'll wager he was just like you at your age! Those are your grandfather's eyes, and I can see his nose and his mouth in you, and do you

know, my son, I could sit here all the afternoon and tell you about your grandfather? He settled on the farm next mine, over yonder in Pomfret. What would I not give for one hour of those old days! And did he ever tell you about the wolf we hunted for so long?"

Sammy's eyes lighted up with pleasure at this. He had hardly known how to receive the attention of his distinguished visitor, for he had heard much to make him fear him; but he was entirely won over now. He had heard of that famous wolf hunt many times from his grandfather, who had died in the Revolutionary cause, when he had gone with General Putnam to Bunker Hill, and had spilled his blood in that encounter with the British.

GOOD FIGHTER AT BUNKER HILL.

"But you must take me to your father, for I want to tell him how well your grandfather fought that day in Charlestown; General Washington has let me take my army near my old home for the winter, and it will be the first time since the day of that battle I have had to tell Uriah Belnap's son how his father fell in the foremost ranks, as fearless and brave as man should be in these days—for these are trying times, my son. Come, lead my horse up to your home."

The general sprang into the saddle, and Sammy proudly led his guest to the house. When he had grown to manhood he was always delighted to tell of that episode in his life, and another to which we shall soon allude.

General Israel Putnam had three companies in the township of Redding that winter, and he was soon to take up his own quarters on Umpawaug Hill. Historians are sometimes wont to attribute to him acts which seem brutal in these days; but we should remember the times in which he lived and the dangers of war, which tried him and other men most sorely. The traditions which are alive to-day in his old home at Brookline, and in the surrounding towns, give us a picture of a kindly, gruff, hearty old man, who loved his friends and his friends' children, and after the war decidedly the most popular landlord in the "Nutmeg" State.

And this is the man Sammy Belnap saw for the first time when he was nine years old—the man he learned to worship as all small, genuine boys worship heroes, for whom they would sacrifice their lives, if need be.

The Continental army in General Putnam's charge contained many discontented and discouraged men that winter. They were poorly clothed and poorly fed, and the Connecticut Legislature had not paid them their wages for many months. If you should chance to go to Redding to-day you will see the places where these revolutionary camps stood. The sites of the log cabins are clearly defined by heaps of stones, which are the remains of the chimneys built on the outside. Their preservation has been due in a great degree to a forest, which grew over the spot where so many dramatic scenes took place more than a century ago. The forest has now been cleared, and the State of Connecticut has preserved the place in a park named for General Putnam.

LITTLE HERO OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

Our little hero of revolutionary days became greatly interested in the camps, and the general became so fond of him that he at times would raise him in his saddle and make the round of the soldiers' quarters.

"I am going to make you a good soldier like your grandfather," he used to say, "and I want you to learn all about my army, so that you may be a general, too, some day. We little know when this war may end, my boy, in these days of shadow, and if our time does not see the victory of liberty, we will train all little boys, so that when they are men they will be able to whip the British."

Sammy's love for the general grew daily. He heard of the men who deserted to the camp of the British, and his little face burned with indignation to see the men who once fought for independence turning in their selfishness to what they thought would be the winning side. Often he would climb the rocky cliff, which rises to-day, as it did then, high above the camp, and watch the soldiers off parade walking about the barracks and grounds, standing in groups, in their tattered and mud-stained uni-

forms. How his little heart burned in eagerness to do something for the cause of freedom! He little dreamed that fate had destined him to be of great service to the good old general.

When spring came and the fresh green was everywhere, and the birds began singing, there were not a few of the men who longed to be away from the scenes of war, and dreaded to face the hard fighting before them. It was a frequent practice of these men to go to the camp of the enemy, where they were cordially received, and given good food and certain other things which they ought not to have had. As the camps of General Putnam were soon to be broken, the deserter was especially welcome, as he might furnish valuable information as to the future movements of the army.

HARASSED BY DESERTERS.

"Old Put" was particularly tried by these deserters, and kept a sharp outlook for them. When captured, they generally found their fate sealed by a brief court martial, whose verdict was either that they be shot or hanged. Sammy listened one evening to the account of a man who had sneaked away from camp a few days before and was believed to be skulking about the place; the general further suspected that he was in communication with the Tories, and feared that the movement he had planned for the next week would in this manner be known to the enemy.

Sammy listened with wide-open eyes, and that night he lay awake a long time thinking. His visits to the camp had been useful to him, for he knew many soldiers by name, and there were more whose faces he recalled. Now, he was quite sure he had seen the man in question the day before, while he was gathering the spring flowers in the thicket of pines, about two hundred rods from the cliff below which was the camp. He had been engaged in earnest conversation with another person, whose face Sammy had not seen. In a few minutes after Sammy appeared, the pair separated, but neither returned to the camp.

Sammy thought this all over carefully, and went over it again and

again, making certain plans which he intended to put into operation very soon.

It happened that there was a cave near the top of the cliff, which extended into the interior for several feet. There were a great many dry leaves on the bottom, and Sammy often went during the hot afternoons and sat and dreamed of being a soldier. The cave itself had a history, and was named after King Philip, because there is a tradition that the Indian King Philip had used it as a hiding place when closely pursued. If you should go there to-day you will find it just as has been described. The next day when the army was on the parade ground drilling, under the severe gaze of General Putnam, Sammy denied himself one of the greatest pleasures of his life, and hid himself in the cave. Here he could dimly hear the sound of the tramping feet, but he was within hearing of other sounds which finally came to his expectant ears.

OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION.

He heard what appeared to be two men engaged in earnest conversation. Sammy listened closely until at last he could distinguish words. He listened for fully ten minutes, and, then, as silently as a field mouse, he left his perch in the cave on the cliff and slowly descended. All the time he could hear the voices of the men, but as he was below the top of the cliff he was, of course, not seen.

When he reached the bottom he crawled carefully along, beneath the underbrush. How his heart beat, and how much he longed to run! But he was too wise to do so for fear he would attract the notice of the men. So he moved slowly, until he was hidden by a thick growth of pines. Then he rose to his feet, and ran with all the speed his little legs were equal to.

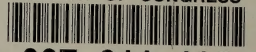
All this had taken ten minutes of precious time, although it takes hardly one to tell it, and Sammy was afraid he would be too late. He ran up to the general as fast as he could, stopped a moment and raised his arm in salute just like a real soldier, then clambered up into the saddle, and drew down the general's head and whispered in his ear.

The general quickly wheeled his horse and rode toward an officer. To Sammy's great delight, a small squad of soldiers soon moved in the direction of the cliff. How long the minutes seemed after that ! Every one was an hour to Sammy, and there were thirty of them before anything happened. Then the report of a musket sounded in the distance, followed by two more. All was silence for awhile, and the general sat eagerly watching the cliff with Sammy in the saddle.

When the men appeared two of them bore a wounded man between them, while the others led a prisoner. Then the soldiers cheered and jeered. The two men had been surprised, for their pursuers had gone so silently that they were not heard until they had almost come upon them. Then one started to run and had been shot twice in the leg. The latter was a British spy and the other the deserter. The old general was greatly delighted. He raised Sammy to his feet on the saddle, and the soldiers raised their arms in salute, and then cheered the little hero.

It was the proudest moment of Sammy's life ! That evening, as he sat with the general and his father around the great fireplace, "Old Put" took him on his knee and said : " Your grandfather is proud of you to-night, my son, and hereafter I shall call you one of my soldiers ! "

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